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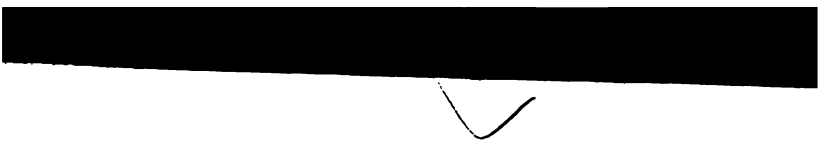

E. L. Cris. R. Langford

Mary Anne Langford
1832.

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THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOL. V.

THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME the FIFTH,

CONTAINING,

KING JOHN.
KING RICHARD II.
KING HENRY IV. Part I.
KING HENRY IV. Part II.

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THE

LIFE AND DEATH

OF

KING JOHN.

Perſons Repreſented.

King JOHN.
Prince Henry, *ſon to the king.*
Arthur, *duke of Bretagne, and nephew to the king.*
Pembroke,
Eſſex,
Saliſbury, } *Engliſh lords.*
Hubert,
Bigot,
Faulconbridge, *baſtard ſon to Richard the Firſt.*
Robert Faulconbridge, *ſuppos'd brother to the baſtard.*
James Gurney, *ſervant to the lady Faulconbridge.*
Peter of Pomfret, *a prophet.*

Philip, *king of France.*
Lewis, *the dauphin.*
Arch-duke of Auſtria.
Card. Pandulpho, *the pope's legate.*
Melun, *a French lord.*
Chatillion, *ambaſſador from France to king John.*

Elinor, *queen-mother of England.*
Conſtance, *mother to Arthur.*
Blanch, *daughter to Alphonſo king of Caſtile, and niece to king John.*
Lady Faulconbridge, *mother to the baſtard, and Robert Faulconbridge.*

Citizens of Angiers, heralds, executioners, meſſengers, ſoldiers, and other attendants.

The SCENE, *ſometimes in England; and ſometimes in France.*

THE

[1] THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Northampton.

A room of ſtate in the palace.

Enter king John, queen Elinor, Pembroke, Eſſex, and Saliſbury, with Chatillion.

King JOHN.

NOW, ſay, Chatillion, what would France with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, ſpeaks the king of France,
In my behaviour, [2] to the majeſty,
The borrow'd majeſty of England here.

Eli.

[1] *The troubleſome reign of king John* was written in two parts, by W. Shakeſpeare and W. Rowley, and printed 1611. But the preſent play is intirely different, and infinitely ſuperior to it. POPE.

The edition of 1611 has no mention of Rowley, nor in the account of Rowley's works is any mention made of his conjunction with Shakeſpeare in any play. King John was reprinted in two parts in 1622. The firſt edition that I have found of this play in its preſent form, is that of 1623, in fol. The edition of 1591 I have not ſeen. JOHNSON.

Hall, Holinſhead, Stowe, &c. are cloſely followed not only in the conduct, but ſometimes in the expreſſions throughout the following hiſtorical dramas; viz. Macbeth, this play, Richard II. Henry IV. 2 parts, Henry V. Henry VI. 3 parts, Richard III. and Henry VIII. STEEVENS.

The Life and Death ———] Though this play hath this title, yet the action of it begins at the thirty-fourth year of his life; and takes in only ſome tranſactions of his reign at the time of his demiſe, being an interval of about ſeventeen years. THEOBALD.

[2] *In my behaviour,* ——] The word *behaviour* ſeems here to have a ſignification that I have never found in any other author.

Eli. A ſtrange beginning!—borrow'd majeſty!
K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embaſſy.
Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceaſed brother Geffrey's ſon,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays moſt lawful claim
To this fair iſland, and the territories;
To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine;
Deſiring thee to lay aſide the ſword,
Which ſways uſurpingly theſe ſeveral titles;
And put the ſame into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew, and right-royal ſovereign.
K. John. What follows, if we diſallow of this?
Chat. The proud [3] controul of fierce and bloody war,
To inforce theſe rights ſo forcibly with-held.
K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,
Controulment for controulment; ſo anſwer France.
Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,
The fartheſt limit of my embaſſy.
K. John. Bear mine to him, and ſo depart in peace.
[4] Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For ere thou canſt report, I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon ſhall be heard.
So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And [5] ſullen preſage of your own decay.—

An

The king of France, ſays the envoy, *thus ſpeaks in my* behaviour *to the majeſty of England*; that is, the king of France ſpeaks in the *character* which I here aſſume. I once thought that theſe two lines, *in my behaviour*, &c. had been uttered by the ambaſſador as part of his maſter's meſſage, and that *behaviour* had meant the *conduct* of the king of France towards the king of England; but the ambaſſador's ſpeech, as continued after the interruption, will not admit this meaning. JOHNSON.

[3] *—controul—*] *Oppoſition*, from *controller*. JOHNSON.

[4] *Be thou as lightning—*] The ſimile does not ſuit well: the lightning indeed appears before the thunder is heard, but the lightning is deſtructive, and the thunder innocent. JOHNSON.

[5] *—Sullen preſage—*] By the epithet *ſullen*, which cannot be applied

An honourable conduct let him have,
Pembroke, look to't: Farewell, Chatillion.
[*Exeunt Chat. and Pem.*

Eli. What now, my ſon? Have I not ever ſaid,
How that ambitious Conſtance would not ceaſe,
Till ſhe had kindled France, and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her ſon?
This might have been prevented, and made whole
With very eaſy arguments of love;
Which now the manage of two kingdoms muſt
With fearful, bloody iſſue arbitrate.

K. John. Our ſtrong poſſeſſion, and our right for us.——

Eli. Your ſtrong poſſeſſion much more than your right;
Or elſe it muſt go wrong with you and me:
So much my conſcience whiſpers in your ear,
Which none but heaven, and you, and I ſhall hear.

Enter the ſheriff of Northamptonſhire, who whiſpers Eſſex [6].

Eſſex. My liege, here is the ſtrangeſt controverſy,
Come from the country to be judg'd by you,
That e'er I heard. Shall I produce the men?
[*Exit ſheriff.*

K. John. Let them approach.—
Our abbies and our priories ſhall pay
This expedition's charge——

Re-enter ſheriff with Robert Faulconbridge, and Philip, his brother [7].

What men are you?

Phil.

plied to a trumpet, it is plain, that our author's imagination had now ſuggeſted a new idea. It is as if he had ſaid, be a *trumpet* to alarm with our invaſion, be a *bird* of *ill omen* to croak out the prognoſtick of your own ruin. JOHNSON.

[6] *Enter the ſheriff of Northamptonſhire*, &c.] This ſtage-direction I have taken from the old quarto. STEEVENS.

[7] —— *and Philip, his brother.*] Though Shakeſpeare adopted this character of Philip Faulconbridge from the old play, it is

Phil. Your faithful ſubject, I, a gentleman
Born in Northamptonſhire, and eldeſt ſon,
As I ſuppoſe, to Robert Faulconbridge;
A ſoldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.
K. John. What art thou?
Rob. The ſon and heir to that ſame Faulconbridge.
K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir;
You came not of one mother then, it ſeems?
Phil. Moſt certain of one mother, mighty king,
That is well known; and, as I think, one father:
But for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all mens' children may.
Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou doſt ſhame thy mother,
And wound her honour with this diffidence.
Phil. I, madam? no, I have no reaſon for it;
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, he pops me out
At leaſt from fair five hundred pound a year:
Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my land!
K. John. A good blunt fellow: why, being younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?
Phil. I know not why, except to get the land.
But, once, he ſlander'd me with baſtardy;
But whether I be as true begot, or no,
That ſtill I lay upon my mother's head;

not improper to mention that it is compounded of two diſtinct perſonages.

Matthew Paris ſays— "Sub illius temporis curriculo, *Falcaſius de Brente*, Neuſterienſis, et ſpurius ex parte matris, atque Baſtardus, qui in vili jumento manticato ad Regis paulo ante clientelam deſcenderat," *&c.*

Matt. Paris, in his Hiſtory of the Monks of St. Albans, calls him *Falco*, but in his general Hiſtory *Falcaſius de Brente*, as above.

Holinſhead ſays, that Richard I. had a natural ſon named Philip, who in the year following killed the viſcount De Limoges to revenge the death of his father. STEEVENS.

But

But that I am as well begot, my liege,
(Fair fall the bones, that took the pains for me!)
Compare our faces, and be judge yourſelf.
If old Sir Robert did beget us both,
And were our father, and this ſon like him;
O old Sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give heaven thanks, I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why, what a mad-cap hath heaven lent us here?

Eli. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face [8],
The accent of his tongue affecteth him.
Do you not read ſome tokens of my ſon
In the large compoſition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect Richard.——Sirrah, ſpeak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Phil. Becauſe he hath a half-face, like my father;
[9] With that half-face would he have all my land:
A half-fac'd groat, five hundred pound a year!

Rob.

[8] *He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face,*] The *trick* or *tricking* is the ſame as the tracing of a drawing, meaning that peculiarity of face which may be ſufficiently ſhewn by the ſlighteſt outline. This expreſſion is uſed by Heywood and Rowley in their comedy called *Fortune by Land and Sea.*—"Her face *the trick* "*of her eye*, her leer." The following paſſages may more evidently prove the expreſſion to be borrowed from delineation. Ben Jonſon's *Every Man out of his Humour*,

"——You can blazon the reſt, Signior?

"O ay, I have it in writing here o' purpoſe, it coſt me two "ſhillings the *tricking*." So again in *Cynthia's Revels*.

"——the pariſh-buckets with his name at length *trick'd* upon them." STEEVENS.

[9] *With* half that *face*—] But why with *half* that face? There is no queſtion but the poet wrote, as I have reſtored the text, *With that* half-face——Mr. Pope, perhaps, will be angry with me for diſcovering an anachroniſm of our poet's in the next line; where he alludes to a coin not ſtruck till the year 1504, in the reign of king Henry VII. viz. a groat, which, as well as the half groat, bare but half faces impreſſed. *Vide Stow's Survey of London*, p. 47. *Hollingſhed, Camden's Remains*, &c. The poet ſneers at the meagre ſharp viſage of the elder brother, by comparing him to a ſilver groat, that bore the king's face in

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did employ my father much——
Phil. Well, Sir, by this you cannot get my land.
Your tale muſt be, how he employ'd my mother.
Rob. And once diſpatch'd him in an embaſſy
To Germany; there, with the emperor
To treat of high affairs touching that time.
The advantage of his abſence took the king,
And in the mean time ſojourn'd at my father's;
Where, how he did prevail, I ſhame to ſpeak:
But truth is truth; large lengths of ſeas and ſhores
Between my father and my mother lay,
(As I have heard my father ſpeak himſelf)
When this ſame luſty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me; and took it on his death,
That this, my mother's ſon, was none of his;
And, if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the courſe of time.
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.
K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him:
And, if ſhe did play falſe, the fault was hers;
Which fault lies on the hazard of all huſbands

profile, ſo ſhewed but half the face: the groats of all our kings of England, and indeed all their other coins of ſilver, one or two only excepted, had a full face crowned; till Henry VII. at the time above-mentioned, coined groats and half-groats, as alſo ſome ſhillings, with half faces, *i. e.* faces in profile, as all our coin has now. The firſt groats of king Henry VIII. were like thoſe of his father; though afterwards he returned to the broad faces again. Theſe groats, with the impreſſion in profile, are undoubtedly here alluded to: though, as I ſaid, the poet is knowingly guilty of an anachroniſm in it: for in the time of king John there were no groats at all; they being firſt, as far as appears, coined in the reign of king Edward III. THEOBALD.

The ſame contemptuous alluſion occurs in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601.

" You half-fac'd groat, you thick-cheek'd chitty-face."

STEEVENS.

That

That marry wives. Tell me, how, if my brother,
Who, as you ſay, took pains to get this ſon,
Had of your father claim'd this ſon for his?
In ſooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world;
In ſooth, he might: then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuſe him. [1] This concludes—
My mother's ſon did get your father's heir;
Your father's heir muſt have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force
To diſpoſſeſs that child, which is not his?

Phil. Of no more force to diſpoſſeſs me, Sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadſt thou rather be a Faulconbridge,
And, like thy brother, to enjoy thy land;
Or the reputed ſon of Cœur-de-lion,
[2] Lord of thy preſence, and no land beſide?

Phil. Madam, an if my brother had my ſhape,
[3] And I had his, Sir Robert's his, like him;

And

[1] *This concludes*—] This is a *deciſive argument.* As your father, if he liked him, could not have been forced to reſign him, ſo, not liking him, he is not at liberty to reject him. JOHNSON.

[2] *Lord of* THY *preſence, and no land beſide?*] *Lord of thy preſence* can ſignify only, *maſter of thyſelf*; and it is a ſtrange expreſſion to ſignify even *that.* However *that* he might be, without parting with his land. We ſhould read, *Lord of* THE *preſence, i. e.* prince of the blood. WARBURTON.

Lord of thy preſence may ſignify ſomething more diſtinct than *maſter of thyſelf:* it means maſter of that dignity, and grandeur of appearance, that may ſufficiently diſtinguiſh thee from the vulgar without the help of fortune.

Lord of his preſence apparently ſignifies, *great in his own perſon,* and is uſed in this ſenſe by king John in one of the following ſcenes. JOHNSON.

[3] *And I had his, Sir Robert his, like him;*] This is obſcure and ill expreſſed. The meaning is: *If I had his ſhape—Sir Robert's—as he has.*

Sir Robert his, for *Sir Robert's,* is agreeable to the practice of that time, when the *'s* added to the nominative was believed, I think erroneouſly, to be a contraction of his. So DONNE,

— *Who*

And if my legs were two ſuch riding rods,
My arms ſuch eel-ſkins ſtuft; [4] my face ſo thin,
[5] That in mine ear I durſt not ſtick a roſe,
Leſt men ſhould ſay, Look, where three-farthings goes!
And, to his ſhape, were heir to all this land;

— *Who now lives to age,*
Fit to be call'd Methuſalem his *page?* JOHNSON.

[4] ——— *my face ſo thin,*
That in mine ear I durſt not ſtick a roſe,
Leſt men ſhould ſay, Look, where three-farthings *goes!*] In this very obſcure paſſage our poet is anticipating the date of another coin; humorouſly to rally a thin face, eclipſed, as it were, by a full-blown *roſe*. We muſt obſerve, to explain this alluſion, that queen Elizabeth was the firſt, and indeed the only prince, who coined in England three-half-pence, and three-farthing pieces. She at one and the ſame time coined ſhillings, ſix-pences, groats, three-pences, two-pences, three-half-pence, pence, three-farthings, and half-pence. And theſe pieces all had her head, and were alternately with the *roſe* behind, and without the *roſe*. The ſhilling, groat, two-pence, penny, and half-penny had it not: the other intermediate coins, *viz.* the ſix-pence, three-pence, three-half-pence, and three-farthings had the *roſe*. THEOBALD.

So, in *The Shoemaker's Holiday*, &c. 1610.

" Here's a *three-penny piece* for thy tidings."

" *Firk.* 'Tis but three-half-pence I think; yes 'tis three-" pence, I ſmell the *roſe*." STEEVENS.

[5] *That in mine* ear *I durſt not ſtick a* roſe,] The ſticking *roſes* about them was then all the court-faſhion, as appears from this paſſage of the *Confeſſion Catholique du S. de Sancy*, l. 2. c. 1. Je luy ay appris à mettre des ROSES *par tous les coins*, i. e. *in every place about him*, ſays the ſpeaker, of one to whom he had taught all the court-faſhions. WARBURTON.

Theſe roſes were, I believe, only roſes compoſed of ribbands. In Marſton's *What you will* is the following paſſage.

" Dupatzo the elder brother, the fool, he that bought the " half-penny ribband, wearing it in his ear," *&c.*

Again, in *Every Man in his Humour*, " — This *ribband* in " my ear, or ſo." I think I remember, among Vandyck's pictures in the duke of Queenſbury's collection at Ameſbury, to have ſeen one with the locks neareſt the ear ornamented with ribbands, which terminate in roſes. STEEVENS.

'Would

[6]Would I might never ſtir from off this place,
I'd give it every foot to have this face;
I would not be Sir Nob in any caſe.

Eli. I like thee well: wilt thou forſake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a ſoldier, and now bound to France.

Phil. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance:
Your face hath got five hundred pound a year;
Yet ſell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.
—Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

Phil. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name?

Phil. Philip, my liege; ſo is my name begun;
Philip, good old Sir Robert's wife's eldeſt ſon.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name, whoſe form thou bear'ſt.
Kneel thou down Philip, but ariſe more great;
Ariſe Sir Richard and Plantagenet.

Phil. Brother by the mother's ſide, give me your hand;
My father gave me honour, yours gave land.
Now bleſſed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, Sir Robert was away!

Eli. The very ſpirit of Plantagenet!
I am thy grandame, Richard; call me ſo.

Phil. [6]Madam, by chance, but not by truth: what tho'?
[7]Something about, a little from the right;

In

[6] *Madam, by chance, but not by truth: what tho'?*] I am your grandſon, madam, by chance, but not by *honeſty*—what *then?* JOHNSON.

[7] *Something about, a little from the right,* &c.] This ſpeech, compoſed of alluſive and proverbial ſentences, is obſcure. *I am,* ſays the ſpritely knight, *your grandſon,* a little *irregularly,* but every man cannot get what he wiſhes the legal way. He that *dares not go* about his deſigns *by day* muſt *make his motions* in the *night*; *he,* to whom the door is ſhut, muſt climb *the window,* or leap *the hatch.* This, however, ſhall not depreſs me; for the world

[8] In at the window, or elſe o'er the hatch,
Who dares not ſtir by day, muſt walk by night,
And have is have, however men do catch;
Near or far off, well won is ſtill well ſhot;
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. John. Go, Faulconbridge; now haſt thou thy deſire;
A landleſs knight makes thee a landed 'ſquire.
Come, madam, and come, Richard; we muſt ſpeed
For France, for France; for it is more than need.

Phil. Brother, adieu; good fortune come to thee,
For thou waſt got i'the way of honeſty.

[*Exeunt all but Philip.*

[9] A foot of honour better than I was,
But many a many foot of land the worſe!
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady:——
Good den, [1] *Sir Richard*——*Godamercy, fellow*;——
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter;
For new-made honour doth forget men's names;
[2] 'Tis too reſpective and too ſociable

world never enquires how any man got what he is known to poſſeſs, but allows that *to have* is *to have* however it was *caught*, and that he *who wins, ſhot well*, whatever was his ſkill, whether the arrow fell *near* the mark, or *far off it*. JOHNSON.

[8] *In at the window*, &c.] Theſe expreſſions mean, to be *born out of wedlock*. So in *The Family of Love*, 1608.

"Woe worth the time that ever I gave ſuck to a child that "*came in at the window.*"

So in *Northward Hoe*, by Decker and Webſter, 1607.

"——— kindred that comes in *o'er the hatch*, and ſailing to "Weſtminſter," &c. STEEVENS.

[9] *A foot of honour*——] A *ſtep, un pas*. JOHNSON.

[1] ——*Sir Richard*—] Thus the old copy. The modern editors arbitrarily read, *Sir Robert*. STEEVENS.

[2] *'Tis too reſpective*, &c.] i. e. *reſpectful*. So in the old comedy called *Michaelmas Term*, 1607.

"Seem *reſpective*, to make his pride ſwell like a toad with "dew." So in *The Merchant of Venice*, act 5.

"You ſhould have been *reſpective*," &c. STEEVENS.

For

For your converſing. [3] Now your traveller,——
[4] He and his tooth-pick at my worſhip's meſs;
And when my knightly ſtomach is ſuffic'd,
Why then I ſuck my teeth, and catechiſe
[5] My piked man of countries:——*My dear Sir*,
(Thus

[3] *Now your traveller.*] It is ſaid in *All's well that ends well*, that *a traveller is a good thing after dinner.* In that age of newly excited curioſity, one of the entertainments at great tables ſeems to have been the diſcourſe of a traveller. JOHNSON.

[4] *He and his tooth-pick*—] It has been already remarked, that *to pick the tooth*, and wear a *piqued beard*, were, in that time, marks of a man affecting foreign faſhions. JOHNSON.

Among Gaſcoigne's poems I find one entitled, *Councell given to maiſter Bartholomew Withipoll a little before his latter journey to Geane*, 1572. The following lines may perhaps be acceptable to the reader who is curious enough to enquire about the faſhionable follies imported in that age:

" Now, Sir, if I ſhall ſee your maſterſhip
" Come home diſguis'd, and clad in quaint array
" As with a piketooth byting on your lippe
" Your brave muſtachio's turn'd the Turkie way
" A coptankt hat made on a Flemiſh blocke
" A night-gowne cloake down trayling to your toes
" A ſlender ſlop cloſe couched to your dock
" A curtolde ſlipper and a ſhort ſilk hoſe," *&c.*

So Fletcher——" You that truſt in travel
" You that enhance the daily price of *toothpicks*."

Again, in *Shirley's Grateful Servant*, 1630.

" I will continue my ſtate-poſture, uſe my *toothpick* with diſ-
" cretion," *&c.*

Again, in *The Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1631.——" this matter
" will trouble us more than all your poem on *picktooths*."

So again, in *Cinthia's Revels* by Ben Jonſon, 1601.

——" A traveller, one ſo made out of the mixture and ſhreds
" and forms that himſelf is truly deformed. He walks moſt
" commonly with a clove or *picktooth* in his mouth." So in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wild Gooſe Chaſe.*

" Their very *pick-teeth* ſpeak more man than we do."

Again, in *The Honeſt Man's Fortune* by B. and Fletcher.

" You have travell'd like a fidler to make faces and brought
" home nothing but a caſe of *toothpicks*." STEEVENS.

[5] *My piked man of countries:*] The word *piked* may not refer to the beard, but to the *ſhoes*, which were once worn of an immoderate length. To this faſhion our author has alluded in

King

(Thus leaning on my elbow, I begin)
I ſhall beſeech you——That is queſtion now;
And then comes anſwer, [6] like an ABC-book:—
O Sir, ſays anſwer, *at your beſt command*;
At your employment, at your ſervice, Sir.——
No, Sir, ſays queſtion; *I, ſweet Sir, at yours*:——
[7] And ſo, e'er anſwer knows what queſtion would,
(Saving in dialogue of compliment;

And

King Lear, where the reader may find a more ample explanation of this paſſage. *Piked* may however mean only ſpruce in dreſs.

Chaucer ſays in one of his prologues—"Freſh and new her "geare *ypiked* was." And in the *Merchaunts Tale*.—"He "kempeth him, and proineth him, and *piketh*." In Hyrd's tranſlation of *Vives's Inſtruction of a Chriſtian Woman*, printed in 1591. we meet with "*picked* and apparelled goodly—goodly "and *pickedly* arrayed.—Licurgus, when he would have wo-"men of his country to be regarded by their virtue and not "their ornaments, baniſhed out of the country by the law all "painting, and commanded out of the town all crafty men of "*picking* and apparelling."

Again, in a comedy called *All Fools*, by Chapman, 1602.

"'Tis ſuch a *picked* fellow, not a haire
"About his whole bulk, but it ſtands in print."

My picked man of countries may ſignify *my ſpruce traveller*, or, if a comma be placed after the word *man*, ——"I catechize
"*My picked man*, of countries."
the paſſage will mean, "I catechize my ſelected man, about the "countries through which he travelled." STEEVENS.

[6] *Like an a, b, c book.*] An a, b, c book, or, as they ſpoke and wrote it, an *abſey* book, is a *catechiſm*. JOHNSON.

[7] *And ſo, e'er anſwer knows what queſtion would,*
SAVING *in dialogue of compliment*;] In this fine ſpeech, Faulconbridge would ſhew the advantages and prerogatives of *men of worſhip*. He obſerves, particularly, that *he* has the traveller at command (people at that time, when a new world was diſcovering, in the higheſt eſtimation). At the firſt intimation of his deſire to hear ſtrange ſtories, the traveller complies, and will ſcarce give him leave to make his queſtion, but "e'er an-"ſwer knows what queſtion would"—What then, why, according to the preſent reading, it grows towards ſupper-time: and is "not this worſhipful ſociety?" To ſpend all the time between dinner and ſupper before either of them knows what the other would be at. Read SERVING inſtead of *ſaving*, and all this nonſenſe is avoided; and the account ſtands thus, "E'er
"anſwer

And talking of the Alps and Apennines,
The Pyrenean and the river Po)
It draws towards ſupper in concluſion, ſo.
But this is worſhipful ſociety,
And fits the mounting ſpirit like myſelf:
For he is but a baſtard to the time,
That doth not ſmack of obſervation;
[And ſo am I, whether I ſmack or no:]
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement;
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet poiſon for the age's tooth:
[8] Which tho' I will not practiſe to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
For it ſhall ſtrew the footſteps of my riſing.
[9] But who comes in ſuch haſte, in riding robes?
What woman-poſt is this? hath ſhe no huſband,
That will take pains [1] to blow a horn before her?
O me! it is my mother—How now, good lady,
What brings you here to court ſo haſtily?

" anſwer knows what queſtion would be at, my traveller *ſerves* " *in his dialogue of compliment*, which is his ſtanding diſh at " all tables; then he comes to talk of the Alps and Apennines, " &c. and, by the time this diſcourſe concludes, it draws to- " wards ſupper." All this is ſenſible and humorous; and the phraſe of *ſerving in* is a very pleaſant one to denote that this was his worſhip's *ſecond courſe*. What follows ſhews the romantic turn of the voyagers of that time; how greedily their relations were ſwallowed, which he calls " ſweet poiſon for the age's " tooth;" and how acceptable it made men at court—" For it " ſhall ſtrew the footſteps of my riſing." And yet the Oxford editor ſays, by this " ſweet poiſon" is meant " flattery."

WARBURTON.

This paſſage is obſcure; but ſuch an irregularity and perplexity runs through the whole ſpeech, that I think this emendation not neceſſary. JOHNSON.

[8] *Which though*, &c.] The conſtruction will be mended, if inſtead of " which though," we read " this though." JOHNSON.

[9] *But who comes here*—] Milton, in his tragedy, introduces Delilah with ſuch an interrogatory exclamation. JOHNSON.

[1] *To blow a horn*—] He means, that a woman who travelled about like a *poſt* was likely to *horn* her huſband. JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter lady Faulconbridge and James Gurney.

Lady. Where is that ſlave, thy brother? where is he,
That holds in chaſe mine honour up and down?

Phil. My brother Robert? old Sir Robert's ſon?
[2] Colbrand the giant, that ſame mighty man?
Is it Sir Robert's ſon, that you ſeek ſo?

Lady. Sir Robert's ſon! ay, thou unreverend boy,
Sir Robert's ſon: why ſcorn'ſt thou at Sir Robert?
He is Sir Robert's ſon, and ſo art thou.

Phil. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while?

Gur. Good leave, good Philip.

Phil. [3] Philip!——ſparrow!——James,
There's toys abroad; [4] anon I'll tell thee more.
[*Exit James.*
Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's ſon;
Sir Robert [5] might have eat his part in me
Upon Good-Friday, and ne'er broke his faſt:
Sir Robert could do well; marry, confeſs!
Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it;

[2] Colbrand was a Daniſh giant, whom Guy of Warwick diſcomfited in the preſence of king Athelſtan. The combat is very pompouſly deſcribed by Drayton in his *Polyolbion*. JOHNSON.

[3] Philip! — ſparrow! — James,] I think the poet wrote,
"Philip! ſpare me, James," *i. e.* don't affront me with an appellation that comes from a family which I diſdain. WARB.
The old reading is far more agreeable to the character of the ſpeaker. Dr. Gray obſerves, that Skelton has a poem to the memory of Philip Sparrow; and Mr. Pope in a ſhort note remarks, that a Sparrow is called Philip. JOHNSON.
Gaſcoigne has likewiſe a poem entitled, *The Praiſe of Philip Sparrow*. STEEVENS.

[4] *There's toys abroad*, &c.] *i. e.* idle reports. So in B. Jonſon's *Sejanus*.
——"*Toys*, mere *toys*,
"What wiſdom's in the ſtreets." STEEVENS.

[5] —— *might have eat his part in me*
Upon Good-Friday, and ne'er broke his faſt:] This thought occurs in *Heywood's Dialogues upon Proverbs*, 1562.
—— "he may his parte on good fridaie eate
"and faſt never the wurs, for ought he ſhall geate."
STEEVENS.

We

We knew his handy-work: therefore, good mother,
To whom am I beholden for theſe limbs?
Sir Robert never holp to make this leg.
Lady. Haſt thou conſpired with thy brother too,
That, for thine own gain, ſhould'ſt defend mine honour?
What means this ſcorn, thou moſt untoward knave?
Phil. [6] Knight, knight, good mother——Baſiliſco like.
What! I am dub'd; I have it on my ſhoulder.
But, mother, I am not Sir Robert's ſon;
I have diſclaim'd Sir Robert, and my land;
Legitimation, name, and all is gone:
Then, good my mother, let me know my father;
Some proper man, I hope; who was it, mother?
Lady. Haſt thou deny'd thyſelf a Faulconbridge?

[6] Knight, knight,—*good mother, Baſiliſco like.*] Thus muſt this paſſage be pointed; and, to come at the humour of it, I muſt clear up an old circumſtance of ſtage-hiſtory. Faulconbridge's words here carry a concealed piece of ſatire on a ſtupid drama of that age, printed in 1599, and called *Soliman and Perſeda.* In this piece there is the character of a bragging cowardly knight, called Baſiliſco. His pretenſion to valour is ſo blown and ſeen through, that Piſton, a buffoon-ſervant in the play, jumps upon his back, and will not diſengage him, till he makes Baſiliſco ſwear upon his dudgeon dagger to the contents, and in the terms he dictates to him: as, for inſtance,

Baſ. "O, I ſwear, I ſwear."
Piſt. "By the contents of this blade."
Baſ. "By the contents of this blade."
Piſt. "I, the aforeſaid Baſiliſco."
Baſ. "I, the aforeſaid Baſiliſco, knight, good fellow, knight, "knight"———
Piſt. "Knave, good fellow, knave, knave."———

So that it is clear, our poet is ſneering at this play; and makes Philip, when his mother calls him *knave,* thow off that reproach by humouroufly laying claim to his new dignity of *knighthood*; as Baſiliſco arrogantly inſiſts on his title of *knight* in the paſſage above quoted. The old play is an execrable bad one; and, I ſuppoſe, was ſufficiently exploded in the repreſentation: which might make this circumſtance ſo well known, as to become the butt for a ſtage-ſarcaſm. THEOBALD.

Phil. As faithfully, as I deny the devil.

Lady. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father;
By long, and vehement ſuit, I was ſeduc'd
To make room for him in my huſband's bed.—
Heaven lay not my tranſgreſſion to my charge!
Thou art the iſſue of my dear offence,
Which was ſo ſtrongly urg'd, paſt my defence.

Phil. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wiſh a better father.
[7] Some ſins do bear their privilege on earth,
And ſo doth yours; your fault was not your folly.
Needs muſt you lay your heart at his diſpoſe,
Subjected tribute to commanding love,
Againſt whoſe fury, and unmatched force,
The awleſs lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.
He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,
May eaſily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart, I thank thee for my father!
Who lives and dares but ſay, thou did'ſt not well
When I was got, I'll ſend his ſoul to hell.
Come, lady, I will ſhew thee to my kin;
And they ſhall ſay, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadſt ſaid him *nay*, it had been ſin:
Who ſays, it was, he lyes; I ſay, 'twas not.

[*Exeunt.*

[7] *Some ſins*—] There are *ſins*, that whatever be determined of them above, are not much cenſured *on earth*. JOHNSON.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before the walls of Angiers in France.

Enter Philip king of France, Lewis the dauphin, the archduke of Auſtria, Conſtance, and Arthur.

LEWIS.

BEFORE Angiers well met, brave Auſtria.—
Arthur! that great fore-runner of thy blood
[s] Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,
And fought the holy wars in Paleſtine,
By this brave duke came early to his grave:
And, for amends to his poſterity,
[1] At our importance hither is he come,
To ſpread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;
And to rebuke the uſurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, Engliſh John.
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arthur. God ſhall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death
The rather, that you give his offſpring life;
Shadowing their right under your wings of war.
I give you welcome with a powerleſs hand,
But with a heart full of unſtained love:
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

Lewis. A noble boy! who would not do thee right?

Auſt. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiſs,
A ſeal to this indenture of my love;

[s] *Richard, that robb'd,* &c.] So Raſtal in his *Chronicle.* It is ſayd that a lyon was put to kynge Richard, beynge in priſon, to have devoured him, and when the lyon was gapynge he put his arme in his mouth, and pulled the lyon by the harte ſo hard that he ſlewe the lyon, and therefore ſome ſay he is called Rycharde Cure de Lyon; but ſome ſay he is called Cure de Lyon, becauſe of his boldneſs and hardy ſtomake. Dr. GRAY.

[1] *At my importance*—] At my *importunity.* JOHNSON.

That to my home I will no more return,
Till Angiers, and the right thou haſt in France,
Together with [2] that pale, that white-fac'd ſhore,
Whoſe foot ſpurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
And coops from other lands her iſlanders;
Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, ſtill ſecure
And confident from foreign purpoſes,
Even till that outmoſt corner of the weſt,
Salute thee for her king. Till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Conſt. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till your ſtrong hand ſhall help to give him ſtrength,
To make a more [3] requital to your love.

Auſt. The peace of heaven is theirs, who lift their ſwords
In ſuch a juſt and charitable war.

K. Philip. Well then, to work; our cannon ſhall be bent
Againſt the brows of this reſiſting town.—
Call for our chiefeſt men of diſcipline,
To cull the plots of beſt advantages.—
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmens' blood,
But we will make it ſubject to this boy.

Conſt. Stay for an anſwer to your embaſſy,
Leſt unadvis'd you ſtain your ſwords with blood.
My lord Chatillion may from England bring
That right in peace, which here we urge in war;
And then we ſhall repent each drop of blood,
That hot raſh haſte ſo indirectly ſhed.

[2] —*that pale, that white-fac'd ſhore,*] England is ſuppoſed to be called Albion from the *white rocks* facing France. JOHNSON.

[3] *To make a more requital,* &c.] I believe it has been already obſerved, that *more* ſignified, in our author's time, *greater.* STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Chatillion.

K. Philip. [4] A wonder, lady!—Lo, upon thy wiſh
Our meſſenger Chatillion is arriv'd.
—What England ſays, ſay briefly, gentle lord,
We coldly pauſe for thee. Chatillion, ſpeak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry ſiege,
And ſtir them up againſt a mightier taſk.
England, impatient of your juſt demands,
Hath put himſelf in arms; the adverſe winds,
Whoſe leiſure I have ſtaid, have given him time
To land his legions all as ſoon as I.
His marches are [5] expedient to this town,
His forces ſtrong, his ſoldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother-queen,
An Até, ſtirring him to blood and ſtrife.
With her, her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain;
With them a baſtard of the king deceas'd,
And all the unſettled humours of the land;
Raſh, inconſiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' ſpleens,
Have ſold their fortunes at their native homes,
[6] Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntleſs ſpirits,
Than now the Engliſh bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the ſwelling tide,
To do offence and [7] ſcath in Chriſtendom.
The interruption of their churliſh drums [*Drums beat.*

[4] *A wonder, lady!*—] The wonder is only that Chatillion happened to arrive at the moment when Conſtance mentioned him; which the French king, according to a ſuperſtition which prevails more or leſs in every mind agitated by great affairs, turns into a miraculous interpoſition, or omen of good. JOHNS.

[5] —*expedient*—] Immediate, *expeditious*. JOHNSON.

[6] *Bearing their birth-rights*, &c.] So Henry VIII.
"Many broke their backs with bearing manors on them."
JOHNSON.

[7] —*ſcathe*—] Deſtruction, waſte. JOHNSON.

But ſhort more circumſtance: they are at hand
To parly, or to fight; therefore prepare.

K. Philip. How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

Auſt. By how much unexpected, by ſo much
We muſt awake endeavour for defence;
For courage mounteth with occaſion:
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

Enter king of England, Faulconbridge, Elinor, Blanch, Pembroke, and others.

K. John. Peace be to France; if France in peace permit
Our juſt and lineal entrance to our own!
If not, bleed France, and peace aſcend to heaven!
Whilſt we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beat his peace to heaven.

K. Phil. Peace be to England; if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace!
England we love; and, for that England's ſake,
With burthen of our armour here we ſweat:
This toil of ours ſhould be a work of thine;
But thou from loving England art ſo far,
That thou haſt under-wrought its lawful king;
Cut off the ſequence of poſterity,
Out-faced infant ſtate, and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face:—
Theſe eyes, theſe brows, were moulded out of his:
This little abſtract doth contain that large,
Which dy'd in Geffrey; and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.
That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his ſon; England was Geffrey's right,
And this is Geffrey's: in the name of God,
How comes it then, that thou art call'd a king,
When living blood doth in theſe temples beat,
Which owe the crown that thou o'er-maſtereſt?

K. John.

K. John. From whom haſt thou this great commiſſion, France,
To draw my anſwer to thy articles?
K. Phil. From that ſupernal judge, that ſtirs good thoughts
In any breaſt of ſtrong authority,
[1] To look into the blots and ſtains of right.
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy:
Under whoſe warrant, I impeach thy wrong,
And, by whoſe help, I mean to chaſtiſe it.
K. John. Alack, thou doſt uſurp authority.
K. Philip. Excuſe it; 'tis to beat uſurping down.
Eli. Who is't, that thou doſt call uſurper, France?
Conſt. Let me make anſwer: thy uſurping ſon.——
Eli. Out, inſolent! thy baſtard ſhall be king;
That thou may'ſt be a queen, and check the world!
Conſt. My bed was ever to thy ſon as true,
As thine was to thy huſband: and this boy,
Liker in feature to his father Geffrey,
Than thou and John, in manners; being as like,
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
My boy a baſtard! By my ſoul, I think,
His father never was ſo true begot;
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.
Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.
Conſt. There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.
Auſt. Peace!——
Faulc. Hear the crier.

[1] *To look into the blots and ſtains of right.*] Mr. Theobald reads, with the firſt folio, *blots*, which being ſo early authorized, and ſo much better underſtood, needed not to have been changed by Dr. Warburton to *bolts*, tho' *bolts* might be uſed in that time for *ſpots*: ſo Shakeſpeare calls Banquo *ſpotted with blood*, the *blood-bolter'd* Banquo. The verb to *blot* is uſed figuratively for to *diſgrace* a few lines lower. And perhaps, after all, *bolts* was only a typographical miſtake. JOHNSON.

Aust. What the devil art thou?

Faulc. One that will play the devil, Sir, with you,
An a' may catch your hide and you alone.
You are the hare, of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard:
I'll ſmoak your ſkin-coat, an I catch you right;
Sirrah, look to't; i'faith, I will, i'faith.

Blanch. O, well did he become that lion's robe,
That did diſrobe the lion of that robe!

Faulc. It lies as ſightly on the back of him [9],
As great Alcides' ſhews upon an aſs:
But, aſs, I'll take that burden from your back;
Or lay on that, ſhall make your ſhoulders crack.

Aust. What cracker is this ſame, that deafs our ears
With this abundance of ſuperfluous breath?
King Lewis [1], determine what we ſhall do ſtrait.

K. Phil.

[9] *It lies as ſightly on the back of him,*
As great Alcides' ſhoes *upon an aſs:*] But why his ſhoes, in the name of propriety? For let Hercules and his *ſhoes* have been really as big as they were ever ſuppoſed to be, yet they (I mean the *ſhoes*) would not have been an overload for an aſs. I am perſuaded, I have retrieved the true reading; and let us obſerve the juſtneſs of the compariſon now. Faulconbridge in his reſentment would ſay this to Auſtria, "That lion's ſkin, which my "great father king Richard once wore, looks as uncouthly on "thy back, as that other noble hide, which was borne by Her"cules, would look on the back of an aſs." A double alluſion was intended; firſt, to the fable of the aſs in the lion's ſkin; then Richard I. is finely ſet in competition with Alcides, as Auſtria is ſatirically coupled with the aſs. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald had the art of making the moſt of his diſcoveries. JOHNSON.

I believe Theobald is right, yet the *ſhoes* of Hercules are more than once introduced in the old comedies on much ſuch another occaſion. So in *The Iſle of Gulls*, by J. Day, 1606.

— "are as fit, as Hercules's *ſhoe* for the foot of a pigmy."
STEEVENS.

[1] *King Lewis,*—] Thus the folio. The modern editors read —Philip, which appears to be right. It is however obſervable, that the anſwer is given in the old copy to Lewis, as if the dauphin, who was afterwards Lewis VIII. was meant to have been

K. Philip. Women and fools, break off your conference.——
King John, this is the very ſum of all.——
England, and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur I do claim of thee:
Wilt thou reſign them, and lay down thy arms?
K. John. My life as ſoon.—I do defy thee, France.
—Arthur of Britain yield thee to my hand;
And out of my dear love I'll give thee more,
Than e'er the coward-hand of France can win.
Submit thee, boy.
Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.
Conſt. Do, child, go to it' grandam, child.
Give grandam kingdom, and it' grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:
There's a good grandam.
Arth. Good my mother, peace!
I would, that I were low laid in my grave;
I am not worth this coil that's made for me.
Eli. His mother ſhames him ſo, poor boy, he weeps.
Conſt. Now ſhame upon you, whether ſhe does, or no!
His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's ſhames,
Draw thoſe heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heaven ſhall take in nature of a fee:
Ay, with theſe cryſtal beads heaven ſhall be brib'd
To do him juſtice, and revenge on you.
Eli. Thou monſtrous ſlanderer of heaven and earth!
Conſt. Thou monſtrous injurer of heaven and earth!
Call me not ſlanderer; thou, and thine, uſurp
The domination, royalties, and rights
Of this oppreſſed boy. This is thy eldeſt ſon's ſon,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee;
Thy ſins are viſited on this poor child;
The canon of the law is laid on him,

the ſpeaker. The ſpeech itſelf, however, ſeems appropriated to the king, and nothing can be inferred from the folio with any certainty, but that the editors of it were careleſs and ignorant. STEEVENS.

Being

Being but the ſecond generation
Removed from thy ſin-conceiving womb.
K. John. Bedlam, have done.
Conſt. [2] I have but this to ſay,
That he's not only plagued for her ſin,
But God hath made her ſin and her the plague
On this removed iſſue, plagu'd for her,
And with her.—Plague her ſin; his injury,
Her injury, the beadle to her ſin,
All puniſh'd in the perſon of this child,
And all for her, a plague upon her!
Eli. Thou unadviſed ſcold, I can produce
A will, that bars the title of thy ſon.
Conſt. Ay, who doubts that? a will!——a wicked will;
A woman's will; a cankred grandam's will!
K. Phil. Peace, lady; pauſe, or be more temperate: It

[2] *I have but this to ſay,*
That he's not only plagued for her ſin,
But, &c. ——] This paſſage appears to me very obſcure. The chief difficulty ariſes from this, that Conſtance having told Elinor of her *ſin-conceiving womb*, purſues the thought, and uſes *ſin* through the next lines in an ambiguous ſenſe, ſometimes for *crime*, and ſometimes for *offspring*.

He's not only plagued for her ſin, &c. He is not only made miſerable by vengeance for her *ſin* or *crime*; but her *ſin*, her *offspring*, and ſhe, are made the inſtruments of that vengeance, on this deſcendant; who, though of the ſecond generation, is *plagued for her and with her*; to whom ſhe is not only the cauſe but the inſtrument of evil.

The next clauſe is more perplexed. All the editions read,

——— *plagu'd for her,*
And with her plague her ſin; his injury,
Her injury, the beadle to her ſin,
All puniſh'd in the perſon of this child.

I point thus:

——— *plagu'd for her*
And with her.—Plague her ſon! his injury
Her injury, the beadle to her ſin.

That is; inſtead of inflicting vengeance on this innocent and remote deſcendant, *puniſh her ſon*, her immediate offspring: then the affliction will fall where it is deſerved; *his injury* will be

[3] It ill beſeems this preſence to cry aim
To theſe ill tuned repetitions.—
Some trumpet ſummon hither to the walls
Theſe men of Angiers; let us hear them ſpeak,
Whoſe title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

Trumpets ſound.

Enter citizens upon the walls.

1. *Cit.* Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the walls?

K. Phil. 'Tis France, for England.

K. John. England, for itſelf:
You men of Angiers, and my loving ſubjects——

K. Phil. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's ſubjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.——

K. John. For our advantage; — therefore hear us firſt [4].——

her *ſin*, and the miſery of her *ſin*; her ſon will be a *beadle*, or ſcourge, to her *crimes*, which are now *all puniſhed in the perſon of her ſon*. JOHNSON.

Mr. Heath reads,

—— "plagu'd for her

"And with her plagu'd; her ſin, his injury. STEEVENS.

[3] *It ill beſeems this preſence to cry aim*
To theſe ill tuned repetitions.] Dr. Warburton has well obſerved on one of the former plays, that to *cry aim* is to *encourage*. I once thought it was borrowed from archery; and that *aim!* having been the word of command, as we now ſay *preſent!* to *cry aim* had been to *incite notice*, or raiſe *attention*. But I rather think, that the old word of applauſe was *J'aime, love it*, and that to applaud was to cry *J'aime*, which the Engliſh, not eaſily pronouncing *Je*, ſunk into *aime* or *aim*. Our exclamations of applauſe are ſtill borrowed, as *bravo* and *encore*. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon's firſt thought, I believe is beſt. So in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Love's Cure*, or *The Martial Maid*,

——— "Can I *cry aim*
"To this againſt myſelf?"———

So in our author's *Merry Wives*, &c. Ford ſays, "—and "to theſe violent proceedings all my neighbours ſhall *cry aim*." STEEVENS.

[4] *For* our *advantage*; — *therefore hear us firſt.*—] If we read "for *your* advantage" it would be a more ſpecious reaſon for interrupting Lewis. T. T.

Theſe

Theſe flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and proſpect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement.
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;
And ready mounted are they, to ſpit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainſt your walls:
All preparation for a bloody ſiege
And mercileſs proceeding, by theſe French,
Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates;
And, but for our approach, thoſe ſleeping ſtones,
That as a waiſt do girdle you about,
By the compulſion of their ordinance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been diſhabited, and wide havock made
For bloody power to ruſh upon your peace.
But on the ſight of us your lawful king,
(Who, painfully, with much expedient march
Have brought a counter-check before your gates,
To ſave unſcratch'd your city's threatned cheeks)
Behold, the French, amaz'd, vouchſafe a parle:
And now, inſtead of bullets wrap'd in fire,
To make a ſhaking fever in your walls,
They ſhoot but calm words, folded up in ſmoak,
To make a faithleſs error in your ears:
Which truſt accordingly, kind citizens,
And let in us, your king; whoſe labour'd ſpirits,
Fore-weary'd in this action of ſwift ſpeed,
Crave harbourage within your city-walls.

K. Phil. When I have ſaid, make anſwer to us both.
Lo! in this right hand, whoſe protection
Is moſt divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, ſtands young Plantagenet;
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys.
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march theſe greens before your town;
Being no further enemy to you,
Than the conſtraint of hoſpitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppreſſed child,

Religiouſly

Religiouſly provokes. Be pleaſed then
To pay that duty, which you truly owe
To him that owns it; namely, this young prince:
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aſpect, have all offence ſeal'd up;
Our cannons' malice vainly ſhall be ſpent
Againſt the invulnerable clouds of heaven;
And, with a bleſſed, and unvex'd retire,
With unhack'd ſwords, and helmets all unbruis'd,
We will bear home that luſty blood again,
Which here we came to ſpout againſt your town;
And leave your children, wives, and you in peace.
But if you fondly paſs our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the roundure [4] of your old-fac'd walls
Can hide you from our meſſengers of war;
Tho' all theſe Engliſh, and their diſcipline,
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
Then, tell us, ſhall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it;
Or ſhall we give the ſignal to our rage,
And ſtalk in blood to our poſſeſſion?

Cit. In brief, we are the king of England's ſubjects;
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.

Cit. That can we not: but he that proves the king,
To him will we prove loyal; till that time,
Have we ramm'd up our gates againſt the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the king?
And if not that, I bring you witneſſes,
Twice fifteen thouſand hearts of England's breed——

Faulc. (Baſtards, and elſe).

[4] *'Tis not the roundure*, &c.] *Roundure* means the ſame as the French *rondeur*, i. e. the circle.

The word is uſed by Decker in his *Comedy of old Fortunatus*, 1600.

—— "your cries to me are muſick
"And fill the ſacred *roundure* of mine ears," *&c.* STEEVENS.

K. John.—To verify our title with their lives.

K. Phil. As many, and as well born bloods as thoſe——

Faul. (Some baſtards too).

K. Phil.—Stand in his face to contradict his claim.

Cit. 'Till you compound whoſe right is worthieſt,
We, for the worthieſt, hold the right from both.

K. John. Then God forgive the ſin of all thoſe ſouls,
That to their everlaſting reſidence,
Before the dew of evening fall, ſhall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

K. Phil. Amen, Amen.——Mount, chevaliers! to arms!

Faulc. Saint George, that ſwing'd the dragon, and e'er ſince
Sits on his horſeback at mine hoſteſs' door,
Teach us ſome fence! Sirrah, were I at home
At your den, ſirrah, with your lioneſs,
I'd ſet an ox-head to your lion's hide,
And make a monſter of you.—— [*To Auſtria.*

Auſt. Peace! no more.

Faulc. O, tremble; for you hear the lion roar.

K. John. Up higher to the plain; where we'll ſet forth
In beſt appointment all our regiments.

Faulc. Speed then to take advantage of the field.

K. Phil. It ſhall be ſo;—and at the other hill
Command the reſt to ſtand.—God, and our right!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

After excurſions, enter the herald of France with trumpets to the gates.

F. Her. [5] Ye men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in;

[5] *Ye men of Angiers,* &c.] This ſpeech is very poetical and ſmooth, and except the conceit of the *widow's huſband* embracing *the earth*, is juſt and beautiful. JOHNSON.

Who,

Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an Engliſh mother,
Whoſe ſons lye ſcatter'd on the bleeding ground:
And many a widow's huſband groveling lies,
Coldly embracing the diſcolour'd earth;
While victory with little loſs doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French;
Who are at hand triumphantly diſplay'd
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne, England's king, and yours.

Enter Engliſh herald with trumpets.

E. Her. [6] Rejoice, ye men of Angiers, ring your bells;
King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day!
Their armours, that march'd hence ſo ſilver-bright,
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmens' blood.
There ſtuck no plume in any Engliſh creſt,
That is removed by a ſtaff of France.
Our colours do return in thoſe ſame hands,
That did diſplay them, when we firſt march'd forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntſmen [7], come
Our luſty Engliſh, all with purpled hands;
Dy'd in the dying ſlaughter of their foes.
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

Cit. [8] Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,
From firſt to laſt, the onſet and retire

[6] *Rejoice, ye men of Angiers,* &c.] The Engliſh herald falls ſomewhat below his antagoniſt. *Silver armour gilt with blood* is a poor image. Yet our author has it again in Macbeth,

——— "Here lay Duncan,
"His ſilver ſkin lac'd with his golden blood. JOHNSON.

[7] *And, like a jolly troop of huntſmen,*] It was, I think, one of the ſavage practices of the chaſe, for all to ſtain their hands in the blood of the deer, as a trophy. JOHNSON.

[8] *Heralds, from off,* &c.] Theſe three ſpeeches ſeem to have been laboured. The citizen's is the beſt; yet *both alike we like* is a poor gingle. JOHNSON.

Of

Of both your armies; whoſe equality
By our beſt eyes cannot be cenſured:
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have anſwered blows;
Strength match'd with ſtrength, and power confronted power:
Both are alike, and both alike we like.
One muſt prove greateſt:—while they weigh ſo even,
We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

Enter the two kings with their powers, at ſeveral doors.

K. John. France, haſt thou yet more blood to caſt away?
Say, ſhall the current of our right run on?
Whoſe paſſage, vext with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'er-ſwell
With courſe diſturb'd even thy confining ſhores;
Unleſs thou let his ſilver water keep
A peaceful progreſs to the ocean.

K. Phil. England, thou haſt not ſav'd one drop of blood
In this hot trial, more than we of France;
Rather loſt more: and by this hand I ſwear,
That ſways the earth this climate overlooks,
Before we will lay by our juſt-borne arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainſt whom theſe arms we bear,
Or add a royal number to the dead;
Gracing the ſcrowl, that tells of this war's loſs,
With ſlaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Faulc. Ha, majeſty!—how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of kings is ſet on fire!
Oh, how doth death line his dead chaps with ſteel;
The ſwords of ſoldiers are his teeth, his phangs;
And now he feaſts, [9] mouthing the fleſh of men
In undetermin'd differences of kings.—

[9] ——— *mouthing the fleſh of men*] The old copy reads —— *mouſing* STEEVENS.

Why

Why ſtand theſe royal fronts amazed thus?
Cry havock [1], kings! back to the ſtained field,
You equal potents, fiery-kindled ſpirits!
Then let confuſion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death.

K. John. Whoſe party do the townſmen yet admit?

K. Phil. Speak, citizens, for England; who's your king?

Cit. The king of England, when we know the king?

K. Phil. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear poſſeſſion of our perſon here;
Lord of our preſence, Angiers, and of you.

Cit. [2] A greater power, than ye, denies all this;
And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former ſcruple in our ſtrong-barr'd gates.
Kings are our fears——until our fears, reſolv'd,
Be by ſome certain king purg'd and depos'd.

Faul.

[1] *Cry havock, kings!*——] That is, "command ſlaughter to "proceed;" ſo in another place. "He with Até by his ſide, "Cries, havock!" JOHNSON.

[2] In former copies:

A greater pow'r, than WE, *denies all this*;

Kings OF *our fears*——] We ſhould read, *than ye.* What power was this? their *fears*: It is plain therefore we ſhould read, *Kings are our fears*,—— *i. e.* our fears are the kings which at preſent rule us. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton ſaw what was requiſite to make this paſſage ſenſe; and Dr. Johnſon, rather too haſtily, I think, has received his emendation into the text. He reads,

Kings are our fears,——

which he explains to mean, "our fears are the kings which at "preſent rule us."

As the ſame ſenſe may be obtained by a much ſlighter alteration, I am more inclined to read,

KING'D OF *our fears*,——

King'd is uſed as a participle paſſive by Shakeſpeare more than once, I believe. I remember one inſtance in *Henry the Fifth*, Act. ii. Scene 5. The Dauphin ſays of England,

—— *ſhe is ſo idly* king'd.

Faulc. By heaven, theſe ſcroyles of Angiers [3] flout you, kings;
And ſtand ſecurely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your induſtrious ſcenes and acts of death:
Your royal preſences, be rul'd by me;
Do like the mutines of Jeruſalem,
Be friends a while [4], and both conjointly bend
Your ſharpeſt deeds of malice on this town.
By eaſt and weſt let France and England mount
Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths;
Till their ſoul-fearing clamours have brawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city.
I'd play inceſſantly upon theſe jades;
Even till unfenced deſolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, diſſever your united ſtrengths,
And part your mingled colours once again;
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point.
Then, in a moment, fortune ſhall cull forth
Out of one ſide her happy minion;
To whom in favour ſhe ſhall give the day,
And kiſs him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counſel, mighty ſtates?
Smacks it not ſomething of the policy?

K. John. Now, by the ſky, that hangs above our heads,
I like it well. France, ſhall we knit our powers,
And lay this Angiers even with the ground;
Then, after, fight who ſhall be king of it?

It is ſcarce neceſſary to add, that, *of*, here (as in numberleſs other places) has the ſignification of, *by*. *Obſervations and Conjectures*, &c. printed at Oxford, 1766. STEEVENS.

[3] —*theſe* ſeroyles *of Angiers*—] *Eſcroueles*, Fr. *i. e.* ſcabby, ſcrophulous fellows.

Ben Jonſon uſes the word in *Every Man in his Humour*,

—— "hang them *ſcroyles!*" STEEVENS.

[4] *Be friends awhile*, &c.] This advice is given by the Baſtard in the old copy of the play, though comprized in fewer and leſs ſpirited lines. STEEVENS.

Faulc.

Faulc. An if thou haſt the mettle of a king,
Being wrong'd, as we are, by this peeviſh town,
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, againſt theſe ſaucy walls:
And when that we have daſh'd them to the ground,
Why then defy each other; and, pell-mell,
Make work upon ourſelves, for heaven, or hell.

K. Phil. Let it be ſo: ſay, where will you aſſault?

K. John. We from the weſt will ſend deſtruction
Into this city's boſom.

Auſt. I from the north.

K. Phil. Our thunder from the ſouth
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Faulc. O prudent diſcipline! from north to ſouth;
Auſtria and France ſhoot in each other's mouth. [*Aſide.*
I'll ſtir them to it: come, away, away!

Cit. Hear us, great kings: vouchſafe a while to ſtay,
And I will ſhew you peace, and fair-fac'd league;
Win you this city without ſtroke, or wound;
Reſcue thoſe breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come ſacrifices for the field:
Perſever not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. John. Speak on, with favour; we are bent to hear.

Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the lady Blanch,
Is near to England; look upon the years
Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid.
If luſty love ſhould go in queſt of beauty,
Where ſhould he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If [5] zealous love ſhould go in ſearch of virtue,
Where ſhould he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love, ambitious, ſought a match of birth,
Whoſe veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch?
Such as ſhe is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete:

[5] *Zealous* ſeems here to ſignify *pious*, or *influenced by motives of religion.* JOHNSON.

If not complete [6], oh ſay, he is not ſhe;
And ſhe again wants nothing (to name want)
If want it be not, that ſhe is not he.
He is the half part of a bleſſed man [7],
Left to be finiſhed by ſuch a ſhe:
And ſhe a fair divided excellence,
Whoſe fulneſs of perfection lies in him.
Oh! two ſuch ſilver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in:
And two ſuch ſhores, to two ſuch ſtreams made one,
Two ſuch controlling bounds ſhall you be, kings,
To theſe two princes, if you marry them.
This union ſhall do more than battery can,
To our faſt-cloſed gates; for at this match [8],
With ſwifter ſpleen than powder can enforce,
The mouth of paſſage ſhall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance: but, without this match,
The ſea enraged is not half ſo deaf,
Lions ſo confident, mountains and rocks
So free from motion; no, not death himſelf
In mortal fury half ſo peremptory,
As we to keep this city.

Faulc. Here's a ſtay [9],
That ſhakes the rotten carcaſs of old death
Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That

[6] *If not complete of, ſay,* &c.] Sir T. HANMER reads, *O! ſay.* JOHNSON.

[7] *He is the half part of a bleſſed man,*
Left to be finiſhed by ſuch as ſhe:] Dr. Thirlby preſcrib'd that reading, which I have here reſtored to the text. THEOBALD.

[8] ——— *at this match,*
With ſwifter ſpleen, &c.] Our author uſes *ſpleen* for any violent hurry, or tumultuous ſpeed. So in *Midſummer Night's Dream* he applies *ſpleen* to the *lightning*. I am loath to think that Shakeſpeare meant to play with the double of *match* for *nuptial*, and the *match* of a *gun*. JOHNSON.

[9] *Here's a ſtay,*
That ſhakes the rotten carcaſs of old death
Out of his rags!] I cannot but think that every reader wiſhes for ſome other word in the place of *ſtay*, which though it

That ſpits forth death, and mountains, rocks and ſeas;
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!
What cannoneer begot this luſty blood?
He ſpeaks plain cannon-fire, and ſmoak, and bounce;
He gives the baſtinado with his tongue:
Our ears are cudgel'd; not a word of his,
But buffets better than a fiſt of France:
Zounds! I was never ſo bethumpt with words,
Since I firſt call'd my brother's father, dad.

Eli. Son, liſt to this conjunction, make this match;
Give with our niece a dowry large enough:
For by this knot thou ſhalt ſo ſurely tie
Thy now unſur'd aſſurance to the crown,
That yon green boy ſhall have no ſun to ripe
The bloom, that promiſeth a mighty fruit.
I ſee a yielding in the looks of France;
Mark, how they whiſper: urge them, while their ſouls
Are capable of this ambition;
Leſt zeal, now melted [1], by the windy breath
Of ſoft petitions, pity, and remorſe,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

Cit. Why anſwer not the double majeſties
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?

it may ſignify an *hindrance*, or *man* that *hinders*, is yet very improper to introduce the next line. I read,

Here's a flaw,
That ſhakes the rotten carcaſs of old death.

That is, here is a *guſt* of bravery, a *blaſt* of menace. This ſuits well with the ſpirit of the ſpeech. *Stay* and *flaw*, in a careleſs hand, are not eaſily diſtinguiſhed; and if the writing was obſcure, *flaw* being a word leſs uſual was eaſily miſſed. JOHNSON.

[1] *Leſt zeal, now melted,—*] We have here a very unuſual, and, I think, not very juſt image of *zeal*, which, in its higheſt degree, is repreſented by others as a flame, but by Shakeſpeare as a froſt. To *repreſs zeal*, in the language of others, is to *cool*, in Shakeſpeare's to *melt* it; when it exerts its utmoſt power it is commonly ſaid to *flame*, but by Shakeſpeare to be *congealed*. JOHNSON.

K. Phil. Speak, England, firſt, that hath been forward firſt
To ſpeak unto this city: what ſay you?

K. John. If that the dauphin there, thy princely ſon,
Can in this book of beauty read, *I love*;
Her dowry ſhall weigh equal with a queen:
For, Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers [2],
And all that we upon this ſide the ſea,
(Except this city now by us beſieg'd)
Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions,
As ſhe in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princeſs of the world.

K. Phil. What ſay'ſt thou, boy? look in the lady's face.

Lewis. I do, my lord; and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle;
The ſhadow of myſelf form'd in her eye;
Which, being but the ſhadow of your ſon,
Becomes a ſun, and makes your ſon a ſhadow.
I do proteſt, I never lov'd myſelf,
Till now, infixed, I beheld myſelf,
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!
[*Whiſpering with Blanch.*

Faulc. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!

[2] In old editions,
For ANGIERS *and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,*
And all that we upon this ſide the ſea,
Except this city *now by us* beſieg'd,
Find liable, &c.———] What was the city *beſieged*, but Angiers? King John agrees to give up all he held in France, except the city of Angiers, which he now beſieged and laid claim to. But could he give up all except Angiers, and give up *that* too? *Anjou* was one of the provinces which the Engliſh held in France. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald found, or might have found, the reading, which he would introduce as an emendation of his own, in the old quarto. STEEVENS.

And

And quarter'd in her heart! he doth eſpy
Himſelf love's traitor: this is pity now,
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there ſhould be,
In ſuch a love, ſo vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will, in this reſpect, is mine.
If he ſee aught in you, that makes him like,
That any thing he ſees, which moves his liking,
I can with eaſe tranſlate it to my will:
Or, if you will, to ſpeak more properly,
I will enforce it eaſily to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my lord,
That all I ſee in you is worthy love,
Than this; that nothing do I ſee in you,
(Though churliſh thoughts themſelves ſhould be your judge)
That I can find ſhould merit any hate.

K. John. What ſay theſe young ones? What ſay you, my niece?

Blanch. That ſhe is bound in honour ſtill to do
What you in wiſdom ſtill vouchſafe to ſay.

K. John. Speak then, prince dauphin; can you love this lady?

Lewis. Nay, aſk me, if I can refrain from love;
For I do love her moſt unfeignedly.

K. John. Then do I give Volqueſſen, Touraine, Maine,
Poictiers, and Anjou, theſe five provinces,
With her to thee; and this addition more,
Full thirty thouſand marks of Engliſh coin.—
Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,
Command thy ſon and daughter to join hands.

K. Philip. It likes us well; young princes, cloſe your hands.

Auſt. And your lips too; for, I am well aſſur'd,
That I did ſo, what I was firſt aſſur'd.

K. Phil. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made;
For at St. Mary's chapel, preſently
The rites of marriage ſhall be ſolemniz'd.—

Is not the lady Conſtance in this troop?—
I know, ſhe is not; for this match, made up,
Her preſence would have interrupted much.—
Where is ſhe and her ſon, tell me, who knows?
Lewis. She's ſad and paſſionate at your highneſs' tent.
K. Phil. And, by my faith, this league, that we have made,
Will give her ſadneſs very little cure.—
Brother of England, how may we content
This widow lady? In her right we came;
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way
To our own vantage.
K. John. We will heal up all,
For we'll create young Arthur duke of Bretagne,
And earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town
We make him lord of. Call the lady Conſtance;
Some ſpeedy meſſenger bid her repair
To our ſolemnity: I truſt, we ſhall,
If not fill up the meaſure of her will,
Yet in ſome meaſure ſatisfy her ſo,
That we ſhall ſtop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haſte will ſuffer us,
To this unlook'd for, unprepared pomp.
[*Exeunt all but Faulconbridge.*
Faul. Mad world! mad kings! mad compoſition!
John, to ſtop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly [1] departed with a part:
And France (whoſe armour conſcience buckled on,
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,
As God's own ſoldier) [2] rounded in the ear
With

[1] ——departed *with a part:*] To *part* and to *depart* were formerly ſynonimous.
So in Ben Jonſon's *Every Man out of his Humour*,
" Faith, Sir, I can hardly *depart* with ready money."
Again, in *The Sad Shepherd*,
" I have *departed* it 'mong my poor neighbours."
STEEVENS.

[2] ——*rounded in the ear*] *i. e.* whiſpered in the ear. The word is

With that ſame purpoſe-changer, that ſly devil,
That broker, that ſtill breaks the pate of faith,
That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,
(Who having no external thing to loſe
But the word maid, cheats the poor maid of that)
That ſmooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling commodity—
Commodity, the bias of the world;
The world, which of itſelf is peiſed well,
Made to run even, upon even ground;
Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,
This ſway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpoſe, courſe, intent:
And this ſame bias, this commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapt on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,
From a reſolv'd and honourable war,
To a moſt baſe and vile-concluded peace.——
And why rail I on this commodity?
But for becauſe he hath not wooed me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would ſalute my palm;
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, while I am a beggar, I will rail;
And ſay, there is no ſin but to be rich:
And being rich, my virtue then ſhall be,
To ſay, there is no vice, but beggary.
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain be my lord; for I will worſhip thee! [*Exit.*

is frequently uſed by Chaucer, as well as later writers. So in *Lingua*, or *A Combat of the Tongue*, &c. 1607,

" I help'd Herodotus to pen ſome part of his Muſes; lent " Pliny ink to write his hiſtory, and *rounded* Rabelais *in the ear* " when he hiſtorified Pantagruel."

So in *The Spaniſh Tragedy*, 1705,

" Forthwith Revenge, *ſhe rounded me i'th'ear.*" STEEVENS.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The French king's pavilion.

Enter Conſtance, Arthur, and Saliſbury.

CONSTANCE.

GONE to be marry'd! gone to ſwear a peace!
Falſe blood to falſe blood join'd! Gone to be friends!
Shall Lewis have Blanch, and Blanch thoſe provinces?
It is not ſo, thou haſt miſ-ſpoke, miſ-heard;
Be well-advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again:
It cannot be; thou doſt but ſay, 'tis ſo.
I truſt, I may not truſt thee; for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
I have a king's oath to the contrary.
Thou ſhalt be puniſh'd for thus frighting me,
For I am ſick, and capable of fears;
Oppreſt with wrongs, and therefore full of fears:
A widow, huſbandleſs, ſubject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears:
And, tho' thou now confeſs thou didſt but jeſt,
With my vext ſpirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What doſt thou mean by ſhaking of thy head?
Why doſt thou look ſo ſadly on my ſon?
What means that hand upon that breaſt of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be theſe ſad ſighs confirmers of thy words?
Then ſpeak again not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true as, I believe, you think them falſe,
That give you cauſe to prove my ſaying true.

Conſt.

Conſt. Oh, if thou teach me to believe this ſorrow,
Teach thou this ſorrow how to make me die;
And let belief and life encounter ſo,
As doth the fury of two deſperate men,
Which in the very meeting, fall, and die.—
Lewis marry Blanch! O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England! what becomes of me?—
Fellow, be gone; I cannot brook thy ſight:
This news hath made thee a moſt ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But ſpoke the harm that is by others done?

Conſt. Which harm within itſelf ſo heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that ſpeak of it.

Arth. I do beſeech you, madam, be content.

Conſt. If thou [1], that bidſt me be content, wert grim,
Ugly, and ſland'rous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleaſing blots, and [2] ſightleſs ſtains,
Lame, fooliſh, crooked, ſwart, prodigious [3],
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content:

[1] *If thou hadſt*, &c.] Maſſinger appears to have copied this paſſage in *The Unnatural Combat*,

——— "If thou hadſt been born
"Deform'd and crooked in the features of
"Thy body, as the manners of thy mind,
"Moor-lip'd, flat-nos'd, *&c. &c.*
"I had been bleſt." STEEVENS.

[2] —*ſightleſs*—] The poet uſes *ſightleſs* for that which we now expreſs by *unſightly*, diſagreeable to the eyes. JOHNSON.

[3] —*prodigious*,] That is, *portentous*, ſo deformed as to be taken for a *foretoken of evil*. JOHNSON.

In this ſenſe it is uſed by Decker in the firſt part of *The Honeſt Whore*, 1635,

——— "yon comet ſhews his head again,
"Twice hath he thus at croſs-turns thrown on us
"*Prodigious* looks."

Again, in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1607,

"Over whoſe roof hangs this *prodigious* comet,"

So in the *Midſummer's Night Dream*, ſc. ult.

——— "nor ſcar
"Nor mark *prodigious*, ſuch as are
"Deſpiſed," &c. STEEVENS.

For

For then I ſhould not love thee; no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deſerve a crown.
But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy!
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great.
Of nature's gifts thou may'ſt with lilies boaſt,
And with the half-blown roſe. But fortune, oh!
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee;
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John;
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
To tread down fair reſpect of ſovereignty,
And made his majeſty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to fortune, and king John;
That ſtrumpet fortune, that uſurping John!
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forſworn?
Envenom him with words; or get thee gone,
And leave theſe woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the kings.

Conſt. Thou may'ſt, thou ſhalt, I will not go with thee:
I will inſtruct my ſorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud, and makes his owner ſtout [4].
To me, and to the ſtate of my great grief [5],

[4] ——— *makes its owner* ſtout.] The old editions have, *makes its owner* ſtoop: the emendation is Hanmer's. JOHNSON.

[5] *To me, and to the ſtate of my great grief,*
Let kings aſſemble; ———] In *Much Ado about Nothing*, the father of Hero, depreſſed by her diſgrace, declares himſelf ſo ſubdued by grief that *a thread may lead him.* How is it that grief in Leonato and lady Conſtance produces effects directly oppoſite, and yet both agreeable to nature. Sorrow ſoftens the mind while it is yet warmed by hope, but hardens it when it is congealed by deſpair. Diſtreſs, while there remains any proſpect of relief, is weak and flexible, but when no ſuccour remains, is fearleſs and ſtubborn; angry alike at thoſe that injure, and at thoſe that do not help; careleſs to pleaſe where nothing can be gained, and fearleſs to offend when there is nothing further to be dreaded. Such was this writer's knowledge of the paſſions. JOHNSON.

Let

Let kings aſſemble; for my grief's ſo great,
That no ſupporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and ſorrow ſit:
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it [6].

[*Sits down on the floor.*

[6] ——— *bid kings come bow to it.*] I muſt here account for the liberty I have taken to make a change in the diviſion of the 2d and 3d acts. In the old editions, the 2d act was made to end here; though it is evident, lady Conſtance here, in her deſpair, ſeats herſelf on the floor: and ſhe muſt be ſuppoſed, as I formerly obſerved, immediately to riſe again, only to go off and end the act decently; or the *flat ſcene* muſt ſhut her in from the ſight of the audience, an abſurdity I cannot accuſe Shakeſpeare of. Mr. Gildon and ſome other criticks fancied, that a conſiderable part of the 2d act was loſt; and that the chaſm began here. I had joined in this ſuſpicion of a ſcene or two being loſt; and unwittingly drew Mr. Pope into this error. "*It ſeems to* "*be ſo*, ſays he, *and it were to be wiſh'd the* reſtorer (*meaning* "me) *could ſupply it.*" To deſerve this great man's thanks, I'll venture at the taſk; and hope to convince my readers, that nothing is loſt; but that I have ſupplied the ſuſpected chaſm, only by rectifying the diviſion of the acts. Upon looking a little more narrowly into the conſtitution of the play, I am ſatisfied that the 3d act ought to begin with that ſcene, which has hitherto been accounted the laſt of the 2d act; and my reaſons for it are theſe: the match being concluded, in the ſcene before that, betwixt the Dauphin and Blanch, a meſſenger is ſent for lady Conſtance to king Philip's tent, for her to come to Saint Mary's church to the ſolemnity. The princes all go out, as to the marriage; and the Baſtard ſtaying a little behind, to deſcant on intereſt and commodity, very properly ends the act. The next ſcene then, in the French king's tent, brings us Saliſbury delivering his meſſage to Conſtance, who, refuſing to go to the ſolemnity, ſets herſelf down on the floor. The whole train returning from the church to the French king's pavilion, Philip expreſſes ſuch ſatisfaction on occaſion of the happy ſolemnity of that day, that Conſtance riſes from the floor, and joins in the ſcene by entering her proteſt againſt their joy, and curſing the buſineſs of the day. Thus, I conceive, the ſcenes are fairly continued; and there is no chaſm in the action, but a proper interval made both for Saliſbury's coming to lady Conſtance, and for the ſolemnization of the marriage. Beſides, as Faulconbridge is evidently the poet's favourite character, it was very well judged to cloſe the act with his ſoliloquy. THEOBALD.

This whole note ſeems judicious enough; but Mr. Theobald forgets that there were, in Shakeſpeare's time, no moveable ſcenes in common playhouſes. JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter king John, king Philip, Lewis, Blanch, Elinor, Faulconbridge, and Auſtria.

K. Phil. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this bleſſed day
Ever in France ſhall be kept feſtival:
To ſolemnize this day [7], the glorious ſun
Stays in his courſe, and plays the alchymiſt [8];
Turning, with ſplendor of his precious eye,
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold.
The yearly courſe, that brings this day about,
Shall never ſee it, but a holy-day.

Conſt. A wicked day, and not a holy-day!—— [*Riſing.*
What hath this day deſerv'd? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters ſhould be ſet,
Among the high tides, in the kalendar?
Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week;
This day of ſhame, oppreſſion, perjury:
Or, if it muſt ſtand ſtill, let wives with child
Pray, that their burthens may not fall this day,
Leſt that their hopes prodigiouſly be croſt:
But on this day [9], let ſeamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break, that are not this day made:
This

[7] *To ſolemnize this day*, &c.] From this paſſage Rowe ſeems to have borrowed the firſt lines of his *Fair Penitent*. JOHNSON.

[8] ——— *and plays the* alchymiſt;] Milton has borrowed this thought, P. L. B. 3.

——— "when with one virtuous touch
"*Th'arch-chemic ſun*," &c. STEEVENS.

[9] *But on this day*,—
No bargains break, &c.] That is, *except* on this day. JOHNSON.

In the ancient almanacs (one of which I have in my poſſeſſion, dated 1562) the days ſuppoſed to be favourable or unfavourable to bargains are diſtinguiſhed, among a number of other particulars of the like importance. This circumſtance is alluded to in *Webſter's Dutcheſs of Malfy*, 1623,

"By the almanac, I think
"To chooſe good days and ſhun the critical."

This day, all things begun come to ill end;
Yea, faith itſelf to hollow falſhood change!

K. Phil. By heaven, lady, you ſhall have no cauſe
To curſe the fair proceedings of this day:
Have I not pawn'd to you my majeſty?

Conſt. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit
Reſembling majeſty; which, touch'd and try'd,
Proves valueleſs: you are forſworn, forſworn!
[1] You came in arms to ſpill my enemies blood,
But now in arms, you ſtrengthen it with yours.
The grappling vigour, and rough frown of war,
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppreſſion hath made up this league:——
Arm, arm, ye heavens, againſt theſe perjur'd kings!
A widow cries, be huſband to me, heaven!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere ſun-ſet,
[2] Set armed diſcord 'twixt theſe perjur'd kings.
Hear me, oh, hear me!

Auſt. Lady Conſtance, peace.

Conſt. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.
[4] O Lymoges! O Auſtria! thou doſt ſhame
That bloody ſpoil: thou ſlave, thou wretch, thou coward,
Thou

So in *The Elder Brother* of Beaumont and Fletcher,

" ——— an almanac
" Which thou art daily poring in, to pick out
" Days of iniquity to cozen fools in." STEEVENS.

[1] *You came in* arms *to ſpill my enemies blood,*
But now in arms, *you ſtrengthen it with yours.*] I am afraid here is a clinch intended; *You came* in war *to deſtroy my enemies, but now you ſtrengthen them* in embraces. JOHNSON.

[2] *Set armed diſcord,* &c.] Shakeſpeare makes this bitter curſe effectual. JOHNSON.

[4] *O Lymoges! O Auſtria!*—] The propriety or impropriety of theſe titles, which every editor has ſuffered to paſs unnoted, deſerves a little conſideration. Shakeſpeare has, on this occaſion, followed the old play, which at once furniſhed him with the character of Faulconbridge, and aſcribed the death of Richard I. to the duke of Auſtria. In the perſon of Auſtria, he has conjoined the two well-known enemies of Cœur-de-lion. Leopold, duke of Auſtria, threw him into priſon in a former expedition; but the caſtle of Chalus, before which he fell, belonged to Vidomar,

Thou little valiant, great in villainy!
Thou ever ſtrong upon the ſtronger ſide!
Thou fortune's champion, that doſt never fight
But when her humourous ladyſhip is by
To teach thee ſafety! thou art perjur'd too,
And ſooth'ſt up greatneſs. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool; to brag, and ſtamp, and ſwear,
Upon my party! thou cold-blooded ſlave,
Haſt thou not ſpoke like thunder on my ſide?
Been ſworn my ſoldier? bidding me depend
Upon thy ſtars, thy fortune, and thy ſtrength?
And doſt thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for ſhame,
And hang a calve's-ſkin on thoſe recreant limbs.

Auſt. Oh that a man would ſpeak thoſe words to me!

Faul. And hang a calve's ſkin on thoſe recreant limbs.

domar, viſcount of Limoges; and the archer, who pierced his ſhoulder with an arrow (of which wound he died) was Bertrand de Gourdon. The editors ſeem hitherto to have underſtood *Lymoges* as being an appendage to the title of Auſtria, and therefore enquired no further about it.

With this note, I was favoured by a gentleman to whom I have yet more conſiderable obligations in regard to Shakeſpeare. His extenſive knowledge of hiſtory and manners, has frequently ſupplied me with apt and neceſſary illuſtrations, at the ſame time as his judgment has corrected my errors; yet ſuch has been his conſtant ſolicitude to remain concealed, that I know not but I may give offence while I indulge my own vanity in affixing to this note, the name of my friend HENRY BLAKE, eſq. STEEV.

[5] *And hang a calve's-ſkin on thoſe recreant limbs.*] When fools were kept for diverſion in great families, they were diſtinguiſhed by a *calve-ſkin coat*, which had the buttons down the back; and this they wore that they might be known for fools, and eſcape the reſentment of thoſe whom they provoked with their waggeries.

In a little penny book, intitled, *The Birth, Life, and Death of John Franks, with the Pranks he played though a meer Fool*, mention is made in ſeveral places of a *calve's-ſkin*. In chap. x. of this book, Jack is ſaid to have made his appearance at his lord's table, having then a new *calf-ſkin* ſuit, red and white ſpotted. This fact will explain the ſarcaſm of Faulconbridge, who means to call Auſtria a *fool*. HAWKINS.

I may add, that the cuſtom is ſtill preſerved in Ireland; and the fool, in any of the legends which the mummers act at Chriſtmas, always appears in a calf's or cow's ſkin. STEEVENS.

Auſt. Thou dar'ſt not ſay ſo, villain, for thy life.

Faulc. And hang a calve's ſkin on thoſe recreant limbs.

Auſt. [7] Methinks, that Richard's pride and Richard's fall
Should be a precedent to fright you all.

Faulc. [8] What words are theſe? how do my ſinews ſhake!
My father's foe clad in my father's ſpoil!
How doth Alecto whiſper in my ears,
" Delay not, Richard, kill the villain ſtrait;
" Diſrobe him of the matchleſs monument,
" Thy father's triumph o'er the ſavages."——
But arm thee, traitor, wronger of renown,
For by his ſoul I ſwear, my father's ſoul,

[7] *Methinks, that Richard's pride*, &c.] What was the ground of this quarrel of the Baſtard to Auſtria, is no where ſpecified in the preſent play: nor is there in this place, or the ſcene where it is firſt hinted at (namely the ſecond of act. 2.) the leaſt mention of any reaſon for it. But the ſtory is, that Auſtria, who killed king Richard Cœur-de-lion, wore, as the ſpoil of that prince, a lion's hide which had belonged to him. This circumſtance renders the anger of the Baſtard very natural, and ought not to have been omitted. In the firſt ſketch of this play (which Shakeſpeare is ſaid to have had a hand in, jointly with William Rowley) we accordingly find this inſiſted upon, and I have ventured to place a few of thoſe verſes here. POPE.

To the inſertion of theſe lines I have nothing to object. There are many other paſſages in the old play of great value. The omiſſion of this incident, in the ſecond draught, was natural. Shakeſpeare, having familiarized the ſtory to his own imagination, forgot that it was obſcure to his audience; or, what is equally probable, the ſtory was then ſo popular, that a hint was ſufficient at that time to bring it to mind, and theſe plays were written with very little care for the approbation of poſterity. JOHNSON.

The lines that compoſe this ſpeech are in the firſt ſketch of the play printed in 1611, though mixed up with a great number of others on the ſame ſubject of altercation, which were very judiciouſly rejected. STEEVENS.

[8] I have reſtored one line more, not merely for the ſake of appearing to do ſomething, but becauſe the inſertion of it renders the alteration made by Mr. Pope in the ſucceeding one unneceſſary. STEEVENS.

Twice will I not review the morning's riſe,
Till I have torn that trophy from thy back;
And ſplit thy heart, for wearing it ſo long.

K. John. We like not this; thou doſt forget thyſelf.

Enter Pandulph.

K. Phil. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!
To thee, king John, my holy errand is.
I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
And from pope Innocent the legate here,
Do in his name religiouſly demand
Why thou againſt the church, our holy mother,
So wilfully doſt ſpurn; and, force perforce,
Keep Stephen Langton, choſen archbiſhop
Of Canterbury, from that holy ſee?
This, in our 'foreſaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories [9]
Can taſk the free breath of a ſacred king?
Thou canſt not, cardinal, deviſe a name
So ſlight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an anſwer, as the pope.
Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of England
Add thus much more, That no Italian prieſt
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions:
But as we under heaven are ſupreme head,
So, under him, that great ſupremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the aſſiſtance of a mortal hand.

[9] *What earthly name to interrogatories*] This muſt have been at the time when it was written, in our ſtruggles with popery, a very captivating ſcene.

So many paſſages remain in which Shakeſpeare evidently takes his advantage of the facts then recent, and of the paſſions then in motion, that I cannot but ſuſpect that time has obſcured much of his art, and that many alluſions yet remain undiſcovered, which perhaps may be gradually retrieved by ſucceeding commentators. JOHNSON.

So

So tell the pope; all reverence ſet apart
To him, and his uſurp'd authority.
K. Phil. Brother of England, you blaſpheme in this.
K. John. Tho' you, and all the kings of Chriſtendom
Are led ſo groſly by this meddling prieſt,
Dreading the curſe that money may buy out;
And, by the merit of vile gold, droſs, duſt,
Purchaſe corrupted pardon of a man,
Who, in that ſale, ſells pardon from himſelf:
Tho' you, and all the reſt, ſo groſly led,
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cheriſh;
Yet I alone, alone, do me oppoſe
Againſt the pope, and count his friends my foes.
Pand. Then by the lawful power that I have,
Thou ſhalt ſtand curſt, and excommunicate:
And bleſſed ſhall he be, that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic;
And meritorious ſhall that hand be call'd,
Canonized and worſhip'd as a ſaint,
That takes away by any ſecret courſe [1]
Thy hateful life.
Conſt. O, lawful let it be,
That I have room with Rome to curſe a while!
Good father cardinal, cry thou, Amen,
To my keen curſes; for, without my wrong,
There is no tongue hath power to curſe him right.
Pand. There's law, and warrant, lady, for my curſe.
Conſt. And for mine too; when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong:
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here;
For he, that holds his kingdom, holds the law:

[1] *That takes away by any ſecret courſe*, &c.] This may allude to the bull publiſhed againſt queen Elizabeth. Or we may ſuppoſe, ſince we have no proof that this play appeared in its preſent ſtate before the reign of king James, that it was exhibited ſoon after the popiſh plot. I have ſeen a Spaniſh book in which Garnet, Faux, and their accomplices are regiſtered as ſaints.
JOHNSON.

Therefore, ſince law itſelf is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curſe?

Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curſe,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic;
And raiſe the power of France upon his head,
Unleſs he do ſubmit himſelf to Rome.

Eli. Look'ſt thou pale, France? do not let go thy hand.

Conſt. Look to that, devil! leſt that France repent,
And, by disjoining hands, hell loſe a ſoul.——

Auſt. King Philip, liſten to the cardinal.

Faulc. And hang a calve's-ſkin on his recreant limbs.

Auſt. Well, ruffian, I muſt pocket up theſe wrongs,
Becauſe——

Faulc. Your breeches beſt may carry them.

K. John. Philip, what ſay'ſt thou to the cardinal?

Conſt. What ſhould he ſay, but as the cardinal?

Lewis. Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is, purchaſe of a heavy curſe from Rome [2],
Or the light loſs of England for a friend:
Forgo the eaſier.

Blanch. That's the curſe of Rome.

Conſt. Lewis, ſtand faſt; the devil tempts thee here [3]
In likeneſs of a new untrimmed bride.

Blanch.

[2] It is a political maxim, that *kingdoms are never married.* Lewis, upon the wedding, is for making war upon his new relations. JOHNSON.

[3] ——— *the devil tempts thee here*
In likeneſs of a new untrimmed *bride.*] Though all the copies concur in this reading, yet as *untrimmed* cannot bear any ſignification to ſquare with the ſenſe required, I cannot help thinking it a corrupted reading. I have ventured to throw out the negative, and read,
In likeneſs of a new and trimmed bride.
i. e. of a new bride, and one decked and adorned as well by art as nature. THEOBALD.

——— *a new untrimmed bride.*] Mr. Theobald ſays, *that as untrimmed cannot bear any ſignification to ſquare with the ſenſe required,* it muſt be corrupt; therefore he will caſhier it, and read, *and trimmed*; in which he is followed by the Oxford editor;

Blanch. The lady Conſtance ſpeaks not from her faith,
But from her need.
Conſt. Oh, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need muſt needs infer this principle——
That faith would live again by death of need:
O then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.
K. John. The king is mov'd, and anſwers not to this.
Conſt. O, be remov'd from him, and anſwer well.
Auſt. Do ſo, king Philip; hang no more in doubt.
Faulc. Hang nothing but a calve's-ſkin, moſt ſweet lout.
K. Phil. I am perplex'd, and know not what to ſay.
Pand. What can'ſt thou ſay, but will perplex thee more,
If thou ſtand excommunicate, and curſt?
K. Phil. Good reverend father, make my perſon yours,
And tell me how you would beſtow yourſelf.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit;
And the conjunction of our inward ſouls
Marry'd in league, coupled and link'd together

but they are both too haſty. It ſquares very well with the ſenſe, and ſignifies *unſteady*. The term is taken from navigation. We ſay too, in a ſimilar way of ſpeaking, *not well manned*. WARB.

I think Mr. Theobald's correction more plauſible than Dr. Warburton's explanation. A commentator ſhould be grave, and therefore I can read theſe notes with proper ſeverity of attention; but the idea of *trimming* a lady to *keep* her *ſteady*, would be too rifible for any common power of face. JOHNSON.

Trim is *dreſs*. An *untrimmed* bride is a bride *undreſt*. Could the tempter of mankind aſſume a ſemblance in which he was more likely to be ſucceſsful? The devil (ſays Conſtance) raiſes to your imagination your bride ſtripped of the forbidding forms of dreſs, and in the anticipation of future enjoyment, the memory of my wrongs is loſt.

Ben Jonſon, in his *New Inn*, ſays,

"*Bur.* Here's a lady gay.
"*Tip.* A *well-trimm'd* lady!" STEEVENS.

With all religious ſtrength of ſacred vows.
The lateſt breath, that gave the ſound of words,
Was deep-ſworn faith, peace, amity, true love,
Between our kingdoms, and our royal ſelves:
And even before this truce, but new before,
No longer than we well could waſh our hands
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,
Heaven knows, they were beſmear'd and over-ſtain'd
With ſlaughter's pencil; where revenge did paint
The fearful difference of incenſed kings.
And ſhall theſe hands, ſo lately purg'd of blood,
So newly join'd in love, ſo ſtrong in both [4],
Unyoke this ſeizure, and this kind regreet?
Play faſt and looſe with faith? ſo jeſt with heaven,
Make ſuch unconſtant children of ourſelves,
As now again to ſnatch our palm from palm;
Unſwear faith ſworn, and on the marriage-bed
Of ſmiling peace to march a bloody hoſt,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true ſincerity? O holy Sir,
My reverend father, let it not be ſo:
Out of your grace, deviſe, ordain, impoſe
Some gentle order; and then we ſhall be bleſt
To do your pleaſure, and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formleſs, order orderleſs,
Save what is oppoſite to England's love.
Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church!
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curſe,
A mother's curſe, on her revolting ſon.
France, thou may'ſt hold a ſerpent by the tongue,
A caſed lion [5] by the mortal paw,
A faſting tyger ſafer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou doſt hold.

[4] —*ſo ſtrong in both,*] I believe the meaning is, *love ſo ſtrong in both* parties. JOHNSON.

[5] *A caſed lion*——] All the modern editors read, *a chaſed lion*. I ſee little reaſon for change. A *caſed* lion, is a lion irritated by confinement. The author might, however, have written, a *chaſed* lion. STEEVENS.

K. Phil. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.
Pand. So mak'ſt thou faith an enemy to faith;
And, like a civil war, ſet'ſt oath to oath,
Thy tongue againſt thy tongue. O, let thy vow
Firſt made to heaven, firſt be to heaven perform'd;
That is, to be the champion of our church!
What ſince thou ſwor'ſt, is ſworn againſt thyſelf,
And may not be performed by thyſelf.
For that, which thou haſt ſworn to do amiſs,
[6] Is't not amiſs, when it is truly done?
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then moſt done, not doing it.
The better act of purpoſes miſtook
Is to miſtake again; tho' indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falſhood falſhood cures; as fire cools fire,
Within the ſcorched veins of one new-burn'd.
It is religion, that doth make vows kept;
[7] But thou haſt ſworn againſt religion:
By what thou ſwear'ſt, againſt the thing thou ſwear'ſt:
And

[6] *Is* NOT *amiſs, when it is truly done:*] This is the concluſion *de travers*. We ſhould read,

Is YET *amiſs,*———

The Oxford editor, according to his uſual cuſtom, will improve it further, and reads, *moſt amiſs*. WARBURTON.

I rather read,

Is't *not amiſs, when it is truly done?*

as the alteration is leſs, and the ſenſe which Dr. Warburton firſt diſcovered is preſerved. JOHNSON.

[7] *But thou haſt ſworn againſt religion,* &c.] In this long ſpeech, the legate is made to ſhew his ſkill in caſuiſtry; and the ſtrange heap of quibble and nonſenſe of which it conſiſts, was intended to ridicule that of the ſchools. For when he aſſumes the politician, at the concluſion of the third act, the author makes him talk at another rate. I mean in that beautiful paſſage where he ſpeaks of the miſchiefs following the king's loſs of his ſubjects hearts. This conduct is remarkable, and was intended, I ſuppoſe, to ſhew us how much better politicians the Roman courtiers are, than divines. WARBURTON.

And mak'ſt an oath the ſurety for thy truth,
Againſt an oath. The truth thou art unſure
To ſwear, ſwear only not to be forſworn;
Elſe, what a mockery ſhould it be to ſwear?
But thou doſt ſwear, only to be forſworn;
And moſt forſworn, to keep what thou doſt ſwear.
Therefore, thy latter vows, againſt thy firſt,

I am not able to diſcover here any thing inconſequent or ridiculouſly ſubtle. The propoſitions, that the *voice of the church is the voice of heaven*, and that *the pope utters the voice of the church*, neither of which Pandulph's auditors would deny, being once granted, the argument here uſed is irreſiſtible; nor is it eaſy, notwithſtanding the gingle, to enforce it with greater brevity or propriety:

But thou haſt ſworn againſt religion:
By what *thou ſwear'ſt, againſt the thing thou ſwear'ſt:*
And mak'ſt an oath the ſurety for thy truth,
Againſt an oath the truth thou art unſure
To ſwear, ſwear only not to be forſworn.] By *what*. Sir T. HANMER reads, by *that*. I think it ſhould be rather by *which*. That is, *thou ſwear'ſt againſt the thing, by* which *thou ſwear'ſt*; that is, *againſt religion*.

The moſt formidable difficulty is in theſe lines,

And mak'ſt an oath the ſurety for thy truth,
Againſt an oath the truth thou art unſure
To ſwear, &c.

This Sir T. HANMER reforms thus,

And mak'ſt an oath the ſurety for thy truth,
Againſt an oath; this *truth thou art unſure*
To ſwear, &c.

Dr. WARBURTON writes it thus,

Againſt an oath the truth thou art unſure——

which leaves the paſſage to me as obſcure as before.

I know not whether there is any corruption beyond the omiſſion of a point. The ſenſe, after I had conſidered it, appeared to me only this: *In ſwearing by religion againſt religion, to which thou haſt already ſworn, thou makeſt an oath the ſecurity for thy faith againſt an oath already taken*. I will give, *ſays he*, a rule for conſcience in theſe caſes. Thou mayſt be in doubt about the matter of an oath; *when thou ſweareſt thou mayſt* not *be always* ſure *to ſwear rightly*, but let this be thy ſettled principle, *ſwear only not to be forſworn*; let not the latter oaths be at variance with the former.

Truth, through this whole ſpeech, means *rectitude* of conduct. JOHNSON.

Is

Is in thyſelf rebellion to thyſelf.
And better conqueſt never canſt thou make,
Than arm thy conſtant and thy nobler parts
Againſt theſe giddy, looſe ſuggeſtions.
Upon which better part, our prayers come in,
If thou vouchſafe them. But, if not, then, known,
The peril of our curſes light on thee;
So heavy, as thou ſhalt not ſhake them off;
But, in deſpair, die under their black weight.
Auſt. Rebellion, flat rebellion!
Faulc. Will't not be?
Will not a calve's-ſkin ſtop that mouth of thine?
Lewis. Father, to arms!
Blanch. Upon thy wedding-day?
Againſt the blood that thou haſt married?
What, ſhall our feaſt be kept with ſlaughter'd men?
Shall braying trumpets, and loud churliſh drums,
Clamours of hell, be meaſures to our pomp?
O huſband, hear me! (ah! alack, how new
Is huſband in my mouth?) even for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Againſt mine uncle.
Conſt. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous dauphin, alter not the doom
Forethought by heaven.
Blanch. Now ſhall I ſee thy love.—What motive may
Be ſtronger with thee than the name of wife?
Conſt. That which upholdeth him, that thee upholds,
His honour. Oh, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!——
Lewis. I muſe, your majeſty doth ſeem ſo cold,
When ſuch profound reſpects do pull you on?
Pand. I will denounce a curſe upon his head.
K. Phil. Thou ſhalt not need.—England, I'll fall from thee.
Conſt. O fair return of baniſh'd majeſty!
Eli. O foul revolt of French inconſtancy!

K. John. France, thou ſhalt rue this hour within this hour.

Faulc. Old time the clock-ſetter, that bald ſexton time,
Is it, as he will? well then, France ſhall rue.

Blanch. The ſun's o'ercaſt with blood: fair day, adieu!
Which is the ſide that I muſt go withal?
I am with both: each army hath a hand;
And in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whirl aſunder, and diſmember me.
Huſband, I cannot pray that thou may'ſt win:
Uncle, I needs muſt pray that thou may'ſt loſe:
Father, I may not wiſh the fortune thine:
Grandam, I will not wiſh thy wiſhes thrive:
Whoever wins, on that ſide ſhall I loſe:
Aſſured loſs, before the match be play'd.

Lewis. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

K. John. Couſin, go draw our puiſſance together.
[*Exit Faulconbridge.*
France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;
A rage, whoſe hate hath this condition
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and deareſt-valu'd blood of France.

K. Phil. Thy rage ſhall burn thee up, and thou ſhalt turn
To aſhes, ere our blood ſhall quench that fire:
Look to thyſelf, thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threats. To arms! let's hie! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Changes to a field of battle.

Alarms, excurſions : enter Faulconbridge, with Auſtria's head.

Faulc. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;
[8] Some airy devil hovers in the ſky,
And pours down miſchief. Auſtria's head lie there;
[9] Thus hath king Richard's ſon perform'd his vow,

[8] *Some* airy *devil*——] We muſt read, *Some* fiery *devil*, if we will have the *cauſe* equal to the *effect*. WARBURTON.

There is no end of ſuch alterations; every page of a vehement and negligent writer will afford opportunities for changes of terms, if mere propriety will juſtify them. Not that of this change the propriety is out of controverſy. Dr. Warburton will have the devil *fiery*, becauſe he makes the day *hot*; the author makes him *airy*, becauſe *he hovers in the ſky*, and the *heat* and *miſchief* are natural conſequences of his malignity. JOHNSON.

Shakeſpeare here probably alludes to the diſtinctions and diviſions of ſome of the demonologiſts, ſo much read and regarded in his time. They diſtributed the devils into different tribes and claſſes, each of which had its peculiar properties, attributes, &c.

Theſe are deſcribed at length in *Burton's Anatomie of Melancholy*, part 1. ſect. 2. p. 45. 1632.

" Of theſe ſublunary devils—Pſellus makes ſix kinds; fiery, " aeriall, terreſtriall, watery, and ſubterranean devils, beſides " thoſe faieries, ſatyres, nymphes," &c.

" Fiery ſpirits or divells are ſuch as commonly worke by " blazing ſtarres, fire-drakes, and counterfeit ſunnes and " moones, and ſit on ſhips maſts," &c. &c.

" Aeriall ſpirits or divells are ſuch as keep quarter moſt part " in the aire, cauſe many tempeſts, thunder and lightnings, " teare oakes, fire ſteeples, houſes, ſtrike men and beaſts, " make it raine ſtones," &c. PERCY.

[9] *Thus hath king Richard's ſon*, &c.] This and the two following lines are taken from the old imperfect ſketch by Mr. Pope. STEEVENS.

And

And offer'd Auſtria's blood for ſacrifice
Unto his father's ever-living ſoul.

Enter king John, Arthur, and Hubert.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy. Philip, make up; my mother
Is aſſail'd in our tent, and ta'en, I fear.
Faulc. My lord, I reſcu'd her;
Her highneſs is in ſafety, fear you not:
But on, my liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Alarms, excurſions, retreat. Re-enter king John, Elinor, Arthur, Faulconbridge, Hubert, and lords.

K. John. So ſhall it be;—your grace ſhall ſtay behind, [*To Elinor.*
So ſtrongly guarded.—Couſin, look not ſad:
[*To Arthur.*
Thy grandam loves thee; and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.
Arth. O, this will make my mother die with grief.
K. John. Couſin, away for England: haſte before,
[*To Faulconbridge.*
And, ere our coming, ſee thou ſhake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; their impriſon'd angels
Set at liberty: the fat ribs of peace [1]
Muſt

[1] ——— *the fat ribs of peace*
Muſt by the hungry now, *be fed upon.*] This word *now* ſeems a very idle term here, and conveys no ſatisfactory idea. An antitheſis, and oppoſition of terms, ſo perpetual with our author, requires;
Muſt by the hungry war *be fed upon.*
War, demanding a large expence, is very poetically ſaid to be *hungry*, and to prey on the wealth and *fat* of *peace*. WARBUR.
This emendation is better than the former, but yet not neceſſary. Sir T. HANMER reads, *hungry maw*, with leſs deviation

Muſt by the hungry now, be fed upon.
Uſe our commiſſion in its utmoſt force.
Faulc. [2] Bell, book, and candle ſhall not drive me back,
When gold and ſilver becks me to come on.
I leave your highneſs.—Grandam, I will pray
(If ever I remember to be holy)
For your fair ſafety; ſo I kiſs your hand.
Eli. Farewell, gentle couſin.
K. John. Coz, farewell. [*Exit Faulc.*
Eli. Come hither, little kinſman;—hark, a word.
[*Taking him to one ſide of the ſtage.*
K. John. [*To Hubert on the other ſide.*
Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much; within this wall of fleſh
There is a ſoul, counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this boſom, dearly cheriſhed.
Give me thy hand, I had a thing to ſay——
But I will fit it with ſome better time.
By heaven, Hubert, I am almoſt aſham'd
To ſay what good reſpect I have of thee.
Hub. I am much bounden to your majeſty.
K. John. Good friend, thou haſt no cauſe to ſay ſo yet:——
But thou ſhalt have;—and creep time ne'er ſo ſlow,
Yet it ſhall come for me to do thee good.

tion from the common reading, but with not ſo much force or elegance as *war*. JOHNSON.

Either emendation is unneceſſary. The *hungry now* is *this hungry inſtant*. Shakeſpeare perhaps uſed the word *now* as a ſubſtantive, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*,

——— *till this very* now,
When men were fond, I ſmil'd and wonder'd how. STEEVENS.

[2] *Bell, book, and candle*, &c.] In an account of the Romiſh curſe given by Dr. Gray, it appears that three candles were extinguiſhed, one by one, in different parts of the execration. JOHNSON.

I had

I had a thing to ſay,—but, let it go:
The ſun is in the heaven; and the proud day
Attended with the pleaſures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
To give me audience: — if the midnight bell
Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth
[3] Sound on unto the drowſy race of night;
If this ſame were a church-yard where we ſtand,
And thou poſſeſſed with a thouſand wrongs;
Or if that ſurly ſpirit melancholy
Had bak'd thy blood and made it heavy, thick,
(Which, elſe, runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that ideot, laughter, keep mens' eyes,
And ſtrain their cheeks to idle merriment;
A paſſion hateful to my purpoſes)
Or if that thou could'ſt ſee me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, uſing conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful ſound of words;
Then, in deſpight of broad-ey'd watchful day,
I would into thy boſom pour my thoughts:
But ah, I will not: — yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'ſt me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Tho' that my death were adjunct to my act,
By heaven, I would do it.

K. John. Do not I know thou would'ſt?
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend;

[3] *Sound* ON *unto the drowſy race of night*;] We ſhould read, *Sound* ONE——— WARBURTON.

I ſhould ſuppoſe *found on* (which is the reading of the folio) to be the true one. The meaning ſeems to be this; *if the midnight bell, by repeated ſtrokes, was to haſten away the race of beings who are buſy at that hour, or quicken night itſelf in its progreſs*, the morning-bell (that is, the bell that ſtrikes *one*) could not, with ſtrict propriety, be made the agent; for the bell has ceaſed to be in the ſervice of night, when it proclaims the arrival of day. *Sound on* has a peculiar propriety, becauſe by the repetition of the ſtrokes at *twelve*, it gives a much more forcible warning than when it only ſtrikes *one*. STEEVENS.

He

He is a very ſerpent in my way;
And, whereſoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me. Doſt thou underſtand me?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him ſo,
That he ſhall not offend your majeſty.

K. John. Death!

Hub. My lord?

K. John. A grave!

Hub. He ſhall not live.

K. John. Enough.
I could be merry now: Hubert, I love thee;
Well, I'll not ſay what I intend for thee:
[4]Remember.——Madam, fare you well.
[*Returning to the queen.*
I'll ſend thoſe powers o'er to your majeſty.

Eli. My bleſſing go with thee!

K. John. For England, couſin, go.
Hubert ſhall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty. On, toward Calais, ho!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The French court.

Enter king Philip, Lewis, Pandulpho, and attendants.

K. Philip. So, by a roaring tempeſt on the flood,
A whole [5] armada of collected ſail
Is ſcatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowſhip.

Pand.

[4] This is one of the ſcenes to which may be promiſed a laſting commendation. Art could add little to its perfection, and time itſelf can take nothing from its beauties. STEEVENS.

[5] *A whole armada*, &c.] This ſimilitude, as little as it makes for the purpoſe in hand, was, I do not queſtion, a very taking one when the play was firſt repreſented; which was a winter or two at moſt after the Spaniſh invaſion in 1588. It was in reference

Pand. Courage and comfort! all ſhall yet go well.

K. Phil. What can go well, when we have run ſo ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers loſt?
Arthur ta'en priſoner? divers dear friends ſlain?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'er-bearing interruption, ſpite of France?

Lewis. What he hath won, that hath he fortify'd:
So hot a ſpeed with ſuch advice diſpos'd,
Such temperate order [6] in ſo fierce a courſe,
Doth want example; who hath read, or heard,
Of any kindred action like to this?

K. Phil. Well could I bear that England had this praiſe,
So we could find ſome pattern of our ſhame.

Enter Conſtance.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a ſoul,
Holding the eternal ſpirit againſt her will
In the vile priſon of afflicted breath.—
I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.

Conſt. Lo, now, now ſee the iſſue of your peace!

K. Phil. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Conſtance!

ference likewiſe to that glorious period that Shakeſpeare concludes his play in that triumphant manner,

Thus England never did, nor never ſhall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror, &c.

But the whole play abounds with touches relative to the then poſture of affairs WARBURTON.

This play, ſo far as I can diſcover, was not played till a long time after the defeat of the *armada*. The old play, I think, wants this ſimile. The commentator ſhould not have affirmed what he can only gueſs. JOHNSON.

Armada is a Spaniſh word ſignifying a *fleet of war*. The *armada* in 1588 was called ſo by way of diſtinction. STEEVENS.

[6] ——— *in ſo fierce a* CAUSE,] We ſhould read COURSE, *i. e. march*. The Oxford editor condeſcends to this emendation. WARBURTON.

Conſt.

Conſt. No, I defy all counſel, all redreſs,
But that which ends all counſel, true redreſs,
Death, death! Oh amiable, lovely death!
Thou odoriferous ſtench! ſound rottenneſs!
Ariſe forth from the couch of laſting night,
Thou hate and terror to proſperity,
And I will kiſs thy deteſtable bones;
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows;
And ring theſe fingers with thy houſhold worms;
And ſtop this gap of breath with fulſome duſt,
And be a carrion monſter like thyſelf:
Come, grin on me; and I will think thou ſmil'ſt,
And buſs thee as thy wife! miſery's love,
Oh, come to me!

K. Phil. Oh fair affliction, peace.

Conſt. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:
Oh, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
Then with a paſſion I would ſhake the world;
And rouze from ſleep that fell anatomy,
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which ſcorns a [7] modern invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madneſs, and not ſorrow.

Conſt. Thou art unholy to belie me ſo;
I am not mad: this hair I tear, is mine;
My name is Conſtance: I was Geffrey's wife:
Young Arthur is my ſon, and he is loſt!
I am not mad; I would to heaven I were!
For then, 'tis like, I ſhould forget myſelf.
Oh, if I could, what grief ſhould I forget!
Preach ſome philoſophy to make me mad,
And thou ſhalt be canoniz'd, cardinal;
For, being not mad, but ſenſible of grief,
My reaſonable part produces reaſon
How I may be deliver'd of theſe woes,

[7] ——*modern invocation.*] It is hard to ſay what Shakeſpeare means by *modern*: it is not oppoſed to *ancient*. In *All's well, that ends well*, ſpeaking of a girl in contempt, he uſes this word, *her* modern *grace*. It apparently means ſomething *ſlight* and *inconſiderable*. JOHNSON.

And teaches me to kill or hang myſelf.
If I were mad, I ſhould forget my ſon;
Or madly think a babe of clouts were he:
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.

K. Phil. [8] Bind up thoſe treſſes: Oh, what love I note
In the fair multitude of thoſe her hairs!
Where but by chance a ſilver drop hath fallen
Even to that drop ten thouſand wiry friends *
Do glew themſelves in ſociable grief;
Like true inſeparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.

Conſt. To England, if you will——

K. Phil. Bind up your hairs.

Conſt. Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds; and cry'd aloud,
Oh that theſe hands could ſo redeem my ſon,
As they have given theſe hairs their liberty!
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Becauſe my poor child is a priſoner.—
And, father cardinal, I have heard you ſay,
That we ſhall ſee and know our friends in heaven;
If that be true, I ſhall ſee my boy again;
For, ſince the birth of Cain, the firſt male-child,
To him that did but yeſterday ſuſpire,
There was not ſuch a gracious creature born [9].

But

[8] *Bind up thoſe treſſes:*——] It was neceſſary that Conſtance ſhould be interrupted, becauſe a paſſion ſo violent cannot be borne long. I wiſh the following ſpeeches had been equally happy; but they only ſerve to ſhew, how difficult it is to maintain the pathetic long. JOHNSON.

* ——*wiry* friends] The old copy reads, *wiry* fiends. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*a* gracious *creature born.*] *Gracious*, I believe, in this inſtance, as in ſome others, means *graceful.* So in *Albion's Triumph*, a maſque, 1631.

"——on which (*the freeze*) were feſtoons of ſeveral fruits, "in their natural colours, on which, in *gracious* poſtures, lay "children ſleeping."

Again,

But now will canker ſorrow eat my bud,
And chaſe the native beauty from his cheek;
And he will look as hollow as a ghoſt;
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;
And ſo he'll die: and, riſing ſo again,
When I ſhall meet him in the court of heaven
I ſhall not know him: therefore never, never,
Muſt I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a reſpect of grief.

Conſt. He talks to me, that never had a ſon.——

K. Phil. You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

Conſt. Grief fills the room up of my abſent child;
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts;
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then have I reaſon to be fond of grief.
Fare you well: [1] had you ſuch a loſs as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.——
I will not keep this form upon my head,
[*Tearing off her head-cloaths.*
When there is ſuch diſorder in my wit.
O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair ſon!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my ſorrow's cure! [*Exit.*

K. Phil. I fear ſome outrage, and I'll follow her.
[*Exit.*

Lewis. [2] There's nothing in this world, can make me joy:

Again, in the ſame piece,

——— "they ſtood about him, not in ſet ranks, but in ſe-"veral *gracious* poſtures." STEEVENS.

[1] —— *had you ſuch a loſs as I,*
I could give better comfort ——] This is a ſentiment which great ſorrow always dictates. Whoever cannot help himſelf caſts his eyes on others for aſſiſtance, and often miſtakes their inability for coldneſs. JOHNSON.

[2] *There's nothing in this*, &c.] The young prince feels his defeat with more ſenſibility than his father. Shame operates moſt ſtrongly in the earlier years; and when can diſgrace be leſs welcome than when a man is going to his bride? JOHNSON.

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowſy man;
And bitter ſhame hath ſpoilt the ſweet world's taſte,
That it yields nought but ſhame and bitterneſs.
Pand. Before the curing of a ſtrong diſeaſe,
Even in the inſtant of repair and health,
The fit is ſtrongeſt: evils that take leave,
On their departure moſt of all ſhew evil.
What have you loſt by loſing of this day?
Lewis. All days of glory, joy, and happineſs.
Pand. If you had won it, certainly, you had.
No, no: when fortune means to men moſt good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
'Tis ſtrange to think how much king John hath loſt
In this, which he accounts ſo clearly won.
Are not you griev'd that Arthur is his priſoner?
Lewis. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.
Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me ſpeak, with a prophetic ſpirit;
For even the breath of what I mean to ſpeak
Shall blow each duſt, each ſtraw, each little rub,
Out of the path which ſhall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne; and, therefore, mark.
John hath ſeiz'd Arthur; and it cannot be
That, whilſt warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The miſplac'd John ſhould entertain an hour,
A minute, nay, one quiet breath of reſt.
A ſcepter, ſnatch'd with an unruly hand,
Muſt be as boiſterouſly maintain'd, as gain'd:
And he that ſtands upon a ſlippery place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to ſtay him up.
That John may ſtand, then Arthur needs muſt fall;
So be it, for it cannot be but ſo.
Lewis. But what ſhall I gain by young Arthur's fall?
Pand. You, in the right of lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.
Lewis. And loſe it, life and all, as Arthur did.
Pand. How green you are, and freſh in this old world!

John

John lays you plots; the times conſpire with you:
For he that ſteeps his ſafety in [2] true blood
Shall find but bloody ſafety, and untrue.
This act, ſo evilly born, ſhall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal,
That none ſo ſmall advantage ſhall ſtep forth
To check his reign, but they will cheriſh it:
No natural exhalation in the ſky,
[3] No 'ſcape of nature, no diſtemper'd day,
No common wind, no cuſtomed event,
But they will pluck away its natural cauſe,
And call them meteors, prodigies, and ſigns,
Abortives, preſages, and tongues of heaven
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lewis. May be, he will not touch young Arthur's life,
But hold himſelf ſafe in his priſonment.

Pand. O, Sir, when he ſhall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at this news he dies; and then the hearts
Of all his people ſhall revolt from him,
And kiſs the lips of unacquainted change;
And pick ſtrong matter of revolt, and wrath,
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
Methinks, I ſee this hurly all on foot;
And, O, what better matter breeds for you
Than I have nam'd!——The baſtard Faulconbridge
Is now in England, ranſacking the church,
Offending charity: if but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thouſand Engliſh to their ſide;

[2] ——— *true blood*] The blood of him that has the *juſt* claim. JOHNSON.

[3] *No 'ſcape of nature,*—] The author very finely calls a *monſtrous birth*, an *eſcape of nature*. As if it were produced while ſhe was buſy elſewhere, or intent on ſome other thing. But the Oxford editor will have it, that Shakeſpeare wrote,

No ſhape of nature.

WARBURTON.

[4] Or, as a little ſnow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. O noble dauphin;
Go with me to the king: 'tis wonderful
What may be wrought out of their diſcontent:
Now that their ſouls are top-full of offence,
For England go; I will whet on the king.

Lewis. Strong reaſon makes ſtrong actions: let us go;
If you ſay, *ay*, the king will not ſay, *no.* [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Changes to England.

A priſon.

Enter Hubert and executioners.

HUBERT.

HEAT me theſe irons hot; and, look, thou ſtand
Within the arras: when I ſtrike my foot
Upon the boſom of the ground, ruſh forth;
And bind the boy, which you ſhall find with me,
Faſt to the chair. Be heedful: hence, and watch.

Exec. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly ſcruples! fear not you; look to't.—
Young lad, come forth; I have to ſay with you.

Enter Arthur.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince (having ſo great a title
To be more prince) as may be.—You are ſad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

[4] *Or, as a little ſnow,*—] Bacon, in his hiſtory of Henry VII. ſpeaking of Perkin's march, obſerves, that *their* ſnow-ball *did not gather as it rolled.* JOHNSON.

Arth.

Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks, no body ſhould be ſad but I:
Yet I remember when I was in France,
[5] Young gentlemen would be as ſad as night,
Only for wantonneſs. By my chriſtendom,
So were I out of priſon, and kept ſheep,
I ſhould be as merry as the day is long:
And ſo I would be here, but that, I doubt,
My uncle practiſes more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him.
Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's ſon?
No, indeed, is it not; and I would to heaven,
I were your ſon, ſo you would love me, Hubert.
Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead;
Therefore I will be ſudden, and diſpatch. [*Aſide.*
Arth. Are you ſick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:
In ſooth, I would you were a little ſick;
That I might ſit all night and watch with you.
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.
Hub. His words do take poſſeſſion of my boſom.
Read here, young Arthur—— [*Shewing a paper.*
How now, fooliſh rheum, [*Aſide.*
[6] Turning diſpiteous torture out of door!
I muſt be brief; leſt reſolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womaniſh tears.——
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?
Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for ſo foul effect.
Muſt you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?
Hub. Young boy, I muſt.
Arth. And will you?

[5] *Young gentlemen*, &c.] It ſhould ſeem that this affectation had found its way to England, as it is ridiculed by Ben Jonſon in the character of *Maſter Stephen* in *Every Man in his Humour*.
So in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Queen of Corinth*, *Onos* ſays,
" Come let's be *melancholy*." STEEVENS.

[6] *Turning diſpiteous torture out of door!*] For *torture* Sir T. Hanmer reads *nature*, and is followed, I think, without neceſſity, by Dr. Warburton. JOHNSON.

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but ake,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The beſt I had, a princeſs wrought it me)
And I did never aſk it you again:
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon chear'd up the heavy time;
Saying, what lack you? and, where lies your grief?
Or, what good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's ſon would have lain ſtill,
And ne'er have ſpoke a loving word to you;
But you at your ſick ſervice had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning. Do, an if you will:
If heaven be pleas'd that you muſt uſe me ill,
Why, then you muſt.—Will you put out mine eyes?
Theſe eyes, that never did, nor never ſhall,
So much as frown on you?

Hub. I have ſworn to do it;
And with hot irons muſt I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none but in this iron age would do it!
The iron of itſelf, tho' heat red-hot,
Approaching near theſe eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench its fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, conſume away in ruſt,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more ſtubborn-hard, than hammer'd iron?
Oh! if an angel ſhould have come to me,
And told me, Hubert ſhould put out mine eyes,
[7] I would not have believ'd him; no tongue, but Hubert's. [*Hubert ſtamps, and the men enter,*

Hub. Come forth; do, as I bid you do.

Arth.

[7] *I would not have believed a tongue* BUT HUBERT'S.] Thus Mr. Pope found the line in the old editions. According to this reading it is ſuppoſed that Hubert had told him, he would *not* put out his eyes; for the angel who ſays *he would*, is brought in

Arth. O ſave me, Hubert, ſave me! my eyes are out,
Even with the fierce looks of theſe bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I ſay, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be ſo boiſt'rous rough?
I will not ſtruggle, I will ſtand ſtone-ſtill.
For heaven's ſake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert!—drive theſe men away,
And I will ſit as quiet as a lamb:
I will not ſtir, nor wince, nor ſpeak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angrily:
Thruſt but theſe men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, ſtand within; let me alone with him.

Exec. I am beſt pleas'd to be from ſuch a deed.

[*Exeunt.*

Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend;
He hath a ſtern look, but a gentle heart:—

in as contradicting Hubert. Mr. Theobald, by what authority I don't know, reads,

I would not have believ'd him: no tongue, but Hubert's.

which is ſpoiling the meaſure, without much mending the ſenſe. Shakeſpeare, I am perſuaded, wrote,

I would not have believ'd a tongue BATE HUBERT;

i. e. abate, diſparage. The blunder ſeems to have ariſen thus, *bate* ſignifies except, ſaving; ſo the tranſcribers, taking it in this ſenſe, ſubſtituted the more uſual word *but* in its place. My alteration greatly improves the ſenſe, as implying a tenderneſs of affection for Hubert; the common reading, only an opinion of Hubert's veracity; whereas the point here was to win upon Hubert's paſſions, which could not be better done than by ſhewing affection towards him. WARBURTON.

I do not ſee why the old reading may not ſtand. Mr. Theobald's alteration, as we find, injures the meaſure, and Dr. Warburton's corrupts the language, and neither can be ſaid much to mend the ſenſe. JOHNSON.

Mr. Theobald's reading is the reading of the old copy. I have therefore reſtored it.

— vixatur de lana ſæpe caprina.

Shakeſpeare very probably meant the laſt line to have been broken off imperfectly; thus,

I would not have believ'd him; no tongue, but Hubert's—

The old reading is, however, ſenſe. STEEVENS.

Let

Let him come back, that his compaſſion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourſelf.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to loſe your eyes.

Arth. O heaven! that there were but a moth in yours,
A grain, a duſt, a gnat, a wandring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious ſenſe!
Then, feeling what ſmall things are boiſterous there,
Your vile intent muſt needs ſeem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promiſe? go to, hold your tongue.——

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Muſt needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!
[8] Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes. O ſpare mine eyes;
Though to no uſe, but ſtill to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the inſtrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. [9] No, in good ſooth; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeſerv'd extremes: ſee elſe yourſelf;
[1] There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown its ſpirit out,
And ſtrew'd repentant aſhes on its head.

[8] This is according to nature. We imagine no evil ſo great as that which is near us. JOHNSON.

[9] *No, in good ſooth,* &c.] The ſenſe is: *the fire,* being *created* not to hurt but *to comfort, is dead with grief for* finding itſelf *uſed* in acts of cruelty, which, being innocent, I have *not deſerved.* JOHNSON.

[1] *There is no malice in this burning coal*;] Dr. Gray ſays, that *no malice in a burning coal* is certainly abſurd, and that we ſhould read,

"There is no malice burning in this coal." STEEVENS.

Hub.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it bluſh,
And glow with ſhame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it, perchance, will ſparkle in your eyes;
And, like a dog, that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his maſter that doth tarre him on.
All things, that you ſhould uſe to do me wrong,
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extend,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uſes.

Hub. Well, ſee to live; I will not touch thine eye,
For all the treaſure that thine uncle owes:
Yet am I ſworn; and I did purpoſe, boy,
With this ſame very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! All this while
You were diſguis'd.

Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu;
Your uncle muſt not know but you are dead.
I'll fill theſe dogged ſpies with falſe reports.
And, pretty child, ſleep doubtleſs, and ſecure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven! I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence, no more: go cloſely in with me.
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to the court of England.

Enter king John, Pembroke[2], *Saliſbury, and other lords.*

K. John. Here once again we ſit, once again crown'd,
And look'd upon, I hope, with chearful eyes.

[2] — *Pembroke,*—] As this and others of the hiſtorical plays of Shakeſpeare take up many years, it ſometimes happens that the title toward the end of a play does not belong to the perſon who owned it at the beginning. This earl of Pembroke is William the ſon of him who was earl at the opening of the piece. STEEVENS.

Pemb.

Pemb. [3] This once again, but that your highneſs pleas'd,
Was once ſuperfluous: you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off:
The faiths of men ne'er ſtained with revolt:
Freſh expectation troubled not the land
With any long'd-for change, or better ſtate.

Sal. Therefore to be poſſeſs'd with double pomp,
[4] To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To ſmooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To ſeek the beauteous eye of heaven to garniſh,
Is waſteful, and ridiculous exceſs.

Pemb. But that your royal pleaſure muſt be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told;
And, in the laſt repeating, troubleſome,
Being urged at a time unſeaſonable.

Sal. In this, the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured:
And, like a ſhifted wind unto a ſail,
It makes the courſe of thoughts to fetch about;
Startles and frights conſideration;
Makes ſound opinion ſick, and truth ſuſpected,
For putting on ſo new a faſhion'd robe.

Pemb. When workmen ſtrive to do better than well,
[5] They do confound their ſkill in covetouſneſs;
And, oftentimes, excuſing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worſe by the excuſe:

[3] *This once again——was once ſuperfluous:*] *This one time more was one time more than enough.* JOHNSON.

[4] *To guard a title that was rich before,*] To *guard*, is to *fringe*. JOHNSON.

[5] *They do confound their ſkill in* covetouſneſs:] *i. e.* Not by their avarice, but in an eager emulation, an intenſe deſire of excelling; as in Henry V.

But if it be a ſin to covet honour,
I am the moſt offending ſoul alive. THEOBALD.

As

As patches ſet upon a little breach,
Diſcredit more [6] in hiding of the fault,
Than did the fault before it was ſo patch'd.
Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,
We breath'd our counſel: but it pleas'd your highneſs
To over-bear it; and we are all well pleas'd;
Since all and every part of what we would,
Muſt make a ſtand at what your highneſs will.
K. John. [7] Some reaſons of this double coronation
I have poſſeſt you with, and think them ſtrong.
And more, more ſtrong (the leſſer is my fear)
I ſhall endue you with: mean time, but aſk
What you would have reform'd, that is not well;
And well ſhall you perceive, how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requeſts.
Pemb. Then I (as one that am the tongue of theſe,
[8] To ſound the purpoſes of all their hearts)
Both for myſelf and them (but chief of all,
Your ſafety, for the which myſelf and they
Bend their beſt ſtudies) heartily requeſt
The enfranchiſement of Arthur; whoſe reſtraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of diſcontent
To break into this dangerous argument;
If what in reſt you have, in right you hold,
Why then your fears (which, as they ſay, attend
The ſteps of wrong) ſhould move you to mew up
Your tender kinſman, and to choak his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth

[6] ——— *in hiding of the* FAULT,
Than did the FAULT———] We ſhould read FLAW in both places. WARBURTON.
The old reading is the true one. *Fault* means *blemiſh.* STEEV.
[7] *Some reaſons of this double coronation*
I have poſſeſt you with, and think them ſtrong.
And more, more ſtrong (the leſſer is my fear)
I ſhall endue you with: —] I have told you ſome reaſons, in my opinion *ſtrong*, and ſhall tell more *yet ſtronger*; for the ſtronger my reaſons are, the *leſs is my fear* of your diſapprobation. This ſeems to be the meaning. JOHNSON.
[8] *To ſound the purpoſes*—] To *declare*, to *publiſh* the deſires of all thoſe. JOHNSON.

The

The rich advantage of good exerciſe [9] ?
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occaſions, let it be our ſuit,
That you have bid us aſk his liberty;
Which for our good we do no further aſk,
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal, that he have liberty.

K. John. Let it be ſo; I do commit his youth

Enter Hubert.

To your direction. Hubert, what news with you?

Pemb. This is the man ſhould do the bloody deed!
He ſhew'd his warrant to a friend of mine.
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that cloſe aſpect of his
Does ſhew the mood of a much-troubled breaſt;
And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,
What we ſo fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the king doth come and go,
Between his purpoſe and his conſcience [1],
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles ſet [2]:
His paſſion is ſo ripe, it needs muſt break,

[9] ——— *good exerciſe ?*] In the middle ages the whole education of princes and noble youths conſiſted in martial exerciſes, &c. Theſe could not be eaſily had in a priſon, where mental improvements might have been afforded as well as any where elſe; but this ſort of education never entered into the thoughts of our active, warlike, but illiterate nobility. PERCY.

[1] *Between his purpoſe and his conſcience,*] Between his *conſciouſneſs* of guilt, and his *deſign* to conceal it by fair profeſſions. JOHNSON.

[2] *Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles* ſet:] But heralds are not planted, I preſume, in the midſt betwixt two lines of battle; though they, and trumpets, are often ſent over from party to party, to propoſe terms, demand a parley, &c. I have therefore ventured to read, *ſent.* THEOBALD.

This Dr. Warburton has followed without much advantage; *ſet* is not *fixed*, but only *placed*; heralds muſt be *ſet* between battles in order to be *ſent* between them. JOHNSON.

Pemb.

Pemb. And when it breaks [3], I fear, will iſſue thence
The foul corruption of a ſweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's ſtrong hand:—
Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The ſuit which you demand is gone, and dead.
He tells us, Arthur is deceas'd to-night.

Sal. Indeed, we fear'd his ſickneſs was paſt cure.

Pemb. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himſelf felt he was ſick.
This muſt be anſwer'd, either here, or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend ſuch ſolemn brows on me?
Think you, I bear the ſhears of deſtiny?
Have I commandment on the pulſe of life?

Sal. It is apparent foul-play; and 'tis ſhame
That greatneſs ſhould ſo groſly offer it:—
So thrive it in your game! and ſo farewell!

Pemb. Stay yet, lord Saliſbury; I'll go with thee,
And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood, which ow'd the breadth of all this iſle,
Three foot of it doth hold: bad world the while!
This muſt not be thus borne; this will break out
To all our ſorrows, and ere long, I doubt. [*Exeunt.*

K. John. They burn in indignation; I repent.
There is no ſure foundation ſet on blood;
No certain life atchiev'd by others' death.——

Enter a meſſenger.

A fearful eye thou haſt: where is that blood,
That I have ſeen inhabit in thoſe cheeks?
So foul a ſky clears not without a ſtorm:
Pour down thy weather.—How goes all in France?

[3] *And when it breaks,*——] This is but an indelicate metaphor, taken from an impoſtumated tumour. JOHNSON.

Meſ.

Meſ. From France to England [4]. Never ſuch a power
For any foreign preparation,
Was levy'd in the body of a land.
The copy of your ſpeed is learn'd by them:
For when you ſhould be told they do prepare,
The tidings come that they are all arriv'd.

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it ſlept? Where is my mother's care?
That ſuch an army ſhould be drawn in France,
And ſhe not hear of it?

Meſ. My liege, her ear
Is ſtopt with duſt: the firſt of April dy'd
Your noble mother: and, as I hear, my lord,
The lady Conſtance in a frenzy dy'd
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard; if true or falſe, I know not.

K. John. With-hold thy ſpeed, dreadful occaſion!
O, make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
My diſcontented peers!—What! mother dead!
How wildly then walks my eſtate in France?—
Under whoſe conduct came thoſe powers of France,
That, thou for truth giv'ſt out, are landed here?

Meſ. Under the dauphin.

K. John. Thou haſt made me giddy
With theſe ill tidings.

Enter Faulconbridge and Peter of Pomfret.

Now, what ſays the world
To your proceedings? Do not ſeek to ſtuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Faul. But, if you be afraid to hear the worſt,
Then let the worſt, unheard, fall on your head!

K. John. Bear with me, couſin; for I was amaz'd
Under the tide: but now I breathe again

[4] *From France to England.*—] The king aſks *how all goes in France*, the meſſenger catches the word *goes*, and anſwers, that *whatever* is in France *goes* now *into* England. JOHNSON.

Aloft

Aloft the flood; and can give audience
To any tongue, ſpeak it of what it will.

Faulc. How I have ſped among the clergymen,
The ſums I have collected ſhall expreſs.
But, as I travell'd hither thro' the land,
I find the people ſtrangely fantaſy'd;
Poſſeſs'd with rumours, full of idle dreams;
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear:
And here's a prophet, that I brought with me
From forth the ſtreets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels;
To whom he ſung in rude harſh-ſounding rhimes,
That, ere the next Aſcenſion-day at noon,
Your highneſs ſhould deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore did'ſt thou ſay ſo?

Peter. Fore-knowing, that the truth will fall out ſo.

K. John. Hubert, away with him; impriſon him;
And on that day at noon, whereon he ſays
I ſhall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.
Deliver him to ſafety [1], and return,
For I muſt uſe thee.——

[*Exit Hubert, with Peter.*

O gentle couſin,
Hear'ſt thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

Faulc. The French, my lord; men's mouths are full of it:
Beſides, I met lord Bigot and lord Saliſbury,
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,
And others more, going to ſeek the grave
Of Arthur, who, they ſay, is kill'd to-night
On your ſuggeſtion.

K. John. Gentle kinſman, go
And thruſt thyſelf into their companies:
I have a way to win their loves again.
Bring them before me.

[1] *Deliver him to ſafety,*——] That is, *Give him into ſafe cuſtody.* JOHNSON.

Faulc. I will ſeek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haſte: the better foot before.—

O, let me have no ſubject enemies,
When adverſe foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of ſtout invaſion!—
Be Mercury, ſet feathers to thy heels,
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

Faulc. The ſpirit of the time ſhall teach me ſpeed. [*Exit.*

K. John. Spoke like a ſprightful noble gentleman.
Go after him; for he, perhaps, ſhall need
Some meſſenger betwixt me and the peers;
And be thou he.

Meſ. With all my heart, my liege. [*Exit.*

K. John. My mother dead!

Enter Hubert.

Hub. My lord, they ſay, [2] five moons were ſeen to-night:
Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wond'rous motion.

K. John. Five moons?

Hub. Old men and beldams, in the ſtreets,
Do propheſy upon it dangerouſly:
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths:
And, when they talk of him, they ſhake their heads,
And whiſper one another in the ear;
And he, that ſpeaks, doth gripe the hearer's wriſt;
Whilſt he, that hears, makes fearful action
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I ſaw a ſmith ſtand with his hammer, thus,

[2] ——— *five moons were ſeen to-night*, &c.] This incident is mentioned by few of our hiſtorians: I have met with it no where, but in *Matthew of Weſtminſter* and *Polydore Virgil*, with a ſmall alteration. Theſe kind of appearances were more common about that time, than either before or ſince. Dr. GRAY.

This incident is likewiſe mentioned in the old copy of the play. STEEVENS.

The

The whilſt his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth ſwallowing a taylor's news;
Who, with his ſhears and meaſure in his hand,
Standing on ſlippers (which his nimble haſte [3]
Had falſely thruſt upon contrary feet)
Told of a many thouſand warlike French,
That were embatteled and rank'd in Kent.
Another lean unwaſh'd artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why ſeek'ſt thou to poſſeſs me with theſe fears?
Why urgeſt thou ſo oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty cauſe
To wiſh him dead, but thou had'ſt none to kill him.

Hub. Had none, my lord! why, did you not provoke me?

K. John. It is the curſe of kings [4], to be attended
By ſlaves, that take their humours for a warrant,
To break within the bloody houſe of life:
And, on the winking of authority,
To underſtand a law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majeſty; when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour, than advis'd reſpect.

Hub. Here is your hand and ſeal for what I did.

K. John. Oh, when the laſt account 'twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then ſhall this hand and ſeal

[3] ——— *ſlippers (which his nimble haſte*
Had falſely thruſt upon contrary feet)] I know not how the commentators underſtand this important paſſage, which in Dr. Warburton's edition is marked as eminently beautiful, and, on the whole, not without juſtice. But Shakeſpeare ſeems to have confounded the man's ſhoes with his gloves. He that is frighted or hurried may put his hand into the wrong glove, but either ſhoe will equally admit either foot. The author ſeems to be diſturbed by the diſorder which he deſcribes. JOHNSON.

[4] *It is the curſe of kings*, &c.] This plainly hints at Daviſon's caſe, in the affair of Mary queen of Scots, and ſo muſt have been inſerted long after the firſt repreſentation. WARBURTON.

Witneſs againſt us to damnation!
How oft the ſight of means, to do ill deeds,
Makes deeds ill done? Hadeſt not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and ſign'd, to do a deed of ſhame,
This murder had not come into my mind:
But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aſpect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,
Apt, liable, to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Mad'ſt it no conſcience to deſtroy a prince.

Hub. My lord——

K. John. Hadſt thou but ſhook thy head [5], or made a pauſe,
When I ſpake darkly what I purpoſed;
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face;
Or bid me tell my tale in expreſs words;
Deep ſhame had ſtruck me dumb, made me break off,
And thoſe thy fears might have wrought fears in me.
But thou didſt underſtand me by my ſigns,
And didſt in ſigns again parley with ſin;
Yea, without ſtop, did'ſt let thy heart conſent,
And, conſequently, thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.—
Out of my ſight, and never ſee me more!

[5] *Hadſt thou but ſhook thy head*, &c.] There are many touches of nature in this conference of John with Hubert. A man engaged in wickedneſs would keep the profit to himſelf, and tranſfer the guilt to his accomplice. Theſe reproaches vented againſt Hubert are not the words of art or policy, but the eruptions of a mind ſwelling with conſciouſneſs of a crime, and deſirous of diſcharging its miſery on another.

This account of the timidity of guilt is drawn *ab ipſis receſſibus mentis*, from the intimate knowledge of mankind, particularly that line in which he ſays, that *to have bid him tell his tale* in *expreſs* words, would have *ſtruck him dumb*; nothing is more certain, than that bad men uſe all the arts of fallacy upon themſelves, palliate their actions to their own minds by gentle terms, and hide themſelves from their own detection in ambiguities and ſubterfuges. JOHNSON.

My

My nobles leave me; and my ſtate is brav'd,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:
Nay, in the body of this fleſhly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hoſtility and civil tumult reigns,
Between my conſcience, and my couſin's death.

Hub. Arm you againſt your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your ſoul and you.
Young Arthur is alive: this hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimſon ſpots of blood.
Within this boſom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought [6],
And you have ſlander'd nature in my form;

[6] *The dreadful motion of a* MURD'ROUS *thought,*] Nothing can be falſer than what Hubert here ſays in his own vindication; yet it was the poet's purpoſe that he ſhould ſpeak truth; for we find, from a preceding ſcene, *the motion of a murd'rous thought had entered into him*, and that very deeply: and it was with difficulty that the tears, the intreaties, and the innocence of Arthur had diverted and ſuppreſſed it. Nor is the expreſſion, in this reading, at all exact, it not being the neceſſary quality of *a murd'rous thought* to be *dreadful*, affrighting, or terrible: for it being commonly excited by the flattering views of intereſt, pleaſure. or revenge, the mind is often too much taken up with thoſe ideas to attend, ſteadily, to the conſequences. We muſt conclude therefore that Shakeſpeare wrote,

——— *a* MURDERER'*s thought.*

And this makes Hubert ſpeak truth, as the poet intended he ſhould. He had not committed the murder, and conſequently the *motion of a murderer's thought had never entered his boſom.* And in this reading, the epithet *dreadful* is admirably juſt, and in nature. For after the perpetration of the fact, the appetites, that hurried their owner to it, loſe their force; and nothing ſucceeds to take poſſeſſion of the mind, but a dreadful conſciouſneſs, that torments the murderer without reſpite or intermiſſion. WARBURTON.

I do not ſee any thing in this change worth the vehemence with which it is recommended. Read the line either way, the ſenſe is nearly the ſame, nor does Hubert tell truth in either reading when he charges John with *ſlandering his form.* He that could once intend to burn out the eyes of a captive prince, had a *mind* not too *fair* for the *rudeſt form.* JOHNSON.

Which, howſoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind,
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? O, haſte thee to the peers,
Throw this report on their incenſed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience!
Forgive the comment that my paſſion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Preſented thee more hideous than thou art.
Oh, anſwer not; but to my cloſet bring
The angry lords, with all expedient haſte:
I conjure thee but ſlowly; run more faſt [7]. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A ſtreet before a priſon.

Enter Arthur on the walls, diſguiſed.

Arth. The wall is high; and yet will I leap down:—
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!
There's few or none do know me: if they did,
This ſhip-boy's ſemblance hath diſguis'd me quite.
I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thouſand ſhifts to get away:
As good to die, and go; as die, and ſtay. [*Leaps down.*
Oh me! my uncle's ſpirit is in theſe ſtones:
Heaven take my ſoul, and England keep my bones!
[*Dies.*

Enter Pembroke, Saliſbury, and Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at St. Edmund's-bury;
It is our ſafety; and we muſt embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.

[7] The old play is divided into two parts, the firſt of which concludes with the king's diſpatch of Hubert on this meſſage; the ſecond begins with "Enter Arthur," &c. as it ſtands at preſent in the new written copy. STEEVENS.

Pemb.

Pemb. Who brought that letter from the cardinal?
Sal. The count Melun, a noble lord of France,
Whoſe private with me, of the dauphin's love [8],
Is much more general than theſe lines import.
Bigot. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.
Sal. Or, rather, then ſet forward; for 'twill be
Two long days journey, lords, or e'er we meet [9].

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. Once more to-day well met, diſtemper'd lords!
The king, by me, requeſts your preſence ſtrait.
Sal. The king hath diſpoſſeſs'd himſelf of us;
We will not line his thin, beſtained cloak
With our pure honours; nor attend the foot,
That leaves the print of blood where-e'er it walks.
Return, and tell him ſo; we know the worſt.
Faulc. What e'er you think, good words, I think, were beſt.
Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reaſon now [1].
Faulc. But there is little reaſon in your grief,
Therefore 'twere reaſon you had manners now.
Pemb. Sir! Sir! impatience hath its privilege.
Faulc. 'Tis true; to hurt its maſter, no man elſe.
Sal. This is the priſon: what is he lies here? [*Seeing Arthur.*
Pemb. O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!——
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

[8] *Whoſe private*, &c.] *i. e.* whoſe private account of the dauphin's affection to our cauſe, is much more ample than the letters. POPE.

[9] —— *or e'er we meet.*] This phraſe, ſo frequent in our old writers, is not well underſtood. *Or* is here the ſame as *ere*, i. e. *before*, and ſhould be written (as it is ſtill pronounced in Shropſhire) *ore*. There, the common people uſe it often. Thus, they ſay, *Ore to-morrow* for *ere* or *before to-morrow*. The additions of *ever* or *e'er* is merely augmentative. PERCY.

[1] To *reaſon*, in Shakeſpeare, is not ſo often to *argue*, as to *talk*. JOHNSON.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himſelf hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.
Bigot. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to the grave,
Found it too precious, princely, for a grave.
Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? Have you beheld,
Or have you read, or heard, or could you think,
Or do you almoſt think, altho' you ſee,
That you do ſee? could thought, without this object,
Form ſuch another? This is the very top,
The height, the creſt, or creſt unto the creſt
Of murder's arms: this is the bloodieſt ſhame,
The wildeſt ſavag'ry, the vileſt ſtroke,
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or ſtaring rage,
Preſented to the tears of ſoft remorſe.
Pemb. All murders paſt do ſtand excus'd in this:
And this, ſo ſole, and ſo unmatchable,
Shall give a holineſs, a purity,
To the yet-unbegotten ſins of time;
And prove a deadly bloodſhed but a jeſt,
Exampled by this heinous ſpectacle.
Faulc. It is a damned and a bloody work;
The graceleſs action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.
Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?—
We had a kind of light, what would enſue.
It is the ſhameful work of Hubert's hand;
The practice and the purpoſe of the king:—
From whoſe obedience I forbid my ſoul,
Kneeling before this ruin of ſweet life,
And breathing to this breathleſs excellence
The incenſe of a vow, a holy vow [2];
Never to taſte the pleaſures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,

[2] ——— *a holy vow*; ———
Never to taſte the pleaſures of the world,] This is a copy of the vows made in the ages of ſuperſtition and chivalry. JOHNSON.

Nor

Nor converſant with eaſe and idleneſs,
Till I have ſet a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worſhip of revenge [3].

Pemb. } Our ſouls religiouſly confirm they words.
Bigot. }

Enter Hubert.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haſte, in ſeeking you:
Arthur doth live; the king hath ſent for you.
Sal. Oh, he is bold, and bluſhes not at death.—
Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!
Hub. I am no villain.
Sal. Muſt I rob the law? [*Drawing his ſword.*
Faulc. Your ſword is bright, Sir; put it up again.
Sal. Not till I ſheath it in a murderer's ſkin.
Hub. Stand back, lord Saliſbury; ſtand back, I ſay;
By heaven, I think, my ſword's as ſharp as yours.
I would not have you, lord, forget yourſelf,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence [4];
Leſt I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatneſs, and nobility.
Bigot. Out, dunghill! dar'ſt thou brave a nobleman?
Hub. Not for my life: but yet I dare defend
My innocent life againſt an emperor.
Sal. Thou art a murderer.
Hub. Do not prove me ſo [5];
Yet, I am none. Whoſe tongue ſoe'er ſpeaks falſe,
Not truly ſpeaks; who ſpeaks not truly, lies.
Pemb. Cut him to pieces.
Faulc. Keep the peace, I ſay.
Sal. Stand by, or I ſhall gaul you, Faulconbridge.

[3] ——— *the worſhip of revenge.*] The *worſhip* is the *dignity*, the *honour*. We ſtill ſay *worſhipful* of *magiſtrates*. JOHNSON.

[4] ——— *true defence*;] *Honeſt* defence; defence in a *good cauſe*. JOHNSON.

[5] *Do not prove me ſo*;
Yet, I am none.——] Do not make me a murderer by compelling me to kill you; I am *hitherto* not a murderer. JOHNS.

Or

Faulc. Thou wert better gaul the devil, Saliſbury.
If thou but frown on me, or ſtir thy foot,
Or teach thy haſty ſpleen to do me ſhame,
I'll ſtrike thee dead. Put up thy ſword betime;
Or I'll ſo maul you, and your toaſting-iron,
That you ſhall think the devil is come from hell.

Bigot. What will you do, renowned Faulconbridge?
Second a villain, and a murderer?

Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.

Bigot. Who kill'd this prince?

Hub. 'Tis not an hour ſince I left him well:
I honour'd him, I lov'd him; and will weep
My date of life out, for his ſweet life's loſs.

Sal. Truſt not thoſe cunning waters of his eyes,
For villainy is not without ſuch rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it ſeem
Like rivers of remorſe and innocence.
Away, with me, all you whoſe ſouls abhor
The uncleanly ſavour of a ſlaughter-houſe,
For I am ſtifled with this ſmell of ſin.

Bigot. Away toward Bury, to the dauphin there!

Pemb. There, tell the king, he may enquire us out.
[*Exeunt lords.*

Faulc. Here's a good world! Knew you of this fair work?
Beyond the infinite and boundleſs reach
Of mercy, if thou did'ſt this deed of death
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

Hub. Do but hear me, Sir.

Faulc. Ha! I'll tell thee what—
Thou art damn'd ſo black——nay, nothing is ſo black;
Thou art more deep damn'd than prince Lucifer:
[6] There is not yet ſo ugly a fiend of hell
As thou ſhalt be, if thou didſt kill this child.

Hub.

[6] *There is not yet*, &c.] I remember once to have met with an old book, printed in the time of Henry VIII. (which Shakeſpeare poſſibly might have ſeen) where we are told that the deformity of the condemned in the other world is exactly proportioned

Hub. Upon my ſoul——
Faulc. If thou didſt but conſent
To this moſt cruel act, do but deſpair,
And, if thou want'ſt a cord, the ſmalleſt thread,
That ever ſpider twiſted from her womb,
Will ſerve to ſtrangle thee; a ruſh will be a beam
To hang thee on: or wouldſt thou drown thyſelf,
Put but a little water in a ſpoon,
And it ſhall be as all the ocean,
Enough to ſtifle ſuch a villain up.—
I do ſuſpect thee very grievouſly.
Hub. If I, in act, conſent, or ſin of thought,
Be guilty of the ſtealing that ſweet breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!—
I left him well.
Faulc. Go, bear him in thine arms.—
I am amaz'd, methinks; and loſe my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—
How eaſy doth thou take all England up!
From forth this morſel of dead royalty,
The life, the right, the truth of all this realm
Is fled to heaven; and England now is left
To tug and ſcramble, and to part by the teeth
The un-owed intereſt [7] of proud-ſwelling ſtate.
Now, for the bare-pick'd bone of majeſty,
Doth dogged war briſtle his angry creſt,
And ſnarleth in the gentle eyes of peace.
Now powers from home and diſcontents at home
Meet in one line; and vaſt confuſion waits
(As doth a raven on a ſick, fallen beaſt)
The imminent decay of wreſted pomp [8].

tioned to the degrees of their guilt. The author of it obſerves how difficult it would be, on this account, to diſtinguiſh between Belzebub and Judas Iſcariot. STEEVENS.

[7] *The un-owed intereſt*——] *i. e.* the intereſt which has no proper owner to claim it. STEEVENS.

[8] *The imminent decay of wreſted pomp.*] *Wreſted pomp* is *greateſt obtained by violence.* JOHNSON.

Now

Now happy he, whoſe cloak and cincture can
Hold out this tempeſt.—Bear away that child,
And follow me with ſpeed; I'll to the king:
A thouſand buſineſſes are brief at hand,
And heaven itſelf doth frown upon the land. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The court of England.

Enter king John, Pandulpho, and attendants.

K. JOHN.

THUS I have yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory. [*Giving up the crown.*
Pand. Take again
From this my hand, as holding of the pope,
Your ſovereign greatneſs and authority.
K. John. Now keep your holy word: go meet the French,
And from his holineſs uſe all your power
To ſtop their marches, 'fore we are inflam'd.
Our diſcontented counties do revolt;
Our people quarrel with obedience;
Swearing allegiance, and the love of ſoul,
To ſtranger blood, to foreign royalty.
This inundation of miſtemper'd humour
Reſts by you only to be qualify'd.
Then pauſe not; for the preſent time's ſo ſick,
That preſent medicine muſt be miniſtred,
Or overthrow incurable enſues.
Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempeſt up,
Upon your ſtubborn uſage of the pope:
But ſince you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue ſhall huſh again this ſtorm of war,

And

And make fair weather in your bluſtering land.
On this Aſcenſion-day, remember well,
Upon your oath of ſervice to the pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms. [*Exit.*

K. John. Is this Aſcenſion-day? Did not the prophet
Say, that before Aſcenſion-day at noon
My crown I ſhould give off? even ſo I have:
I did ſuppoſe, it ſhould be on conſtraint;
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out
But Dover-caſtle: London hath receiv'd,
Like a kind hoſt, the dauphin and his powers.
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer ſervice to your enemy;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

Faulc. They found him dead, and caſt into the ſtreets;
An empty caſket, where the jewel, life,
By ſome damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me he did live.

Faulc. So, on my ſoul, he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you ſad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought:
Let not the world ſee fear, and ſad diſtruſt
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be ſtirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threatner, and out-face the brow
Of bragging horror: ſo ſhall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntleſs ſpirit of reſolution.
Away, and gliſter like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field:

Shew

Shew boldneſs and aſpiring confidence.
What, ſhall they ſeek the lion in his den?
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
Oh, let it not be ſaid!—Forage, and run [4]
To meet diſpleaſure farther from the doors;
And grapple with him, ere he come ſo nigh.

K. John. The legate of the pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promis'd to diſmiſs the powers
Led by the dauphin.

Faulc. Oh inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play-orders, and make compromiſe,
Inſinuation, parley, and baſe truce,
To arms invaſive? Shall a beardleſs boy,
A cocker'd, ſilken wanton brave our fields,
And fleſh his ſpirit in a warlike ſoil,
Mocking the air with colours idly ſpread [5],
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:
Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your peace;
Or, if he do, let it at leaſt be ſaid
They ſaw we had a purpoſe of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this preſent time.

Faul. Away then, with good courage; yet, I know [6],
Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

[4] ——— *Forage, and run*] To *forage* is here uſed in its original ſenſe, for to *range abroad.* JOHNSON.

[5] *Mocking the air with colours*——] He has the ſame image in *Macbeth,*

Where the Norwegian banners flout the ſky,
And fan our people cold. JOHNSON.

[6] *Away then, with good courage; yet, I know,*
Our party may well meet a prouder foe.] *Let us then away with courage*; yet I ſo well *know* the faintneſs of *our party*, that I think *it may eaſily happen that they ſhall encounter enemies who have more ſpirit than themſelves.* JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon is, I believe, miſtaken. Faulconbridge means; for all their boaſting I know very well that our party is able to

SCENE II.

Changes to the dauphin's camp at St. Edmund's-bury [7].

Enter, in arms, Lewis, Saliſbury, Melun, Pembroke, Bigot, and ſoldiers.

Lewis. My lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it ſafe for our remembrance:
Return the precedent [8] to theſe lords again;
That, having our fair order written down,
Both they and we, peruſing o'er theſe notes,
May know wherefore we took the ſacrament;
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our ſides it never ſhall be broken.
And, noble dauphin, albeit we ſwear
A voluntary zeal, and an unurg'd faith
To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince,
I am not glad that ſuch a ſore of time
Should ſeek a plaiſter by contemn'd revolt;
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound,
By making many. Oh, it grieves my ſoul,
That I muſt draw this metal from my ſide

cope with one yet prouder and more confident of its ſtrength than theirs. Faulconbridge would otherwiſe diſpirit John, whom he meant to animate. STEEVENS.

[7] — *at St. Edmund's-bury.*] I have ventured to fix the place of the ſcene here, which is ſpecified by none of the editors, on the following authorities. In the preceding act, where Saliſbury has fixed to go over to the dauphin; he ſays,

Lords, I will meet him at St. Edmund's-bury.

And count Melun, in this laſt act, ſays,

——— *and many more with me,*
Upon the altar at St. Edmund's-bury;
Even on that altar, where we ſwore to you
Dear amity, and everlaſting love.

And it appears likewiſe from *The troubleſome Reign of King John, in two parts* (the firſt rough model of this play) that the interchange of vows betwixt the dauphin and the Engliſh barons was at St. Edmund's-bury. THEOBALD.

[8] — *the* precedent, *&c.*] *i. e.* the original treaty between the dauphin and the Engliſh lords. STEEVENS.

To

To be a widow-maker; oh, and there,
Where honourable reſcue, and defence,
Cries out upon the name of Saliſbury.
But ſuch is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and phyſic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of ſtern injuſtice, and confuſed wrong.——
And is't not pity, oh my grieved friends!
That we, the ſons and children of this iſle,
Were born to ſee ſo ſad an hour as this;
Wherein we ſtep after a ſtranger, march
Upon her gentle boſom, and fill up
Her enemies ranks (I muſt withdraw and weep
Upon the ſpot of this enforced cauſe)
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here?
What, here?—O nation, that thou could'ſt remove!
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyſelf,
[9] And grapple thee unto a pagan ſhore;
Where theſe two Chriſtian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to ſpend it ſo unneighbourly!

Lewis. A noble temper doſt thou ſhew in this;
And great affections, wreſtling in thy boſom,
Do make an earthquake of nobility.
Oh, what a noble combat haſt thou fought,
Between compulſion, and a brave reſpect [1]!
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That ſilverly doth progreſs on thy cheeks.

[9] *And grapple thee*, &c.] The old copy reads, *And cripple thee*, &c. STEEVENS.

[1] *Between* compulſion, *and a brave reſpect!*] This *compulſion* was the neceſſity of a reformation in the ſtate; which, according to Saliſbury's opinion (who, in his ſpeech preceding, calls it an *enforced cauſe*) could only be procured by foreign arms: and the *brave reſpect* was the love of his country. Yet the Oxford editor, for *compulſion*, reads *compaſſion*. WARBURTON.

My

My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effuſion of ſuch manly drops,
This ſhower, blown up by tempeſt of the ſoul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd,
Than had I ſeen the vaulty top of heaven
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Saliſbury,
And with a great heart heave away this ſtorm.
Commend theſe waters to thoſe baby-eyes,
That never ſaw the giant world enrag'd;
Nor met with fortune, other than at feaſts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of goſſiping.
Come, come; for thou ſhalt thruſt thy hand as deep
Into the purſe of rich poſterity,
As Lewis himſelf: ſo, nobles, ſhall you all,
That knit your ſinews to the ſtrength of mine.

Enter Pandulph, attended.

And even there, methinks, an angel ſpake [2]:
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven;
And on our actions ſet the name of right
With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble prince of France!
The next is this: king John hath reconcil'd
Himſelf to Rome; his ſpirit is come in,
That ſo ſtood out againſt the holy church,
The great metropolis, and ſee of Rome.
Therefore thy threat'ning colours now wind up,
And tame the ſavage ſpirit of wild war;

[2] ——— *an angel ſpake:*] Sir T. Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton read here, *an angel* ſpeeds. I think unneceſſarily. The dauphin does not yet hear the legate indeed, nor pretend to hear him; but ſeeing him advance, and concluding that he comes to animate and authorize him with the power of the church, he cries out, *at the ſight of this holy man, I am encouraged as* by the voice of an angel. JOHNSON.

That, like a lion foſter'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in ſhew.

Lewis. Your grace ſhall pardon me, I will not back:
I am too high-born to be property'd,
To be a ſecondary at controul,
Or uſeful ſerving-man, and inſtrument,
To any ſovereign ſtate throughout the world.
Your breath firſt kindled the dead coal of war,
Between this chaſtis'd kingdom and myſelf,
And brought in matter that ſhould feed this fire;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out,
With that ſame weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with intereſt to this land,
Yea, thruſt this enterprize into my heart;
And come ye now to tell me, John hath made
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And now it is half-conquer'd muſt I back,
Becauſe that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's ſlave? What penny hath Rome borne,
What men provided, what munition ſent,
To underprop this action? Is't not I
That undergo this charge? Who elſe but I,
And ſuch as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this buſineſs, and maintain this war?
Have I not heard theſe iſlanders ſhout out,
Vive le roy! as I have bank'd their towns [3]?
Have I not here the beſt cards for the game,
To win this eaſy match, play'd for a crown?
And ſhall I now give o'er the yielded ſet?
No, on my ſoul, it never ſhall be ſaid.

Pand. You look but on the outſide of this work.

[3] —— *as I have bank'd their towns?*] *Bank'd their towns* means, thrown up fortifications, or rather entrenchments, before their towns. STEEVENS.

Lewis

Lewis. Outſide or inſide, I will not return
Till my attempt ſo much be glorify'd,
As to my ample hope was promiſed,
Before I drew this gallant head of war,
And cull'd theſe fiery ſpirits from the world,
To outlook conqueſt, and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger, and of death.
[*Trumpet ſounds.*
What luſty trumpet thus doth ſummon us?

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. According to the fair play of the world,
Let me have audience. I am ſent to ſpeak,
My holy lord of Milan, from the king:
I come to learn how you have dealt for him:
And, as you anſwer, I do know the ſcope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The dauphin is too wilful-oppoſite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties:
He flatly ſays, he'll not lay down his arms.

Faulc. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The youth ſays well. Now hear our Engliſh king;
For thus his royalty doth ſpeak in me.
He is prepar'd; and reaſon too he ſhould:
This apiſh and unmannerly approach,
This harneſs'd maſque, and unadviſed revel,
[4] This unhair'd ſawcineſs, and boyiſh troops,
The king doth ſmile at; and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfiſh war, theſe pigmy arms,

[4] *This* unheard *ſawcineſs, and boyiſh troops,*] Thus the printed copies in general; but *unheard* is an epithet of very little force or meaning here; beſides, let us obſerve how it is coupled. Faulconbridge is ſneering at the dauphin's invaſion, as an unadviſed enterprize, ſavouring of youth and indiſcretion; the reſult of childiſhneſs, and unthinking raſhneſs: and he ſeems altogether to dwell on this character of it, by calling his preparation *boyiſh troops, dwarfiſh war, pigmy arms*, &c. which, according to my emendation, ſort very well with *unhair'd*, i. e. *unbearded* ſawcineſs. THEOBALD.

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From out the circle of his territories.
That hand which had the ſtrength even at your door,
To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch [5];
To dive like buckets in concealed wells;
To crouch in litter of your ſtable-planks;
To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in cheſts and trunks;
To hug with ſwine; to ſeek ſweet ſafety out,
In vaults and priſons; and to thrill, and ſhake,
Even at the crying of your nation's crow,
Thinking his voice an armed Engliſhman;—
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chaſtiſement?
No: know, the gallant monarch is in arms,
And like an eagle o'er his airy towers,
To ſouſe the annoyance that comes near his neſt.
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Nero's, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, bluſh for ſhame:
For your own ladies, and pale-viſag'd maids,
Like Amazons, come tripping after drums;
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,
Their needles to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lewis. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace;
We grant, thou canſt out-ſcold us: fare thee well;
We hold our time too precious to be ſpent
With ſuch a brabler.

Pand. Give me leave to ſpeak.

Faulc. No, I will ſpeak.

Lewis. We will attend to neither.—
Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war
Plead for our intereſt, and our being here.

Faulc. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;

[5] ——— *take the hatch*;] To *take the hatch*, is to *leap the hatch*. To *take a hedge* or *a ditch* is the hunter's phraſe. STEEVENS.

And

And ſo ſhall you, being beaten: do but ſtart
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
That ſhall reverberate all as loud as thine.
Sound but another, and another ſhall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder:—for at hand
(Not truſting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath us'd rather for ſport than need)
Is warlike John; and in his forehead ſits
A bare-ribb'd death; whoſe office is this day
To feaſt upon whole thouſands of the French.

Lewis. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

Faulc. And thou ſhalt find it, dauphin, do not doubt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to a field of battle.

Alarms. Enter king John and Hubert.

K. John. How goes the day with us? oh, tell me, Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear: how fares your majeſty?

K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me ſo long,
Lies heavy on me. Oh, my heart is ſick!

Enter a meſſenger.

Meſ. My lord, your valiant kinſman, Faulconbridge,
Deſires your majeſty to leave the field,
And ſend him word by me which way you go.

K. John. Tell him, toward Swinſtead, to the abbey there.

Meſ. Be of good comfort; for the great ſupply,
That was expected by the dauphin here,
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin ſands.
This news was brought to Richard but even now.
The French fight coldly, and retire themſelves.

K. John. Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.——
Set on toward Swinſtead: to my litter ſtrait;
Weakneſs poſſeſſeth me, and I am faint. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to the French camp.

Enter Saliſbury, Pembroke, and Bigot.

Sal. I did not think the king ſo ſtor'd with friends.
Pemb. Up once again; put ſpirit in the French:
If they miſcarry, we miſcarry too.
Sal. That miſ-begotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In ſpight of ſpight, alone upholds the day.
Pemb. They ſay, king John, ſore ſick, hath left the field.

Enter Melun wounded, and led by ſoldiers.

Melun. Lead me to the revolts of England here.
Sal. When we were happy we had other names.
Pemb. It is the count Melun.
Sal. Wounded to death.
Mel. Fly, noble Engliſh, you are bought and ſold;
[2] Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
And welcome home again diſcarded faith.
Seek out king John, and fall before his feet;
For if the French be lords of this loud day,

[2] Unthread *the rude* eye *of rebellion,*] Though all the copies concur in this reading, how poor is the metaphor of *unthreading* the *eye* of a *needle?* And beſides, as there is no mention made of a needle, how remote and obſcure is the alluſion without it? The text, as I have reſtored it, is eaſy and natural; and it is the mode of expreſſion, which our author is every where fond of, to *tread* and *untread,* the *way, path, ſteps,* &c. THEOBALD.

The metaphor is certainly harſh, but I do not think the paſſage corrupted. JOHNSON.

Shakeſpeare elſewhere uſes the ſame expreſſion, *threading dark ey'd night.* STEEVENS.

He

He means to recompenſe the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads: thus hath he ſworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at St. Edmond's-bury;
Even on that altar where we ſwore to you
Dear amity and everlaſting love.

Sal. May this be poſſible! may this be true!

Melun. Have I not hideous death within my view?
Retaining but a quantity of life;
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Reſolveth from its figure 'gainſt the fire?
What in the world ſhould make me now deceive,
Since I muſt loſe the uſe of all deceit?
Why ſhould I then be falſe, ſince it is true
That I muſt die here, and live hence by truth?
I ſay again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forſworn, if e'er thoſe eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the eaſt.
But even this night, whoſe black contagious breath
Already ſmoaks about the burning creſt
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied ſun,
Even this ill night, your breathing ſhall expire;
Paying the fine of [3] rated treachery,
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Lewis by your aſſiſtance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert, with your king;
The love of him, and this reſpect beſides,
(For that my grandſire was an Engliſhman)
Awakes my conſcience to confeſs all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noiſe and rumour of the field;
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace; and part this body and my ſoul
With contemplation and devout deſires.

[3] ——— *rated treachery,*] It were eaſy to change *rated* to *hated* for an eaſier meaning, but *rated* ſuits better with *fine*. The dauphin has *rated* your treachery, and ſet upon it a *fine* which your lives muſt pay. JOHNSON.

Sal. We do believe thee; and beſhrew my ſoul,
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this moſt fair occaſion, by the which
We will untread the ſteps of damned flight;
And, like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankneſs and irregular courſe,
Stoop low within thoſe bounds we have o'er-look'd;
And calmly run on in obedience,
Even to our ocean, to our great king John.——
My arm ſhall give thee help to bear thee hence;
For I do ſee the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eye [4]. Away, my friends! new flight;
And [5] happy newneſs that intends old right.

[*Exeunt, leading off Melun.*

SCENE V.

Changes to a different part of the French camp.

Enter Lewis and his train.

Lewis. The ſun of heaven, methought, was loth to ſet;
But ſtaid, and made the weſtern welkin bluſh,
When the Engliſh meaſur'd backward their own ground
In faint retire: oh, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needleſs ſhot,
After ſuch bloody toil, we bid good night;
And wound our [6] tatter'd colours clearly up,
Laſt in the field, and almoſt lords of it!——

Enter

[4] *Right in thine eye.*—] This is the old reading. *Right* ſignifies *immediate*. It is now obſolete. Some of the modern editors read, *pight*, i. e. pitched as a tent is; others, *fight in thine eye*. STEEVENS.

[5] — *happy newneſs*, &c.] Happy innovation, that purpoſed the reſtoration of the ancient rightful government. JOHNSON.

[6] —*tatter'd*—] For *tatter'd*, the folio reads *tottering*. JOHNS.

It is remarkable through ſuch old copies of our author as I have hitherto ſeen, that wherever the modern editors read *tatter'd*, the old editions give us *totter'd* in its room. Perhaps the

Enter a meſſenger.

Meſ. Where is my prince, the dauphin?
Lewis. Here.—What news?
Meſ. The count Melun is ſlain; the Engliſh lords
By his perſuaſion are again fallen of:
And your ſupplies, which you have wiſh'd ſo long,
Are caſt away, and ſunk, on Goodwin ſands.
Lewis. Ah foul, ſhrewd, news! Beſhrew thy very heart,
I did not think to be ſo ſad to-night,
As this hath made me.—Who was he that ſaid,
King John did fly an hour or two before
The ſtumbling night did part our weary powers?
Meſ. Who ever ſpoke it, it is true, my lord.
Lewis. Well; keep good quarter, and good care to-night:
The day ſhall not be up ſo ſoon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

An open place in the neighbourhood of Swinſtead-abbey.

Enter Faulconbridge and Hubert ſeverally.

Hub. Who's there? ſpeak, ho! ſpeak quickly, or I ſhoot.
Faulc. A friend. What art thou?
Hub. Of the part of England.
Faulc. And whither doſt thou go?
Hub. What's that to thee?
Why may not I demand of thine affairs,
As well as thou of mine?

the preſent broad pronunciation, almoſt particular to the Scots, was at that time common to both nations.

So in *The Downfall of Rob. Earl of Huntington*, 1601.

" I will not bid my enſign-bearer wave
" My *totter'd* colours in this worthleſs air."

STEEVENS.

Faulc

Which, [8] in their throng and preſs to that laſt hold,
Confound themſelves. 'Tis ſtrange that death ſhould ſing.——
I am the cygnet to this pale, faint ſwan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death;
And, from the organ pipe of frailty, ſings
His ſoul and body to their laſting reſt.

Sal. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born
To ſet a form upon that indigeſt,
Which he hath left ſo ſhapeleſs and ſo rude.

King John brought in.

K. John. Ay, marry, now my ſoul hath elbow-room;
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is ſo hot a ſummer in my boſom,
That all my bowels crumble up to duſt.
I am a ſcribbled form drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment; and againſt this fire
Do I ſhrink up.

Hen. How fares your majeſty?

K. John. Poiſon'd! ill fare! dead, forſook, caſt off!
[9] And none of you will bid the winter come
To thruſt his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their courſe
Through my burn'd boſom; nor intreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiſs my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold.—I do not aſk you much;
I beg cold comfort; and you are ſo ſtrait,
And ſo ungrateful, you deny me that.

Hen. Oh, that there were ſome virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you!

K. John. The ſalt of them is hot.—
Within me is a hell; and there the poiſon
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprievable, condemned blood.

[8] — *in their throng and preſs*—] In their tumult and hurry of reſorting to the laſt tenable part. JOHNSON.

[9] This ſcene has been imitated by Beaumont and Fletcher in *The Wife for a Month*, act 4. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. Oh! I am ſcalded with my violent motion,
And ſpleen of ſpeed to ſee your majeſty.
K. John. Oh! couſin, thou art come to ſet mine eye.
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burnt;
And all the ſhrowds, wherewith my life ſhould ſail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor ſtring to ſtay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou ſeeſt, is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.
Faulc. The dauphin is preparing hitherward;
Where, heaven he knows, how we ſhall anſwer him:
For, in a night, the beſt part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the waſhes, all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood. [*The king dies.*
Sal. You breathe theſe dead news in as dead an ear.
My liege! my lord! —— but now a king —— now thus!
Hen. Even ſo muſt I run on, and even ſo ſtop.
What ſurety of the world, what hope, what ſtay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay?
Faulc. Art thou gone ſo? I do but ſtay behind,
To do the office for thee of revenge,
And then my ſoul ſhall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy ſervant ſtill.—
Now, now, you ſtars, that move in your right ſpheres,
Where be your powers? Shew now your mended faiths,
And inſtantly return with me again,
To puſh deſtruction, and perpetual ſhame
Out of the weak door of our fainting land:
Strait let us ſeek, or ſtrait we ſhall be ſought;
The dauphin rages at our very heels.
Sal. It ſeems you know not then ſo much as we:
The cardinal Pandulph is within at reſt,
Who half an hour ſince came from the dauphin;
And brings from him ſuch offers of our peace,

As

As we with honour and reſpect may take,
With purpoſe preſently to leave this war.
Faulc. He will the rather do it, when he ſees
Ourſelves well ſinewed to our defence.
Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath diſpatch'd
To the ſea-ſide, and put his cauſe and quarrel
To the diſpoſing of the cardinal:
With whom yourſelf, myſelf, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will poſt
To conſummate this buſineſs happily.
Faulc. Let it be ſo: and you, my noble prince,
With other princes that may beſt be ſpar'd,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.
Hen. At Worceſter muſt his body be interr'd.
For ſo he will'd it.
Faulc. Thither ſhall it then.
And happily may your ſweet ſelf put on
The lineal ſtate and glory of the land!
To whom, with all ſubmiſſion on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful ſervices,
And true ſubjection everlaſtingly.
Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To reſt without a ſpot for evermore.
Hen. I have a kind ſoul, that would give you thank
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.
Faulc. Oh, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been before-hand with our griefs.——
This England never did, nor never ſhall,
Lye at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it firſt did help to wound itſelf.
Now theſe her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we ſhall ſhock them! Nought ſhall make us ru
If England to itſelf do reſt but true. [*Exeunt omn*

THE tragedy of *King John*, though not written with t utmoſt power of Shakeſpeare, is varied with a very pleaſing i terchange of incidents and characters. The lady's grief is ve affectin

affecting, and the character of the Baſtard contains that mixture of greatneſs and levity which this author delighted to exhibit.

JOHNSON.

There is extant another play of *King John*, publiſhed in 1611. Shakeſpeare has preſerved the greateſt part of the conduct of it, as well as a number of the lines. Some of theſe I have pointed out in the notes, and ſome I have omitted as undeſerving notice. What moſt inclines me to believe it was the work of ſome cotemporary writer, is the number of quotations from Horace, and other ſcraps of learning ſcattered over it. There is likewiſe a quantity of rhiming Latin, and ballad-metre, in a ſcene where the Baſtard is repreſented as plundering a monaſtery; and ſome ſtrokes of humour, which ſeem, from their particular turn, to have been moſt evidently produced by another hand than that of Shakeſpeare.

Of this play there is ſaid to have been an edition in 1591 for Sampſon Clarke, but I have never ſeen it; and the copy in 1611, which is the oldeſt I could find, was printed for John Helme, whoſe name appears before no other of the plays of Shakeſpeare. I admitted this play ſome years ago as Shakeſpeare's own among the twenty which I publiſhed from the old editions; but a more careful peruſal of it, and a further conviction of our poet's cuſtom of borrowing plots, ſentiments, *&c.* diſpoſes me to recede from that opinion. STEEVENS.

THE

LIFE AND DEATH

OF

RICHARD II.

Perſons Repreſented.

King RICHARD the Second.
Edmund of Langley, *duke of York*, } *uncles to the king.*
John of Gaunt, *duke of Lancaſter*, }
Bolingbroke, *ſon to John of Gaunt, afterwards king Henry the Fourth.*
Duke of Aumerle, *ſon to the duke of York.*
Mowbray, *duke of Norfolk.*
Duke of Surrey.
Earl of Saliſbury.
Earl Berkley.
Buſhy, }
Bagot, } *ſervants to king Richard.*
Green, }
Earl of Northumberland.
Percy, *ſon to Northumberland.*
Lord Roſs.
Lord Willoughby.
Lord Fitzwater.
Biſhop of Carliſle.
Sir Stephen Scroop.
Lord marſhal, and another lord.
Abbot of Weſtminſter.
Sir Pierce of Exton.
Captain of a band of Welchmen.

Queen to king Richard.
Dutcheſs of Glouceſter.
Dutcheſs of York.
Ladies attending on the queen.

Heralds, two gardiners, keeper, meſſenger, groom, and other attendants.

SCENE, *diſperſedly, in ſeveral parts of England.*

[1] THE LIFE AND DEATH OF

KING RICHARD II.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The court.

Enter king Richard, John of Gaunt, with other nobles and attendants.

K. RICHARD.

OLD John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaſter,
Haſt thou, according to thy oath and bond,
Brought hither Henry Hereford, thy bold ſon,
Here to make good the boiſterous late appeal,
Which then our leiſure would not let us hear,
Againſt the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Tell me moreover, haſt thou ſounded him,

[1] *The Life and Death of King Richard* II.] But this hiſtory compriſes little more than the two laſt years of this prince. The action of the drama begins with Bolingbroke's appealing the duke of Norfolk, on an accuſation of high treaſon, which fell out in the year 1398; and it cloſes with the murder of king Richard at Pomfret-caſtle towards the end of the year 1400, or the beginning of the enſuing year. THEOBALD.

It is evident from a paſſage in *Camden's Annals*, that there was an old play on the ſubject of Richard the Second; but I know not in what language. Sir Gelley Merrick, who was concerned in the hare-brained buſineſs of the earl of Eſſex, and was hanged for it, with the ingenious Cuffe, in 1601, is accuſed, amongſt other things, "quod exoletam tragœdiam de tragicâ "abdicatione regis Ricardi Secundi in publico theatro coram "conjuratis datâ pecuniâ agi curaſſet." FARMER.

If he appeal the duke on ancient malice;
Or worthily, as a good ſubject ſhould,
On ſome known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could ſift him on that argument,
On ſome apparent danger ſeen in him
Aim'd at your highneſs; no inveterate malice.

K. Rich. Then call them to our preſence; face to face,
And frowning brow to brow. Ourſelves will hear
The accuſer, and the accuſed freely ſpeak.—
High-ſtomach'd are they both, and full of ire;
In rage, deaf as the ſea, haſty as fire.

Enter Bolingbroke and Mowbray.

Boling. Many years of happy days befal
My gracious ſovereign, my moſt loving liege!

Mowb. Each day ſtill better other's happineſs;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!

K. Rich. We thank you both: yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cauſe you come;
Namely, to appeal each other of high treaſon.—
Couſin of Hereford, what doſt thou object
Againſt the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Boling. Firſt (heaven be the record to my ſpeech!)
In the devotion of a ſubject's love,
Tendering the precious ſafety of my prince,
And free from other miſbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely preſence.
—Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I ſpeak,
My body ſhall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine ſoul anſwer it in heaven.
Thou art a traitor, and a miſcreant;
Too good to be ſo, and too bad to live;
Since, the more fair and cryſtal is the ſky,
The uglier ſeem the clouds that in it fly.

Once

Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul traitor's name ſtuff I thy throat;
And wiſh (ſo pleaſe my ſovereign) ere I move,
What my tongue ſpeaks, my [2] right-drawn ſword may prove.

Mowb. Let not my cold words here accuſe my zeal:
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cauſe betwixt us twain;
The blood is hot, that muſt be cool'd for this.
Yet can I not of ſuch tame patience boaſt,
As to be huſh'd, and nought at all to ſay.
Firſt, the fair reverence of your highneſs curbs me,
From giving reins and ſpurs to my free ſpeech;
Which elſe would poſt, until it had return'd
Theſe terms of treaſon doubled down his throat.
Setting aſide his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinſman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I ſpit at him;
Call him a ſlanderous coward, and a villain:
Which, to maintain, I would allow him odds;
And meet him, were I ty'd to run a-foot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground [3] inhabitable,
Where ever Engliſhman durſt ſet his foot.
Mean time, let this defend my loyalty—
By all my hopes, moſt falſly doth he lie.

Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
Diſclaiming here the kindred of a king;
And lay aſide my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except.
If guilty dread hath left thee ſo much ſtrength,

[2] —*right-drawn*—] Drawn in a right or juſt cauſe. JOHNS.
[3] —*inhabitable*,] That is, *not habitable, uninhabitable*. JOHNSON.
Ben Jonſon uſes the word in the ſame ſenſe in his *Catiline*.
"And pour'd on ſome *inhabitable* place." STEEVENS.

As to take up mine honour's pawn, then ſtoop;
By that, and all the rights of knighthood elſe,
Will I make good againſt thee, arm to arm,
What I have ſpoke, or thou canſt worſe deviſe.

Mowb. I take it up; and by that ſword I ſwear,
Which gently lay'd my knighthood on my ſhoulder,
I'll anſwer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous deſign of knightly trial:
And, when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor, or unjuſtly fight!

K. Rich. What doth our couſin ſay to Mowbray's charge?
It muſt be great, that can inherit us
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Boling. Look, what I ſaid, my life ſhall prove it true;—
That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thouſand nobles,
In name of lendings for your highneſs' ſoldiers;
The which he hath detain'd for lewd imployments,
Like a falſe traitor, and injurious villain.
Beſides, I ſay, and will in battle prove—
Or here, or elſewhere, to the furtheſt verge
That ever was ſurvey'd by Engliſh eye—
That all the treaſons for theſe eighteen years,
Complotted and contrived in this land,
Fetch from falſe Mowbray their firſt head and ſpring.
Further, I ſay, and further will maintain
Upon his bad life to make all this good,
That he did plot the duke of Glouceſter's death;
Suggeſt his ſoon-believing adverſaries;
And, conſequently, like a traitor-coward,
Sluic'd out his innocent ſoul through ſtreams of blood,
Which blood, like ſacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueleſs caverns of the earth,
To me, for juſtice, and rough chaſtiſement:
And by the glorious worth of my deſcent,
This arm ſhall do it, or this life be ſpent.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his reſolution ſoars!—
Thomas of Norfolk, what ſay'ſt thou to this?

Mowb.

Mowb. O, let my ſovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this ſlander of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate ſo foul a liar.

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes, and ears.
Were he our brother, nay, our kingdom's heir,
(As he is but our father's brother's ſon)
Now, by [4] my ſcepter's awe, I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearneſs to our ſacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
The unſtooping firmneſs of my upright ſoul.
He is our ſubject, Mowbray, ſo art thou;
Free ſpeech, and fearleſs, I to thee allow.

Mowb. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the falſe paſſage of thy throat, thou lieſt!
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais,
Diſburs'd I to his highneſs' ſoldiers:
The other part reſerv'd I by conſent;
For that my ſovereign liege was in my debt,
Upon remainder of a dear account,
Since laſt I went to France to fetch his queen:
Now, ſwallow down that lie.—For Glouceſter's death—
I ſlew him not; but, to mine own diſgrace,
Neglected my ſworn duty in that caſe.—
For you, my noble lord of Lancaſter,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambuſh for your life,
A treſpaſs that doth vex my grieved ſoul:
But ere I laſt receiv'd the ſacrament,
I did confeſs it, and exactly begg'd
Your grace's pardon, and, I hope, I had it.
This is my fault: as for the reſt appeal'd,
It iſſues from the rancour of a villain,
A recreant and moſt degenerate traitor:
Which in myſelf I boldly will defend;

[4] — *my ſcepter's awe,*—] The reverence due to my ſcepter. JOHNSON.

And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this over-weening traitor's foot,
To prove myſelf a loyal gentleman,
Even in the beſt blood chamber'd in his boſom.
In haſte whereof, moſt heartily I pray
Your highneſs to aſſign our trial-day.

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by me;
Let's purge this choler without letting blood:
[5] This we preſcribe, though no phyſician;
Deep malice makes too deep inciſion:
Forget, forgive; conclude, and be agreed;
Our doctors ſay, this is no time to bleed.—
Good uncle, let this end where it begun;
We'll calm the duke of Norfolk, you your ſon.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace ſhall become my age:—
Throw down, my ſon, the duke of Norfolk's gage.

K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.

Gaunt. When, Harry? when
Obedience bids, I ſhould not bid again.

[5] *This we preſcribe, though no phyſician*, &c.] I muſt make one remark, in general, on the *rhymes* throughout this whole play; they are ſo much inferior to the reſt of the writing, that they appear to me of a different hand. What confirms this, is, that the context does every where exactly (and frequently much better) connect without the inſerted rhymes, except in a very few places; and juſt there too, the rhyming verſes are of a much better taſte than all the others, which rather ſtrengthens my conjecture. POPE.

"This obſervation of Mr. Pope's," ſays Mr. Edwards, "happens to be very unluckily placed here, becauſe the context, "without the inſerted rhimes, will not *connect* at all. Read "this paſſage as it would ſtand corrected by this rule, and we "ſhall find, when the rhiming part of the dialogue is left out, "king Richard begins with diſſuading them from the duel, "and, in the very next ſentence, appoints the time and place "of their combat."

Mr. Edwards's cenſure is rather haſty; for in the note, to which it refers, it is allowed that ſome rhimes muſt be retained to make out the connection. STEEVENS.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Norfolk, thrown down; we bid; there is no boot [6].

Mowb. Myſelf I throw, dread ſovereign, at thy foot:
My life thou ſhalt command, but not my ſhame;
The one my duty owes; but [7] my fair name,
(Deſpight of death, that lives upon my grave)
To dark diſhonour's uſe thou ſhalt not have.
I am diſgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here;
Pierc'd to the ſoul with ſlander's venom'd ſpear:
The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood
Which breath'd this poiſon.

K. Rich. Rage muſt be withſtood.
Give me his gage. Lions make leopards tame.

Mowb. Yea, but not change their ſpots. Take but my ſhame,
And I reſign my gage. My dear, dear lord,
The pureſt treaſure mortal times afford,
Is ſpotleſs reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up cheſt,
Is a bold ſpirit in a loyal breaſt.
Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done:
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try;
In that I live, and for that will I die.

K. Rich. Couſin, throw down your gage; do you begin.

Boling. Oh, heaven defend my ſoul from ſuch foul ſin!
Shall I ſeem creſt-fallen in my father's ſight?
[8] Or with pale beggar face impeach my height,

[6] —— *no boot.*] That is, *no advantage, no uſe,* in delay or refuſal. JOHNSON.

[7] —— *my fair name,* &c.] That is; *my name that lives on my grave* in *deſpight of death.* This eaſy paſſage moſt of the editors ſeem to have miſtaken. JOHNSON.

[8] *Or with pale* beggar face ——] *i. e.* with a face of ſupplication. But this will not ſatisfy the Oxford editor, he turns it to *haggard fear.* WARBURTON.

Before

Before this out-dar'd daſtard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound my honour with ſuch feeble wrong,
Or ſound ſo baſe a parle, my teeth ſhall tear
[9] The ſlaviſh motive of recanting fear;
And ſpit it bleeding, in his high diſgrace,
Where ſhame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face.
[*Exit Gaunt.*

K. Rich. We were not born to ſue, but to command:
Which ſince we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives ſhall anſwer it,
At Coventry upon St. Lambert's day.
There ſhall your ſwords and lances arbitrate
The ſwelling difference of your ſettled hate.
Since we cannot atone you, you ſhall ſee
Juſtice decide the victor's chivalry.—
Lord marſhal, command our officers at arms,
Be ready to direct theſe home-alarms. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to the duke of Lancaſter's palace.

Enter Gaunt and dutcheſs of Gloceſter.

Gaunt. Alas! [1] the part I had [2] in Gloſter's blood
Doth more ſolicit me, than your exclaims,
To ſtir againſt the butchers of his life.
But, ſince correction lieth in thoſe hands,
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;
Who, when it ſees the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

Dutch. Finds brotherhood in thee no ſharper ſpur?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?

[9] *The ſlaviſh* motive—] *Motive*, for inſtrument. WARBUR. Rather that which fear puts in motion. JOHNSON.

[1] *— the part I had —*] That is, my relation of conſanguinity to Glouceſter. HANMER.

[2] ——— *in Gloſter's blood*] One of the quarto's reads, "in *Woodſtock's* blood." STEEVENS.

Edward's

Edward's ſeven ſons, whereof thyſelf art one,
Were as ſeven phials of his ſacred blood,
Or ſeven fair branches, ſpringing from one root:
Some of thoſe ſeven are dry'd by nature's courſe,
Some of thoſe branches by the deſtinies cut;
But Thomas, my dear friend, my life, my Gloſter,
One phial full of Edward's ſacred blood,
One flouriſhing branch of his moſt royal root,
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor ſpilt;
Is hack'd down, and his ſummer leaves all faded,
By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe.
Ah, Gaunt! his blood was thine; that bed, that womb,
That metal, that ſelf-mould that faſhion'd thee,
Made him a man; and though thou liv'ſt, and breath'ſt,
Yet art thou ſlain in him: thou doſt conſent
In ſome large meaſure to thy father's death,
In that thou ſeeſt thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy father's life.
Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is deſpair:
In ſuffering thus thy brother to be ſlaughter'd,
Thou ſhew'ſt the naked path-way to thy life,
Teaching ſtern murder how to butcher thee.
That, which in mean men we intitle patience,
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breaſts.
What ſhall I ſay? to ſafeguard thine own life,
The beſt way is, to 'venge my Gloſter's death.

Gaunt. Heaven's is the quarrel; for heaven's ſubſtitute,
His deputy anointed in his ſight,
Hath caus'd his death: the which, if wrongfully,
Let God revenge; for I may never lift
An angry arm againſt his miniſter.

Dutch. Where then, alas! may I complain myſelf?

Gaunt. To heaven, the widow's champion and defence.

Dutch. Why then, I will: farewell, old Gaunt,
Thou go'ſt to Coventry, there to behold
Our couſin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight.
O, ſit my huſband's wrongs on Hereford's ſpear,

That

That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breaſt!
Or, if misfortune miſs the firſt career,
Be Mowbray's ſins ſo heavy in his boſom,
That they may break his foaming courſer's back,
And throw the rider headlong in the liſts,
[3] A caitiff recreant to my couſin Hereford!
Farewell, old Gaunt; thy ſometime brother's wife
With her companion grief muſt end her life.

Gaunt. Siſter, farewell; I muſt to Coventry:
As much good ſtay with thee, as go with me!

Dutch. Yet one word more;—grief boundeth where it falls,
Not with the empty hollowneſs, but weight:
I take my leave before I have begun;
For ſorrow ends not when it ſeemeth done.
Commend me to my brother, Edmund York:
Lo, this is all:—nay, yet depart not ſo;
Though this be all, do not ſo quickly go:
I ſhall remember more. Bid him—oh, what?—
With all good ſpeed at Plaſhy viſit me.
Alack, and what ſhall good old York there ſee
But empty lodgings, and unfurniſh'd walls,
Unpeopled offices, untrodden ſtones?
And what hear there for welcome, but my groans?
Therefore commend me;—let him not come there
To ſeek out ſorrow, that dwells every where:
Deſolate, deſolate, will I hence, and die;
The laſt leave of thee takes my weeping eye. [*Exeunt.*

[3] *A caitiff recreant*—] *Caitiff* originally ſignified a *priſoner*; next *a ſlave*, from the condition of priſoners; then a *ſcoundrel*, from the qualities of a ſlave.

Ημισυ γὰρ ἀρετῆς ἀποαΐνυται ἦμαρ ἑλόντα.

In this paſſage it partakes of all theſe ſignifications. JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE III.

The lists, at Coventry.

Enter the lord marshal and Aumerle.

Mar. My lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?
Aum. Yea, at all points; and longs to enter in.
Mar. The duke of Norfolk, sprightfully and bold,
Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.
Aum. Why, then the champions are prepar'd; and stay
For nothing but his majesty's approach. [*Flourish.*

The trumpets sound, and the king enters with Gaunt, Bushy, Bagot, and others: when they are set, enter the duke of Norfolk in armour.

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms:
Ask him his name; and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.
Mar. In God's name and the king's, say who thou art? [*To Mowbray.*
And why thou com'st, thus knightly clad in arms?
Against what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel?
Speak truly on thy knighthood, and thine oath;
And so defend thee heaven, and thy valour!
[4] *Mowb.* My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk;
Who hither come engaged by my oath,
(Which, heaven defend, a knight should violate!)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,

[4] *Mowbray.*] Mr. Edwards, in his MSS. notes, observes, both from Matthew Paris and Holinshead, that the duke of Hereford, appellant, entered the lists first; and this indeed must have been the regular method of the combat; for the natural order of things requires, that the accuser or challenger should be at the place of appointment first. STEEVENS.

To

To God, my king, and his ſucceeding iſſue [5],
Againſt the duke of Hereford, that appeals me;
And, by the grace of God, and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myſelf,
A traitor to my God, my king, and me:
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

The trumpets ſound. Enter Bolingbroke, appellant, in armour.

K. Rich. Marſhal, aſk yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither,
Thus plated in habiliments of war;
And formally, according to our law,
Depoſe him in the juſtice of his cauſe.

Mar. What is thy name? and wherefore com'ſt thou hither,
Before king Richard, in his royal liſts? [*To Boling.*
Againſt whom comeſt thou? and what's thy quarrel?
Speak like a true knight; ſo defend thee heaven!

Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaſter, and Derby
Am I; who ready here do ſtand in arms,
To prove, by heaven's grace, and my body's valour,
In liſts, on Thomas Mowbray duke of Norfolk,
That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,
To God of heaven, king Richard, and to me;
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

Mar. On pain of death, no perſon be ſo bold,
Or daring-hardy, as to touch the liſts;
Except the marſhal, and ſuch officers
Appointed to direct theſe fair deſigns.

Boling. Lord marſhal, let me kiſs my ſovereign's hand,
And bow my knee before his majeſty:

[5] ——— *his ſucceeding iſſue,*] Such is the reading of the firſt folio; the later editions read *my* iſſue. Mowbray's iſſue was, by this accuſation, in danger of an attainder, and therefore he might come, among other reaſons, for their ſake; but the old reading is more juſt and grammatical. JOHNSON.

For

For Mowbray, and myſelf, are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave,
And loving farewell, of our ſeveral friends.

Mar. The Appellant in all duty greets your highneſs, [*To K. Rich.*
And craves to kiſs your hand, and take his leave.

K. Rich. We will deſcend and fold him in our arms.
Couſin of Hereford, as thy cauſe is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight!
Farewell, my blood; which if to-day thou ſhed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Boling. Oh, let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's ſpear.
As confident, as is the Faulcon's flight
Againſt a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.
My loving lord, I take my leave of you—
Of you, my noble couſin, lord Aumerle—
Not ſick, although I have to do with death;
But luſty, young, and chearly drawing breath.—
Lo, as at Engliſh feaſts, ſo I regreet
The daintieſt laſt, to make the end moſt ſweet:
Oh thou! the earthly author of my blood, [*To Gaunt.*
Whoſe youthful ſpirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;
And with thy bleſſings ſteel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,
And furbiſh new the name of John of Gaunt
Even in the luſty 'haviour of his ſon.

Gaunt. Heaven in thy good cauſe make thee proſperous!
Be ſwift like lightning in the execution;
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the caſque
Of thy adverſe pernicious enemy:
Rouze up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

Boling. Mine innocence, and Saint George to thrive!

Mowb.

Mowb. However heaven, or fortune, caſt my lot,
There lives, or dies, true to king Richard's throne,
A loyal, juſt, and upright gentleman.
Never did captive with a freer heart
Caſt off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontroul'd enfranchiſement,
More than my dancing ſoul doth celebrate
This feaſt of battle, with mine adverſary.—
Moſt mighty liege, and my companion peers,
Take from my mouth the wiſh of happy years:
As gentle and as jocund, as to jeſt [6],
Go I to fight: truth hath a quiet breaſt.

K. Rich. Farewell, my lord: ſecurely I eſpy
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.—
Order the trial, marſhal, and begin.

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaſter, and Derby,
Receive thy lance; and heaven defend thy right!

Boling. Strong as a tower in hope, I cry—Amen.

Mar. Go bear this lance to Thomas duke of Norfolk.

1 *Her.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaſter, and Derby,
Stands here for God, his ſovereign, and himſelf,
On pain to be found falſe and recreant,
To prove the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
A traitor to his God, his king, and him;
And dares him to ſet forward to the fight.

2 *Her.* Here ſtandeth Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,
On pain to be found falſe and recreant,
Both to defend himſelf, and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaſter, and Derby,
To God, his ſovereign, and to him, diſloyal;

[6] *As gentle and as jocund, as to* JEST,] Not ſo neither. We ſhould read, to JUST; *i. e.* to tilt or tournay, which was a kind of ſport too. WARBURTON.

The ſenſe would perhaps have been better if the author had written what his commentator ſubſtitutes; but the rhyme, to which ſenſe is too often enſlaved, obliged Shakeſpeare to write *jeſt*, and obliges us to read it. JOHNSON.

Courageouſly,

Courageouſly, and with a free deſire,
Attending but the ſignal to begin. [*A charge ſounded.*
Mar. Sound, trumpets; and ſet forward, combatants.
—Stay, the king hath thrown his warder down.
K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets, and their ſpears,
And both return back to their chairs again:—
Withdraw with us; and let the trumpets ſound,
While we return theſe dukes what we decree.—
[*A long flouriſh; after which, the king ſpeaks to the combatants.*
Draw near——
And liſt, what with our council we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth ſhould not be ſoil'd
With that dear blood which it hath foſtered;
And, for our eyes do hate the dire aſpect
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbour ſwords;
[7] And for we think, the eagle-winged pride
Of ſky-aſpiring and ambitious thoughts
With rival-hating envy ſet you on,
To wake our peace [8], which in our country's cradle
Draws

[7] *And for we think, the eagle-winged pride*, &c.] Theſe five verſes are omitted in the other editions, and reſtored from the firſt of 1598. POPE.

[8] *To wake our peace,——*
which thus rouz'd up——
Might fright fair peace,] Thus the ſentence ſtands in the common reading, abſurdly enough; which made the Oxford Editor, inſtead of *fright fair peace*, read, *be affrighted*; as if theſe latter words could ever, poſſibly, have been blundered into the former by tranſcribers. But his buſineſs is to alter as his fancy leads him, not to reform errors, as the text and rules of criticiſm direct. In a word then, the true original of the blunder was this: the editors before Mr. Pope had taken their editions from the folios, in which the text ſtood thus,

——the dire aſpect
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbour ſwords;
Which thus rouz'd up——
——fright fair peace.

Draws the ſweet infant breath of gentle ſleep;]
Which ſo rouz'd up with boiſterous untun'd drums,
And harſh-reſounding trumpets' dreadful bray,
And grating ſhock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood:—
Therefore, we baniſh you our territories.—
You, couſin Hereford, upon pain of death,
Till twice five ſummers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regreet our fair dominions,
But tread the ſtranger paths of baniſhment.

Boling. Your will be done. This muſt my comfort be——
That ſun, that warms you here, ſhall ſhine on me;

This is ſenſe. But Mr. Pope, who carefully examined the firſt printed plays in quarto (very much to the advantage of his edition) coming to this place, found five lines, in the firſt edition of this play printed in 1598, omitted in the firſt general collection of the poet's works; and, not enough attending to their agreement with the common text, put them into their place. Whereas, in truth, the five lines were omitted by Shakeſpeare himſelf, as not agreeing to the reſt of the context; which, on reviſe, he thought fit to alter. On this account I have put them into hooks, not as ſpurious, but as rejected on the author's reviſe; and, indeed, with great judgment; for,

To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the ſweet infant breath of gentle ſleep,

as pretty as it is in the image, is abſurd in the ſenſe: for peace awake is ſtill peace, as well as when aſleep. The difference is, that peace aſleep gives one the notion of a happy people ſunk in ſloth and luxury, which is not the idea the ſpeaker would raiſe, and from which ſtate the ſooner it was awaked the better.

WARBURTON.

To this note, written with ſuch an appearance of taſte and judgment, I am afraid every reader will not ſubſcribe. It is true, that *peace awake is ſtill peace, as well as when aſleep*; but peace awakened by the tumults of theſe jarring nobles, and peace indulging in profound tranquillity, convey images ſufficiently oppoſed to each other for the poet's purpoſe. *To wake peace* is *to introduce diſcord. Peace aſleep*, is peace exerting its natural influence, from which it would be frighted by the clamours of war. STEEVENS.

And

And thoſe his golden beams, to you here lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my baniſhment.
K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with ſome unwillingneſs pronounce.
The fly-ſlow hours ſhall not determinate
The dateleſs limit of thy dear exile:
The hopeleſs word, of *never to return*,
Breathe I againſt thee, upon pain of life.
Mowb. A heavy ſentence, my moſt ſovereign liege,
And all unlook'd for from your highneſs' mouth.
A dearer merit, not ſo deep a maim [9],
As to be caſt forth in the common air,
Have I deſerved at your highneſs' hands.
The language I have learn'd theſe forty years,
My native Engliſh, now I muſt forego:
And now my tongue's uſe is to me no more,
Than an unſtringed viol, or a harp;
Or, like a cunning inſtrument cas'd up,
Or, being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you have engaol'd my tongue,
Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips;
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
Is made my gaoler to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurſe,
Too far in years to be a pupil now;
What is thy ſentence then, but ſpeechleſs death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?
K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compaſſionate [1];
After our ſentence, plaining comes too late.

[9] *A dearer merit, not ſo deep a maim,*
Have I deſerved ———] To *deſerve* a *merit* is a phraſe of which I know not any example. I wiſh ſome copy would exhibit,
A dearer mede, *and not ſo deep a maim.*
To deſerve a mede or *reward*, is regular and eaſy. JOHNSON.
[1] ——— *compaſſionate*;] for *plaintive*. WARBURTON.

Mowb. Then thus I turn me from my country's light,
To dwell in ſolemn ſhades of endleſs night.

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with ye.
Lay on your royal ſword your baniſh'd hands;
Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven,
[2] (Our part therein we baniſh with yourſelves)
To keep the oath that we adminiſter.—
You never ſhall, ſo help you truth and heaven!
Embrace each other's love in baniſhment;
Nor ever look upon each other's face;
Nor ever write, regreet, or reconcile
This lowering tempeſt of your home-bred hate;
Nor ever by adviſed purpoſe meet,
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,
'Gainſt us, our ſtate, our ſubjects, or our land.

Boling. I ſwear.

Mowb. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. [3] Norfolk—ſo far, as to mine enemy—
By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our ſouls had wandered in the air,
Baniſh'd this frail ſepulchre of our fleſh,
As now our fleſh is baniſh'd from this land:
Confeſs thy treaſons, ere thou fly this realm;

[2] (*Our part*, &c.] It is a queſtion much debated amongſt the writers of the law of nations, whether a baniſh'd man may be ſtill tied in allegiance to the ſtate which ſent him into exile. Tully and lord chancellor Clarendon declare for the affirmative: Hobbs and Puffendorf hold the negative. Our author, by this line, ſeems to be of the ſame opinion. WARBURTON.

[3] *Norfolk—ſo far*, &c.] I do not clearly ſee what is the ſenſe of this abrupt line; but ſuppoſe the meaning to be this. Hereford immediately after his oath of perpetual enmity addreſſes Norfolk, and, fearing ſome miſconſtruction, turns to the king and ſays—*ſo far as to mine enemy*—that is, *I ſhould ſay nothing to him but what enemies may ſay to each other.*

Reviewing this paſſage, I rather think it ſhould be underſtood thus. *Norfolk, ſo far* I have addreſſed myſelf to thee *as to mine enemy*, I now utter my laſt words with kindneſs and tenderneſs, *Confeſs thy treaſons.* JOHNSON.

Since

Since thou haſt far to go, bear not along
The clogging burthen of a guilty ſoul.
Mowb. No, Bolingbroke; if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven baniſh'd as from hence!
But what thou art, heaven, thou and I do know;
And, all too ſoon, I fear, the king ſhall rue.—
Farewell, my liege. Now no way can I ſtray;
Save back to England, all the world's my way [4]. [*Exit.*
K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glaſſes of thine eyes
I ſee thy grieved heart: thy ſad aſpect
Hath from the number of his baniſh'd years
Pluck'd four away.—Six frozen winters ſpent, [*To Bol.*
Return with welcome home from baniſhment.
Boling. How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging winters, and four wanton ſprings,
End in a word; ſuch is the breath of kings.
Gaunt. I thank my liege, that, in regard of me,
He ſhortens four years of my ſon's exile:
But little vantage ſhall I reap thereby;
For ere the ſix years, that he hath to ſpend,
Can change their moons, and bring their times about,
My oil-dry'd lamp, and time-bewaſted light,
Shall be extinct with age, and endleſs night:
My inch of taper will be burnt and done;
And blindfold death not let me ſee my ſon.
K. Rich. Why, uncle? thou haſt many years to live.
Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou canſt give:
Shorten my days thou canſt with ſullen ſorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow [5].

[4] ——— *all the world's my way.*] Perhaps Milton had this in his mind when he wrote theſe lines,

The world was all before them, where to chuſe
Their place of reſt, and Providence their guide.

JOHNSON.

[5] *And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow.*] It is matter of very melancholy conſideration, that all human advantages confer more power of doing evil than good. JOHNSON.

Thou canſt help time to furrow me with age,
But ſtop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;
Thy word is current with him, for my death;
But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. Rich. Thy ſon is baniſh'd upon good advice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave;
Why at our juſtice ſeem'ſt thou then to lour?

Gaunt. Things, ſweet to taſte, prove in digeſtion ſour.
You urg'd me as a judge; but I had rather,
You would have bid me argue like a father.—
O, had it been a ſtranger, not my child,
To ſmooth his fault I would have been more mild:
Alas, I look'd, when ſome of you ſhould ſay,
I was too ſtrict to make mine own away:
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,
Againſt my will, to do myſelf this wrong.
A partial ſlander [6] ſought I to avoid,
And in the ſentence my own life deſtroy'd.

K. Rich. Couſin, farewell; and, uncle, bid him ſo:
Six years we baniſh him, and he ſhall go. [*Flouriſh.*

[*Exit.*

Aum. Couſin, farewell: what preſence muſt not know,
From where you do remain, let paper ſhow.

Mar. My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride
As far as land will let me by your ſide.

Gaunt. Oh, to what purpoſe doſt thou hoard thy words,
That thou return'ſt no greeting to thy friends?

Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office ſhould be prodigal,
To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.

Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy abſence for a time.

Boling. Joy abſent, grief is preſent for that time.

[6] *A partial ſlander*—] That is, the *reproach* of *partiality*. This is a juſt picture of the ſtruggle between principle and affection. JOHNSON.

Gaunt.

Gaunt. What is ſix winters? they are quickly gone.
Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.
Gaunt. Call it a travel, that thou tak'ſt for pleaſure.
Boling. My heart will ſigh, when I miſcall it ſo,
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.
Gaunt. The ſullen paſſage of thy weary ſteps
Eſteem a foil, wherein thou art to ſet
The precious jewel of thy home-return.
[[7] *Boling.* Nay, rather, every tedious ſtride I make
Will but remember me, what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.
Muſt I not ſerve a long apprentice-hood,
To foreign paſſages; and in the end
Having my freedom, boaſt of nothing elſe
But that I was a journeyman to grief[8]?
Gaunt. [9] All places that the eye of heaven viſits,
Are to a wiſe man ports and happy havens.

[7] Boling. *Nay, rather, every tedious ſtride I make*] This, and the ſix verſes which follow, I have ventured to ſupply from the old quarto. The alluſion, it is true, to an *apprenticeſhip*, and becoming a *journeyman*, is not in the ſublime taſte; nor, as Horace has expreſſed it, *ſpirat tragicum ſatis*: however, as there is no doubt of the paſſage being genuine, the lines are not ſo deſpicable as to deſerve being quite loſt. THEOBALD.

[8] ——*journeyman to grief?*] I am afraid our author in this place deſigned a very poor quibble, as *journey* ſignifies both *travel* and a *day's work*. However, he is not to be cenſured for what he himſelf rejected. JOHNSON.

The quarto, in which theſe lines are found, is ſaid in its title-page to have been corrected by the author; and the play is indeed more accurately printed than moſt of the other ſingle copies. There is now however no method of knowing by whom the alteration was made. STEEVENS.

[9] *All places that the eye of heaven viſits*, &c.] The fourteen verſes that follow are found in the firſt edition. POPE.

I am inclined to believe, that what Mr. Theobald and Mr. Pope have reſtored were expunged in the reviſion by the author: if the lines incloſed in crotchets are omitted, the ſenſe is more coherent. Nothing is more frequent among dramatic writers, than to ſhorten their dialogues for the ſtage. JOHNSON.

Teach thy neceſſity to reaſon thus:——
There is no virtue like neceſſity.
Think not, the king did baniſh thee;
But thou the king. Woe doth the heavier ſit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go ſay, I ſent thee forth to purchaſe honour,
And not, the king exil'd thee:—or ſuppoſe,
Devouring peſtilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a freſher clime.
Look, what thy ſoul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'ſt, not whence thou com'ſt.
Suppoſe the ſinging birds, muſicians;
The graſs whereon thou tread'ſt, the preſence ſtrow'd;
The flowers, fair ladies; and thy ſteps, no more
Than a delightful meaſure, or a dance:
For gnarling ſorrow hath leſs power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and ſets it light.]

Boling. [1] Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the froſty Caucaſus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feaſt?
Or wallow naked in December ſnow,
By thinking on fantaſtic ſummer's heat?
Oh, no! the apprehenſion of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worſe:
Fell ſorrow's tooth doth never rankle more
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the ſore.

Gaunt. Come, come, my ſon, I'll bring thee on thy way:
Had I thy youth, and cauſe, I would not ſtay.

[1] There is a paſſage reſembling this in *Tully's Fifth Book of Tuſculan Queſtions.* Speaking of Epicurus, he ſays—"Sed "una ſe dicit recordatione acquieſcere præteritarum volup-"tatum: ut ſi quis æſtuans, cum vim caloris non facile pa-"tiatur recordari velit, ſe aliquando in arpinati noſtro gelidis "fluminibus circumfuſum fuiſſe. Non enim video, quomodo "ſedare poſſint mala præſentia præteritæ voluptates." The *Tuſculan Queſtions of Tully* had been tranſlated early enough for Shakeſpeare to have ſeen them. STEEVENS.

Boling.

Boling. Then, England's ground, farewell; ſweet ſoil, adieu;
My mother and my nurſe, that bears me yet!
Where-e'er I wander, boaſt of this I can—
Though baniſh'd, yet a true-born Engliſhman[a].
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The court.

Enter king Richard, and Bagot, &c. at one door, and the lord Aumerle at the other.

K. Rich. We did obſerve.——Couſin Aumerle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?
Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call him ſo,
But to the next highway, and there I left him.
K. Rich. And, ſay, what ſtore of parting tears were ſhed?
Aum. 'Faith, none by me: except the north-eaſt wind,
(Which then blew bitterly againſt our faces)
Awak'd the ſleepy rheum; and ſo by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.
K. Rich. What ſaid our couſin when you parted with him?
Aum. Farewell.
And, for my heart diſdained that my tongue
Should ſo prophane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppreſſion of ſuch grief,
That words ſeem buried in my ſorrow's grave.

[a] ——*yet a true-born Engliſhman.*] Here the firſt act ought to end, that between the firſt and ſecond acts there may be time for John of Gaunt to accompany his ſon, return, and fall ſick. Then the firſt ſcene of the ſecond act begins with a natural converſation, interrupted by a meſſage from John of Gaunt, by which the king is called to viſit him, which viſit is paid in the following ſcene. As the play is now divided, more time paſſes between the two laſt ſcenes of the firſt act, than between the firſt act and the ſecond. JOHNSON.

Marry,

Marry, would the word *farewell* have lengthen'd hours,
And added years to his ſhort baniſhment,
He ſhould have had a volume of farewells;
But, ſince it would not, he had none of me.

K. Rich. He is our couſin, couſin; but 'tis doubt,
When time ſhall call him home from baniſhment,
Whether our kinſman come to ſee his friends.
Ourſelf, and Buſhy, Bagot here, and Green,
Obſerv'd his courtſhip to the common people:—
How he did ſeem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courteſy:
What reverence he did throw away on ſlaves;
Wooing poor craftſmen with the craft of ſmiles,
And patient under-bearing of his fortune,
As 'twere, to baniſh their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyſter-wench;
A brace of dray-men bid, God ſpeed him well,
And had the tribute of his ſupple knee,
With—*Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends*;—
As were our England in reverſion his,
And he our ſubjects' next degree in hope.

Green. Well, he is gone, and with him go theſe thoughts.——
Now for the rebels, which ſtand out in Ireland—
Expedient manage muſt be made, my liege;
Ere further leiſure yield them further means
For their advantage, and your highneſs' loſs.

K. Rich. We will ourſelf in perſon to this war.
And, for our coffers with too great a court,
And liberal largeſs, are grown ſomewhat light,
We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm;
The revenue whereof ſhall furniſh us
For our affairs in hand: if that come ſhort,
Our ſubſtitutes at home ſhall have blank charters;
Whereto, when they ſhall know what men are rich,
They ſhall ſubſcribe them for large ſums of gold,
And ſend them after to ſupply our wants;
For we will make for Ireland preſently.

Enter

Enter Buſhy.

K. Rich. Buſhy, what news?

Buſhy. Old John of Gaunt is grievous ſick, my lord,
Suddenly taken; and hath ſent poſt-haſte
To intreat your majeſty to viſit him.

K. Rich. Where lies he?

Buſhy. At Ely-houſe.

K. Rich. Now put it, heaven, in his phyſician's mind,
To help him to his grave immediately!
The lining of his coffers ſhall make coats
To deck our ſoldiers for theſe Iriſh wars.—
Come, gentlemen, let's all go viſit him:
Pray heaven, we may make haſte, and come too late!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

London.

A room in Ely-houſe.

Gaunt brought in, ſick; with the duke of York.

GAUNT.

WILL the king come? that I may breathe my laſt
In wholeſome counſel to his unſtay'd youth.

York. Vex not yourſelf, nor ſtrive not with your breath;
For all in vain comes counſel to his ear.

Gaunt. Oh, but, they ſay, the tongues of dying men
Inforce attention, like deep harmony:
Where words are ſcarce, they are ſeldom ſpent in vain;
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain.
He,

He, that no more muſt ſay, is liſten'd more,
Than they, whom youth and eaſe have taught to gloſe,
More are men's ends mark'd, than their lives before;
The ſetting ſun, and muſic at the cloſe,
As the laſt taſte of ſweets, is ſweeteſt laſt;
Writ in remembrance, more than things long paſt.
Though Richard my life's counſel would not hear,
My death's ſad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

York. No; it is ſtopt with other flattering charms,
As praiſes of his ſtate: then there are found
Laſcivious meeters, to whoſe venom'd ſound
The open ear of youth doth always liſten:
Report of faſhions in proud Italy [2];
Whoſe manners ſtill our tardy, apiſh nation
Limps after, in baſe imitation.
Where doth the world thruſt forth a vanity
(So it be new there's no reſpect how vile)
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
Then all too late comes counſel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard [3].
Direct not him, whoſe way himſelf will chuſe [4];
'Tis breath thou lack'ſt, and that breath wilt thou loſe.

Gaunt. Methinks, I am a prophet new-inſpir'd;
And, thus expiring, do foretell of him:—
His [5] raſh, fierce blaze of riot cannot laſt;
For violent fires ſoon burn out themſelves.
Small ſhowers laſt long, but ſudden ſtorms are ſhort;

[2] *Report of faſhions in proud Italy;*] Our author, who gives to all nations the cuſtoms of England, and to all ages the manners of his own, has charged the times of Richard with a folly not perhaps known then, but very frequent in Shakeſpeare's time, and much lamented by the wiſeſt and beſt of our anceſtors. JOHNSON.

[3] *Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.*] Where the will rebels againſt the notices of the underſtanding. JOHNSON.

[4] ——— *whoſe way himſelf will chuſe;*] Do not attempt to *guide him who*, whatever thou ſhalt ſay, *will take his own courſe.* JOHNSON.

[5] *—raſh—*] That is, *haſty, violent.* JOHNSON.

He

He tires betimes that ſpurs too faſt betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choak the feeder.
Light vanity, inſatiate cormorant,
Conſuming means, ſoon preys upon itſelf.
This royal throne of kings, this ſcepter'd iſle,
This earth of majeſty, this ſeat of Mars,
This other Eden, demy Paradiſe;
This fortreſs, built by nature for herſelf,
Againſt infection [6], and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious ſtone ſet in the ſilver-ſea,
Which ſerves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defenſive to a houſe,
Againſt the envy of leſs happier lands [7];
This bleſſed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurſe, this teeming womb of royal kings,
[8] Fear'd for their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds, as far from home
For Chriſtian ſervice, and true chivalry,
As is the ſepulchre in ſtubborn Jury

[6] *Againſt infection*——] I once ſuſpected that for *infection* we might read *invaſion*; but the copies all agree, and I ſuppoſe Shakeſpeare meant to ſay, that iſlanders are ſecured by their ſituation both from *war* and *peſtilence*. JOHNSON.

[7] —— *leſs happier lands*;] So read all the editions, except Hanmer's, which has *leſs happy*. I believe Shakeſpeare, from the habit of ſaying *more happier* according to the cuſtom of his time, inadvertently writ *leſs happier*. JOHNSON.

[8] *Fear'd for their breed, and famous by their birth,*] The firſt edition in 4to, 1598, reads,

Fear'd by *their breed, and famous* for *their birth.*

The ſecond 4to, in 1615,

Fear'd by *their breed, and famous* by *their birth.*

The firſt folio, though printed from the ſecond quarto, reads as the firſt. The particles in this author ſeem often to have been printed by chance. Perhaps the paſſage, which appears a little diſordered, may be regulated thus:

—————— *royal kings,*
Fear'd for their breed, and famous for their birth,
For Chriſtian ſervice, and true chivalry;
Renowned for their deeds as far from home
As is the ſepulchre. JOHNSON.

Of

Of the world's ranſom, bleſſed Mary's ſon;
This land of ſuch dear ſouls, this dear dear land,
Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leas'd out (I die, pronouncing it)
Like to a tenement, or pelting farm.
England, bound in with the triumphant ſea,
Whoſe rocky ſhore beats back the envious ſiege
Of watry Neptune, is now bound in with ſhame,
With inky blots, and rotten parchment-bonds:
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a ſhameful conqueſt of itſelf.
Ah! would the ſcandal vaniſh with my life,
How happy then were my enſuing death!

Enter king Richard, queen, Aumerle, Buſhy, Green, Bagot, Roſs, and Willoughby.

York. The king is come: deal mildly with his youth;
For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.

Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaſter?

King. Rich. What comfort, man? How is't with aged Gaunt?

Gaunt. Oh, how that name befits my compoſition!
Old Gaunt, indeed; and gaunt in being old:
Within me grief hath kept a tedious faſt;
And who abſtains from meat, that is not gaunt?
For ſleeping England long time have I watch'd;
Watching breeds leanneſs, leanneſs is all gaunt:
The pleaſure, that ſome fathers feed upon,
Is my ſtrict faſt; I mean, my childrens looks;
And, therein faſting, thou haſt made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whoſe hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

K. Rich. Can ſick men play ſo nicely with their names?

Gaunt. No, miſery makes ſport to mock itſelf:
Since thou doſt ſeek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

K. Rich. Should dying men flatter with thoſe that live?

Gaunt. Oh, no; men living flatter thoſe that die.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Thou, now a dying, ſay'ſt, thou flatter'ſt me.

Gaunt. Oh! no, thou dy'ſt, though I the ſicker be.

K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, I ſee thee ill.

Gaunt. Now, he that made me knows, I ſee thee ill;
Ill in myſelf, and in thee, ſeeing ill.
Thy death-bed is no leſſer than thy land,
Wherein thou lieſt in reputation ſick;
And thou, too careleſs patient as thou art,
Giv'ſt thy anointed body to the cure
Of thoſe phyſicians that firſt wounded thee.
A thouſand flatterers ſit within thy crown,
Whoſe compaſs is no bigger than thy head;
And yet, incaged in ſo ſmall a verge,
Thy waſte is no whit leſſer than thy land.
Oh, had thy grandſire, with a prophet's eye,
Seen how his ſon's ſon ſhould deſtroy his ſons,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy ſhame;
Depoſing thee before thou wert poſſeſs'd,
Who art poſſeſs'd now, to depoſe thyſelf.
Why, couſin, wert thou regent of the world,
It were a ſhame to let this land by leaſe:
But, for thy world, enjoying but this land,
Is it not more than ſhame, to ſhame it ſo?
Landlord of England art thou now, not king:
[1] Thy ſtate of law is bond-ſlave to the law;
And——

K. Rich.

[1] *Thy ſtate of law is bond-ſlave to the law;*] *State of law*, i. e. *legal ſov'reignty*. But the Oxford editor alters it to *ſtate o'er law*, i. e. *abſolute ſov'reignty*. A doctrine, which, if our poet ever learnt at all, he learnt not in the reign when this play was written, queen Elizabeth's, but in the reign after it, king James's. By *bond-ſlave to the law*, the poet means his being inſlaved to his *favorite* ſubjects. WARBURTON.

This ſentiment, whatever it be, is obſcurely expreſſed. I underſtand it differently from the learned commentator, being perhaps not quite ſo zealous for Shakeſpeare's political reputation. The reaſoning of Gaunt, I think, is this: *By ſetting thy royalties* to farm *thou haſt reduced thyſelf to a ſtate below ſovereignty,*

K. Rich. —— Thou, a lunatic lean-witted fool,
Preſuming on an ague's privilege,
Dar'ſt with a frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek; chaſing the royal blood
With fury from his native reſidence.
Now by my ſeat's right-royal majeſty,
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's ſon,
This tongue, that runs ſo roundly in thy head,
Should run thy head from thy unreverend ſhoulders.

Gaunt. Oh, ſpare me not, my brother Edward's ſon,
For that I was his father Edward's ſon.
That blood already, like the pelican,
Haſt thou tap'd out, and drunkenly carows'd.
My brother Gloſter, plain well-meaning ſoul
(Whom fair befal in heaven 'mongſt happy ſouls!)
May be a precedent and witneſs good,
That thou reſpect'ſt not ſpilling Edward's blood.
Join with the preſent ſickneſs that I have;
[1] And thy unkindneſs be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.

Live

vereignty, thou art now no longer king but landlord of England, *ſubject to the ſame reſtraint and limitations as other landlords; by making thy condition* a ſtate of law, *a condition upon which the common rules of law can operate,* thou art become a bond-ſlave to the law; *thou haſt made thyſelf amenable to laws from which thou wert originally exempt.*

Whether this interpretation be true or no, it is plain that Dr. Warburton's explanation of *bond-ſlave to the law,* is not true. JOHNSON.

[1] *And thy unkindneſs be like crooked age,*
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.] Thus ſtand theſe lines in all the copies, but I think there is an error. Why ſhould Gaunt, already *old,* call on any thing *like age* to end him? How can age be ſaid to *crop at once?* How is the idea of *crookedneſs* connected with that of *cropping?* I ſuppoſe the poet dictated thus:

And thy unkindneſs be time's *crooked* edge
To crop at once——

That is, *let thy unkindneſs* be time's ſcythe *to crop.*

Edge was eaſily confounded by the ear with *age,* and one miſtake once admitted made way for another. JOHNSON.

Live in thy ſhame, but die not ſhame with thee!
Theſe words hereafter thy tormentors be!—
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:—
[a] Love they to live, that love and honour have.
[*Exit, borne out.*

K. Rich. And let them die, that age and ſullens have;
For both haſt thou, and both become the grave.

York. I do beſeech your majeſty, impute
His words to wayward ſicklineſs and age:
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry duke of Hereford, were he here.

K. Rich. Right, you ſay true: as Hereford's love, ſo his;
As theirs, ſo mine; and all be, as it is.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your majeſty.

K. Rich. What ſays he?

North. Nay, nothing; all is ſaid.
His tongue is now a ſtringleſs inſtrument,
Words, life, and all, old Lancaſter hath ſpent.

York. Be York the next, that muſt be bankrupt ſo!
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

K. Rich. The ripeſt fruit firſt falls, and ſo doth he;
His time is ſpent, our pilgrimage muſt be:
So much for that.—Now for our Iriſh wars:
We muſt ſupplant thoſe rough rug-headed kerns,
Which live like venom, where no venom elſe [b],
But only they, hath privilege to live.
And, for theſe great affairs do aſk ſome charge,
Towards our aſſiſtance, we do ſeize to us,

Shakeſpeare, I believe, took this idea from the figure of Time, who is armed with a ſcythe, which (from its form) was anciently called a *crook*. *Crooked* may mean armed with a *crook*. STEEV.

[a] *Love they*——] That is, *let them love*. JOHNSON.

[b] ——*where no venom elſe*,] This alludes to the tradition that St. Patrick freed the kingdom of Ireland from venomous reptiles of every kind. STEEVENS.

revenues, and moveables,
Gaunt did ſtand poſſeſs'd.
ong ſhall I be patient? Oh, how long
make me ſuffer wrong?
ſia, not Hereford's baniſhment,
dukes, nor England's private wrongs,
prevention of poor Bolingbroke,
's marriage, nor my own diſgrace,
ver made me ſour my patient cheek,
d one wrinkle on my ſovereign's face.—
the laſt of noble Edward's ſons,
whom thy father, prince of Wales, was firſt;
war, was never lion rag'd more fierce,
peace, was never gentle lamb more mild,
than was that young and princely gentleman:
his face thou haſt, for even ſo look'd he,
Accompliſh'd with the number of thy hours;
But when he frown'd, it was againſt the French,
And not againſt his friends: his noble hand
Did win what he did ſpend, and ſpent not that
Which his triumphant father's hand had won.
His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
Oh, Richard! York is too far gone with grief,
Or elſe he never would compare between.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter?

York. O my liege,
Pardon me, if you pleaſe; if not, I, pleas'd
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
Seek you to ſeize, and gripe into your hands,
The royalties and rights of baniſh'd Hereford?
Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Hereford live?
Was not Gaunt juſt, and is not Harry true?

[4] *Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke,*
About his marriage, &c.] When the duke of Hereford, after his baniſhment, went into France, he was honourably entertained at that court, and would have obtained in marriage the only daughter of the duke of Berry, uncle to the French king, had not Richard prevented the match. STEEVENS.

Did

Did not the one deſerve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deſerving ſon?
Take Hereford's right away, and take from time
His charters, and his cuſtomary rights;
Let not to-morrow then enſue to-day;
Be not thyſelf; for how art thou a king,
But by fair ſequence and ſucceſſion?
Now, afore God (God forbid I ſay true!)
If you do wrongfully ſeize Hereford's rights,
Call in his letters patents that he hath
By his attornies-general to ſue
His livery, and [5] deny his offer'd homage,
You pluck a thouſand dangers on your head;
You loſe a thouſand well-diſpoſed hearts;
And prick my tender patience to thoſe thoughts,
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K. Rich. Think what you will; we ſeize into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

York. I'll not be by the while: my liege, farewell:
What will enſue hereof, there's none can tell;
But by bad courſes may be underſtood,
That their events can never fall out good. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. Go, Buſhy, to the earl of Wiltſhire ſtraight,
Bid him repair to us to Ely-houſe,
To ſee this buſineſs. To-morrow next
We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow;
And we create, in abſence of ourſelf,
Our uncle York lord-governor of England,
For he is juſt, and always lov'd us well.—
Come on, our queen: to-morrow muſt we part;
Be merry, for our time of ſtay is ſhort. [*Flouriſh.*
[*Exeunt king, queen,* &c.

North. Well, lords, the duke of Lancaſter is dead.

Roſs. And living too; for now his ſon is duke.

[5] ——— *deny his offer'd homage,*] That is, *refuſe* to admit the *homage,* by which he is to hold his lands. JOHNSON.

Willo. Barely in title, not in revenue.
North. Richly in both, if juſtice had her right.
Roſs. My heart is great; but it muſt break with ſilence,
Ere't be diſburden'd with a liberal tongue.
North. Nay, ſpeak thy mind; and let him ne'er ſpeak more,
That ſpeaks thy words again to do thee harm!
Willo. Tends, what thou'dſt ſpeak, to the duke of Hereford?
If it be ſo, out with it boldly, man:
Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.
Roſs. No good at all that I can do for him;
Unleſs you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.
North. Now, afore heaven, 'tis ſhame, ſuch wrongs are borne
In him a royal prince, and many more
Of noble blood in this declining land.
The king is not himſelf, but baſely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform,
Merely in hate, 'gainſt any of us all,
That will the king ſeverely proſecute
'Gainſt us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.
Roſs. The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,
And loſt their hearts: the nobles he hath fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite loſt their hearts.
Willo. And daily new exactions are deviſ'd;
As, blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what:
But what, o' God's name, doth become of this?
North. War hath not waſted it, for warr'd he hath not,
But baſely yielded upon compromiſe
That which his anceſtors atchiev'd with blows;
More hath he ſpent in peace, than they in wars.
Roſs. The earl of Wiltſhire hath the realm in farm.
Willo. The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.

North.

North. Reproach and diſſolution hangeth over him.
Roſs. He hath not money for theſe Iriſh wars,
His burthenous taxations notwithſtanding,
But by the robbing of the baniſh'd duke.
North. His noble kinſman. Moſt degenerate king!
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempeſt ſing,
Yet ſeek no ſhelter to avoid the ſtorm:
We ſee the wind ſit ſore upon our ſails,
[6] And yet we ſtrike not, but ſecurely periſh.
Roſs. We ſee the very wreck that we muſt ſuffer;
And unavoided is the danger now,
For ſuffering ſo the cauſes of our wreck.
North. Not ſo; even through the hollow eyes of death
I ſpy life peering: but I dare not ſay,
How near the tidings of our comfort is.
Willo. Nay, let us ſhare thy thoughts, as thou doſt ours.
Roſs. Be confident to ſpeak, Northumberland:
We three are but thyſelf; and, ſpeaking ſo,
Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore be bold.
North. Then thus: I have from Port le Blanc, a bay
In Britainy, receiv'd intelligence,
That Harry Hereford, Reginald lord Cobham,
That late broke from the duke of Exeter [7],
His brother, archbiſhop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Ramſton,
Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton, and Francis Cuoint,
All theſe well furniſh'd by the duke of Bretagne,
With eight tall ſhips, three thouſand men of war,

[6] *And yet we* ſtrike *not*, &c.] To *ſtrike* the *ſails*, is, to *contract* them when there is too much wind. JOHNSON.

[7] — *duke of Exeter*,] I ſuſpect that ſome of theſe lines are tranſpoſed, as well as that the poet has made a blunder in his enumeration of perſons. No copy that I have ſeen, will authorize me to make an alteration, though, according to Holinſhead, whom Shakeſpeare followed in great meaſure, more than one is neceſſary. STEEVENS.

Are making hither with all due expedience,
And ſhortly mean to touch our northern ſhore:
Perhaps, they had ere this; but that they ſtay
The firſt departing of the king for Ireland.
If then we ſhall ſhake off our ſlaviſh yoke,
Imp out [8] our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from broking pawn the blemiſh'd crown,
Wipe off the duſt that hides our ſcepter's gilt,
And make high majeſty look like itſelf,
Away with me in poſt to Ravenſpurg:
But if you faint, as fearing to do ſo,
Stay, and be ſecret, and myſelf will go.

Roſs. To horſe, to horſe! urge doubts to them that fear.

Willo. Hold out my horſe, and I will firſt be there.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The court.

Enter queen, Buſhy, and Bagot.

Buſhy. Madam, your majeſty is much too ſad:
You promis'd, when you parted with the king,
To lay aſide life-harming heavineſs,
And entertain a chearful diſpoſition.

Queen. To pleaſe the king, I did; to pleaſe myſelf,
I cannot do it; yet I know no cauſe
Why I ſhould welcome ſuch a gueſt as grief,
Save bidding farewell to ſo ſweet a gueſt
As my ſweet Richard: yet again, methinks,

[8] *Imp out*———] As this expreſſion frequently occurs in our author, it may not be amiſs to explain the original meaning of it. When the wing-feathers of a hawk were dropped, or forced out by any accident, it was uſual to ſupply as many as were deficient. This operation was called, *to imp a hawk*.

So in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607.

"His plumes only *imp* the muſe's wings."

STEEVENS.

Some

Some unborn ſorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming toward me; and my inward ſoul
[9] With nothing trembles, at ſomething it grieves,
More than with parting from my lord the king.

Buſhy. Each ſubſtance of a grief hath twenty ſhadows,
Which ſhew like grief itſelf, but are not ſo:
For ſorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;
[1] Like perſpectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon,
Shew nothing but confuſion; ey'd awry,
Diſtinguiſh form:—ſo your ſweet majeſty,
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Finds ſhapes of grief, more than himſelf, to wail;
Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but ſhadows
Of what it is not; then, thrice gracious queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not; more's not ſeen:

[9] *With* nothing *trembles, yet at* ſomething *grieves,*] The following line requires that this ſhould be read juſt the contrary way,

With ſomething *trembles, yet at* nothing *grieves.*

WARBURTON.

All the old editions read,

———*my inward ſoul*
With nothing trembles; at ſomething it grieves.

The reading, which Dr. Warburton corrects, is itſelf an innovation. His conjectures give indeed a better ſenſe than that of any copy, but copies muſt not be needleſly forſaken.

JOHNSON.

[1] *Like perſpectives, which,* rightly *gaz'd upon,*
Shew nothing but confuſion; ey'd awry,
Diſtinguiſh form:———] This is a fine ſimilitude, and the thing meant is this; amongſt *mathematical* recreations, there is one in *optics*, in which a figure is drawn, wherein all the rules of *perſpective* are *inverted:* ſo that, if held in the ſame poſition with thoſe pictures which are drawn according to the rules of *perſpective*, it can preſent nothing but confuſion: and to be ſeen in form, and under a regular appearance, it muſt be looked upon from a contrary ſtation; or, as Shakeſpeare ſays, *ey'd awry.*

WARBURTON.

Or if it be, 'tis with falſe ſorrow's eye,
Which, for things true, weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be ſo; but yet my inward ſoul
Perſuades me it is otherwiſe. Howe'er it be,
I cannot but be ſad; ſo heavy-ſad,
[2] As, though, in thinking, on no thought I think,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and ſhrink.

Buſhy. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.

Queen. 'Tis nothing leſs: conceit is ſtill deriv'd
From ſome fore-father grief; mine is not ſo;
[3] For nothing hath begot my ſomething grief;
Or ſomething hath, the nothing that I grieve;
[4] 'Tis in reverſion that I do poſſeſs;

But

[2] *As, though, on thinking, on no thought I think,*] We ſhould read, *as though* in *thinking*; that is, *though muſing I have no diſtinct idea of calamity.* The involuntary and unaccountable depreſſion of the mind, which every one has ſometime felt, is here very forcibly deſcribed. JOHNSON.

[3] *For nothing hath begot my ſomething grief;*
Or ſomething hath, the nothing that I grieve:] With theſe lines I know not well what can be done. The queen's reaſoning, as it now ſtands, is this: my *trouble* is not *conceit*, for *conceit is ſtill derived from* ſome antecedent cauſe, *ſome fore-father grief*; but with me the caſe is, that *either my real grief hath no real cauſe, or ſome real cauſe has produced a fancied grief.* That is, *my grief is not conceit, becauſe it either has not a cauſe like conceit, or it has a cauſe like conceit.* This can hardly ſtand. Let us try again, and read thus:

For nothing hath begot my ſomething grief;
Not *ſomething hath the nothing which I grieve:*

That is; *my grief is not conceit*; *conceit is an imaginary uneaſineſs from ſome paſt occurrence.* But, on the contrary, here is *real grief without a real cauſe*; not *a real cauſe with a fanciful ſorrow.* This, I think, muſt be the meaning; harſh at the beſt, yet better than contradiction or abſurdity. JOHNSON.

[4] *'Tis in reverſion that I do poſſeſs;*
But what it is, that is not yet known, &c.] I am about to propoſe an interpretation which many will think harſh, and which I do not offer for certain. To *poſſeſs a man*, is, in Shakeſpeare, to *inform him fully, to make him comprehend.* To *be poſſeſſed*, is, *to be fully informed.* Of this ſenſe the examples are numerous:

But what it is, that is not yet known; what
I cannot name, 'tis nameleſs woe, I wot.

Enter Green.

Green. Heaven ſave your majeſty! and well met, gentlemen:—
I hope, the king is not yet ſhip'd for Ireland.

Queen. Why hop'ſt thou ſo; 'tis better hope, he is;
For his deſigns crave haſte, his haſte good hope:
Then wherefore doſt thou hope he is not ſhip'd?

Green. That he, our hope, [5] might have retir'd his power,
And driven into deſpair an enemy's hope,
Who ſtrongly hath ſet footing in this land.
The baniſh'd Bolingbroke repeals himſelf,
And with uplifted arms is ſafe arriv'd
At Ravenſpurg.

Queen. Now God in heaven forbid!

Green. O, madam, 'tis too true: and what is worſe,
The lord Northumberland, his young ſon Henry,
The lords of Roſs, Beaumond, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

Buſby. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland,
And all of that revolted faction, traitors?

Green. We have: whereon the earl of Worceſter
Hath broke his ſtaff, reſign'd his ſtewardſhip,
And all the houſhold ſervants fled with him
To Bolingbroke.

I have poſſeſt *him my moſt ſtay can be but ſhort.* Meaſ. for Meaſ.
He is poſſeſt *what ſum you will.* Merch. of Venice.
I therefore imagine the queen ſays thus:
'Tis in reverſion—that I do poſſeſs.——
The event is yet in futurity——that I know with full conviction—*but what it is, that is not yet known.* In any other interpretation ſhe muſt ſay that *ſhe poſſeſſes* what is not yet come, which, though it may be allowed to be poetical and figurative language, is yet, I think, leſs natural than my explanation.
JOHNSON.

[5] —— *might have retir'd his power,*] Might have *drawn it back.* A French ſenſe. JOHNSON.

Queen.

Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife of my woe,
And Bolingbroke [6] my ſorrow's diſmal heir.
Now hath my ſoul brought forth her prodigy;
And I, a gaſping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, ſorrow to ſorrow, join'd.

Buſhy. Deſpair not, madam.

Queen. Who ſhall hinder me?
I will deſpair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope; he is a flatterer,
A paraſite, a keeper-back of death;
Who gently would diſſolve the bands of life,
Which falſe hope lingers in extremity.

Enter York.

Green. Here comes the duke of York.

Queen. With ſigns of war about his aged neck;
Oh, full of careful buſineſs are his looks!
Uncle, for heaven's ſake, ſpeak comfortable words.

York. Should I do ſo, I ſhould bely my thoughts [7];
Comfort's in heaven, and we are on the earth,
Where nothing lives, but croſſes, care, and grief.
Your huſband he is gone to ſave far off,
Whilſt others come to make him loſe at home.
Here am I left to underprop this land;
Who, weak with age, cannot ſupport myſelf.
Now comes the ſick hour, that his ſurfeit made;
Now ſhall he try his friends, that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My lord, your ſon was gone before I came.

York. He was—why, ſo!—go all, which way it will!—

[6] — *my ſorrow's diſmal heir.*] The author ſeems to have uſed *heir* in an improper ſenſe, an *heir* being one that *inherits by ſucceſſion*, is here put for one that *ſucceeds*, though he ſucceeds but in order of time, not in order of deſcent. JOHNSON.

[7] *So ſhould I do, I ſhould bely my thoughts*;] This line is found in three of the quarto's, but is wanting in the folio. STEEVENS.

The

The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's ſide.—
Sirrah,
Get thee to Plaſhy [8], to my ſiſter Gloſter;
Bid her ſend me preſently a thouſand pound:—
Hold, take my ring.

Ser. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordſhip:
To-day I came by, and call'd there;—but I
Shall grieve you to report the reſt.

York. What is it, knave?

Ser. An hour before I came, the dutcheſs dy'd.

York. Heaven for his mercy! what a tide of woes
Comes ruſhing on this woeful land at once!
I know not what to do.—I would to heaven,
So my [9] untruth had not provok'd him to it,
The king had cut off my head with my brother's.—
What, are there poſts diſpatch'd for Ireland?—
How ſhall we do for money for theſe wars?—
Come, ſiſter; couſin, I would ſay [1]; pray, pardon me.—
Go, fellow, get thee home, provide ſome carts,
[*To the ſervant.*
And bring away the armour that is there.—
Gentlemen, will you go, and muſter men? If I know
How or which way to order theſe affairs,
Thus diſorderly thruſt into my hands,
Never believe me. Both are my kinſmen;—
The one's my ſovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend; the other again
Is my kinſman, whom the king hath wrong'd;

[8] *Get thee to Plaſhy*,—] The lordſhip of Plaſhy was a town of the dutcheſs of Gloſter's in Eſſex. See *Hall's Chronicle*, p. 13. THEOBALD.

[9] — *untruth*—] That is, *diſloyalty, treachery.* JOHNSON.

[1] *Come, ſiſter; couſin, I would ſay*;—] This is one of Shakeſpeare's touches of nature. York is talking to the queen his couſin, but the recent death of his ſiſter is uppermoſt in his mind. STEEVENS.

Whom

Whom conſcience and my kindred bids to right.
Well, ſomewhat we muſt do.—Come, couſin, I'll
Diſpoſe of you.—Go, muſter up your men,
And meet me preſently at Berkley-caſtle—
I ſhould to Plaſhy too;——
But time will not permit:—all is uneven,
And every thing is left at ſix and ſeven.
[*Exeunt York and queen.*

Buſhy. The wind ſits fair for news to go to Ireland,
But none returns. For us to levy power,
Proportionable to the enemy,
Is all impoſſible.

Green. Beſides, our nearneſs to the king in love
Is near the hate of thoſe love not the king.

Bagot. And that's the wavering commons: for their love
Lies in their purſes; and whoſo empties them,
By ſo much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Buſhy. Wherein the king ſtands generally condemn'd.

Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then ſo do we,
Becauſe we have been ever near the king.

Green. Well, I'll for refuge ſtraight to Briſtol-caſtle;
The earl of Wiltſhire is already there.

Buſhy. Thither will I with you: for little office
The hateful commons will perform for us;
Except, like curs, to tear us all in pieces.
Will you go along with us?

Bagot. No; I'll to Ireland to his majeſty.
Farewell. If heart's preſages be not vain,
We three here part, that ne'er ſhall meet again.

Buſhy. That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.

Green. Alas, poor duke! the taſk he undertakes
Is numb'ring ſands, and drinking oceans dry;
Where one on his ſide fights, thouſands will fly.

Buſhy. Farewell at once; for once, for all, and ever.

Green. Well, we may meet again.

Bagot. I fear me, never. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

The wilds in Gloceſterſhire.

Enter Bolingbroke and Northumberland.

Boling. How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now?
North. Believe me, noble lord,
I am a ſtranger here in Gloſterſhire.
Theſe high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,
Draw out our miles, and make them wearifome:
And yet your fair diſcourſe has been as ſugar,
Making the hard way ſweet and delectable.
But, I bethink me, what a weary way,
From Ravenſpurg to Cotſhold, will be found
In Roſs and Willoughby, wanting your company;
Which, I proteſt, hath very much beguil'd
The tedioufneſs and proceſs of my travel:
But theirs is ſweeten'd with the hope to have
The preſent benefit that I poſſeſs:
And hope to joy, is little leſs in joy,
Than hope enjoy'd. By this, the weary lords
Shall make their way ſeem ſhort, as mine hath done
By ſight of what I have, your noble company.
Boling. Of much leſs value is my company
Than your good words. But who comes here?

Enter Harry Percy.

North. It is my ſon, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my brother Worceſter, whenceſoever.
—Harry, how fares your uncle?
Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd his health of you.
North. Why, is he not with the queen?
Percy. No, my good lord; he hath forſook the court,
Broken his ſtaff of office, and diſpers'd
The houſhold of the king.
North. What was his reaſon?
He was not ſo reſolv'd, when laſt we ſpake together.

Percy.

Percy. Becauſe your lordſhip was proclaimed traitor.
But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenſpurg,
To offer ſervice to the duke of Hereford;
And ſent me o'er by Berkley, to diſcover
What power the duke of York had levy'd there;
Then with directions to repair to Ravenſpurg.

North. Have you forgot the duke of Hereford, boy?

Percy. No, my good lord; for that is not forgot,
Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now; this is the duke.

Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my ſervice,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young;
Which elder days ſhall ripen, and confirm
To more approved ſervice and deſert.

Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy: and be ſure,
I count myſelf in nothing elſe ſo happy,
As in a ſoul remembring my good friends;
And as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It ſhall be ſtill thy true love's recompence:
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus ſeals it.

North. How far is it to Berkley? And what ſtir
Keeps good old York there, with his men of war?

Percy. There ſtands a caſtle by yon tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard:
And in it are the lords of York, Berkley, and Seymour;
None elſe of name and noble eſtimate.

Enter Roſs and Willoughby.

North. Here come the lords of Roſs and Willoughby,
Bloody with ſpurring, fiery-red with haſte.

Boling. Welcome, my lords: I wot, your love purſues
A baniſh'd traitor; all my treaſury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labour's recompence.

Roſs.

Roſs. Your preſence makes us rich, moſt noble lord.
Willo. And far ſurmounts our labour to attain it.
Boling. Evermore, thanks, the exchequer of the poor,
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?—

Enter Berkley.

North. It is my lord of Berkley, as I gueſs.
Berk. My lord of Hereford, my meſſage is to you.
Boling. My lord, my anſwer is to Lancaſter;
And I am come to ſeek that name in England:
And I muſt find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you ſay.
Berk. Miſtake me not, my lord; 'tis not my meaning
To raze one title of your honour out:—
To you, my lord, I come (what lord you will)
From the moſt glorious of this land,
The duke of York; to know, what pricks you on
To take advantage of the abſent time [2],
And fright our native peace with ſelf-born arms.

Enter York, attended.

Boling. I ſhall not need tranſport my words by you.
Here comes his grace in perſon. My noble uncle!
[*Kneels.*
York. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whoſe duty is deceivable and falſe.
Boling. My gracious uncle!
York. Tut, tut!
Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle:——
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word grace,
In an ungracious mouth, is but prophane.

[2] — *the* abſent *time,*] For *unprepared.* Not an inelegant ſynecdoche. WARBURTON.
He means nothing more than, *time of the king's abſence.* JOHNSON.

Why

Why have thoſe baniſh'd and forbidden legs
Dar'd once to touch a duſt of England's ground?
But more than why; why, have they dar'd to march
So many miles upon her peaceful boſom,
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,
[3] And oſtentation of deſpiſed arms?
Com'ſt thou becauſe the anointed king is hence?
Why, fooliſh boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyal boſom lies his power.
Were I but now the lord of ſuch hot youth,
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myſelf
Reſcu'd the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
From forth the ranks of many thouſand French;
Oh! then, how quickly ſhould this arm of mine,
Now priſoner to the palſy, chaſtize thee,
And miniſter correction to thy fault.

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault;
[4] On what condition ſtands it, and wherein?

York. Even in condition of the worſt degree,
In groſs rebellion, and deteſted treaſon.
Thou art a baniſh'd man, and here art come,
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms againſt thy ſovereign.

Boling. As I was baniſh'd, I was baniſh'd Hereford;
But as I come, I come for Lancaſter.

[3] *And oſtentation of* DESPISED *arms?*] But ſure the oſtentation of deſpiſed arms would not *fright* any one. We ſhould read,

—— DISPOSED *arms, i. e.* forces in battle array.
WARBURTON.

This alteration is harſh. Sir T. HANMER reads *deſpightful.* Mr. UPTON gives this paſſage as a proof that our author uſes the paſſive participle in an active ſenſe. The copies all agree. Perhaps the old duke means to treat him with contempt as well as with ſeverity, and to inſinuate that he deſpiſes his power, as being able to maſter it. In this ſenſe all is right. JOHNSON.

So in this play,

We'll make foul weather with deſpiſed *tears.* STEEVENS.

[4] *On what condition*—] It ſhould be, *in what condition*, i. e. *in what degree of guilt.* The particles in the old editions are of little credit. JOHNSON.

And,

And, noble uncle, I beſeech your grace,
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye.
You are my father, for, methinks, in you
I ſee old Gaunt alive: O then, my father!
Will you permit, that I ſhall ſtand condemn'd
A wand'ring vagabond; my rights and royalties
Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away
To upſtart unthrifts? [5] Wherefore was I born?
If that my couſin king be king of England,
It muſt be granted I am duke of Lancaſter.
You have a ſon, Aumerle, my noble kinſman;
Had you firſt dy'd, and he been thus trod down,
He ſhould have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To rouſe his wrongs, and chaſe them to the bay.
I am deny'd to ſue my livery here,
And yet my letters patents give me leave:
My father's goods are all diſtrain'd, and ſold,
And theſe, and all, are all amiſs employ'd.
What would you have me do? I am a ſubject,
And challenge law: attornies are deny'd me;
And therefore perſonally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free deſcent.

North. The noble duke hath been too much abus'd.

Roſs. It ſtands your grace upon, to do him right.

Willo. Baſe men by his endowments are made great.

York. My lords of England, let me tell you this—
I have had feeling of my couſin's wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right.
But, in this kind to come, in braving arms,
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrongs, it may not be;
And you, that do abet him in this kind,
Cheriſh rebellion, and are rebels all.

North. The noble duke hath ſworn, his coming is
But for his own: and, for the right of that,

[5] ——— *Wherefore was I born?*] To what purpoſe ſerves birth and lineal ſucceſſion? I am duke of Lancaſter by the ſame right of birth as the king is king of England. JOHNSON.

We all have ſtrongly ſworn to give him aid;
And let him ne'er ſee joy that breaks that oath.
York. Well, well, I ſee the iſſue of theſe arms;
I cannot mend it, I muſt needs confeſs,
Becauſe my power is weak, and all ill left:
But if I could, by him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you ſtoop
Unto the ſovereign mercy of the king:
But ſince I cannot, be it known to you,
I do remain as neuter. So fare you well—
Unleſs you pleaſe to enter in the caſtle,
And there repoſe you for this night.
Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept.
But we muſt win your grace to go with us
To Briſtol-caſtle; which, they ſay, is held
By Buſhy, Bagot, and their complices,
The caterpillars of the common-wealth,
Which I have ſworn to weed, and pluck away.
York. It may be, I will go with you. But yet I
pauſe,
For I am loath to break our country's laws.
Nor friends nor foes, to me welcome you are:
Things paſt redreſs are now with me paſt care.
[*Exeu*

[6] SCENE IV.

In Wales.

Enter Saliſbury and a captain.

Cap. My lord of Saliſbury, we have ſtaid ten day
And hardly kept our countrymen together,
An

[6] Here is a ſcene ſo unartfully and irregularly thruſt into
improper place, that I cannot but ſuſpect it accidentally tra
poſed; which, when the ſcenes were written on ſingle pag
might eaſily happen in the wildneſs of Shakeſpeare's dra
This dialogue was, in the author's draught, probably the ſeco
ſcene in the enſuing act, and there I would adviſe the reader
inſert it, though I have not ventured on ſo bold a change.
conjec

And yet we hear no tidings from the king;
Therefore we will diſperſe ourſelves. Farewell.

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou truſty Welſhman:
The king repoſeth all his confidence in thee.

Cap. 'Tis thought the king is dead; we will not ſtay.

[1] The bay-trees in our country all are wither'd,
And meteors fright the fixed ſtars of heaven;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,
And lean-look'd prophets whiſper fearful change.
Rich men look ſad, and ruffians dance and leap—
The one, in fear to loſe what they enjoy;
The other, to enjoy by rage and war.
Theſe ſigns forerun the death or fall of kings—
Farewell; our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well aſſur'd, Richard their king is dead. [*Exit.*

Sal. Alas, Richard! with eyes of heavy mind
I ſee thy glory, like a ſhooting ſtar,
Fall to the baſe earth from the firmament.
Thy ſun ſets weeping in the lowly weſt,
Witneſſing ſtorms to come, woe, and unreſt.
Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes;
And croſsly to thy good all fortune goes. [*Exeunt.*

conjecture is not ſo preſumptuous as may be thought. The play was not, in Shakeſpeare's time, broken into acts; the two editions publiſhed before his death exhibit only a ſequence of ſcenes from the beginning to the end, without any hint of a pauſe of action. In a drama ſo deſultory and erratic, left in ſuch a ſtate, tranſpoſitions might eaſily be made. JOHNSON.

[1] *The bay-trees*, &c.] This enumeration of prodigies is in the higheſt degree poetical and ſtriking. JOHNSON.

Some of theſe prodigies are found in T. Haywarde's *Life and Reigne of Henry IV.* 1599. "This yeare the laurel trees wi-"thered almoſt throughout the realm," *&c.*

So again in Holinſhead. "In this yeare in a manner "throughout all the realme of England, old baie trees wither-"ed," *&c.* STEEVENS.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Bolingbroke's camp at Briſtol.

Enter Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, Roſs, Percy, Willoughby, with Buſhy and Green, priſoners.

BOLINGBROKE.

BRING forth theſe men.——
Buſhy and Green, I will not vex your ſouls
(Since preſently your ſouls muſt part your bodies)
With too much urging your pernicious lives;
For 'twere no charity: yet, to waſh your blood
From off my hands, here, in the view of men,
I will unfold ſome cauſes of your deaths.
You have miſled a prince, a royal king,
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappy'd, and diſfigur'd clean.
You have, in manner, with your ſinful hours
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him;
Broke the poſſeſſion of a royal bed,
And ſtain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.
Myſelf, a prince by fortune of my birth;
Near to the king in blood; and near in love,
Till you did make him miſinterpret me,
Have ſtoop'd my neck under your injuries,
And ſigh'd my Engliſh breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of baniſhment:
Whilſt you have fed upon my ſignories,
Diſpark'd my parks, and fell'd my foreſt-woods,
[8] From mine own windows torn my houſhold coat,

[8] *From mine own windows torn my houſhold coat,*] It was the practice, when coloured glaſs was in uſe, of which there are ſtill ſome remains in old ſeats and churches, to anneal the arms of the family in the windows of the houſe. JOHNSON.

Raz'd

[9] Raz'd out my impreſs, leaving me no ſign,
Save mens' opinions, and my living blood,
To ſhew the world I am a gentleman.
This, and much more, much more than twice all this,
Condemns you to the death.—See them deliver'd over
To execution, and the hand of death.

Buſhy. More welcome is the ſtroke of death to me,
Than Bolingbroke to England.—Lords, farewell.

Green. My comfort is, that heaven will take our ſouls,
And plague injuſtice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My lord Northumberland, ſee them diſpatch'd.
—Uncle, you ſay, the queen is at your houſe;
For heaven's ſake, fairly let her be intreated:
Tell her, I ſend to her my kind commends;
Take ſpecial care, my greetings be deliver'd.

York. A gentleman of mine I have diſpatch'd
With letters of your love to her at large.

Boling. [1] Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, lords, away;
[To fight with Glendower and his complices;]
A while to work; and, after, holiday. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

[9] *Raz'd out my impreſs*, &c.] The *impreſs* was a device or motto. Ferne, in his *Blazon of Gentry*, 1585, obſerves "that the "arms, &c. of traitors and rebels may be defaced and re-"moved, whereſoever they are fixed, or ſet." STEEVENS.

[1] *Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, my lords, away;*
To fight with Glendower and his complices;
A while to work, and after holiday.] Though the intermediate line has taken poſſeſſion of all the old copies, I have great ſuſpicion of its being an interpolation; and have therefore ventured to throw it out. The firſt and third lines rhime to each other; nor do I imagine this was caſual, but intended by the poet. Were we to acknowledge the line genuine, it muſt argue the poet of forgetfulneſs and inattention to hiſtory. Bolingbroke is, as it were, yet but juſt arrived; he is now at Briſtol; weak in his numbers; has had no meeting with a parliament; nor is ſo far aſſured of the ſucceſſion, as to think of going to ſuppreſs inſurrections before he is planted in the throne. Be-

[2] SCENE II.

The coaſt of Wales. A caſtle in view.

Flouriſh: drums and trumpets.

Enter king Richard, Aumerle, biſhop of Carliſle, ſoldiers.

K. Rich. Barkloughly-caſtle call you this at hand?

Aum. It is, my lord; how brooks your grace the air,
After your toſſing on the breaking ſeas?

K. Rich. Needs muſt I like it well. I weep for joy
To ſtand upon my kingdom once again.—
Dear earth, I do ſalute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horſes' hoofs:
As a long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears, and ſmiles in meeting;
So weeping, ſmiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
Feed not thy ſovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy ſweets comfort his rav'nous ſenſe;
But let thy ſpiders, that ſuck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way;
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,
Which with uſurping ſteps do trample thee.
Yield ſtinging nettles to mine enemies:
And, when they from thy boſom pluck a flower,

ſides, we find the oppoſition of Glendower begins *The Firſt of K. Henry IV*; and Mortimer's defeat by that hardy Welſh is the tidings of the firſt ſcene of that play. Again, the Glendower, in the very firſt year of K. Henry IV. began t troubleſome, put in for the ſupremacy of Wales, and imprif Mortimer; yet it was not till the ſucceeding year that the employed any force againſt him. THEOBALD.

This emendation, which I think is juſt, has been followe Sir T. Hanmer, but is neglected by Dr. Warburton. JOHN

[2] Here may be properly inſerted the laſt ſcene of the ſe act. JOHNSON.

Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder;
Whoſe double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy ſovereign's enemies.—
Mock not my ſenſeleſs conjuration, lords;
This earth ſhall have a feeling, and theſe ſtones
Prove armed ſoldiers, ere her native king
Shall faulter under foul rebellious arms.

Biſhop. [3] Fear not, my lord; that power, that made you king,
Hath power to keep you king, in ſpight of all.
The means, that heaven yields, muſt be embrac'd,
And not neglected; elſe, if heaven would,
And we would not heaven's offer, we refuſe
The proffer'd means of ſuccour and redreſs.

Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiſs;
Whilſt Bolingbroke, through our ſecurity,
Grows ſtrong and great, in ſubſtance and in friends.

K. Rich. Diſcomfortable couſin! know'ſt thou not,
That when the ſearching eye of heaven is hid
[4] Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unſeen,
In murders, and in outrage bloody, here?
But when, from under this terreſtrial ball
He fires the proud tops of the eaſtern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treaſons, and deteſted ſins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themſelves.
So when this thief, this traitor Bolingbroke,
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,

[3] *Fear not, my lord,* &c.] Of this ſpeech the four laſt lines were reſtored from the firſt edition by Mr. Pope. They were, I ſuppoſe, omitted by the players only to ſhorten the ſcenes, for they are worthy of the author and ſuitable to the perſonage. JOHNSON.

[4] *Behind the globe,* &c.] I ſhould read,
— *the ſearching eye of heaven is hid*
Behind the globe, and *lights the lower world.* JOHNS.
Such is the old reading. STEEVENS.

Whilſt we were wand'ring with the antipodes,
Shall ſee us riſing in our throne, the eaſt,
His treaſons will ſit bluſhing in his face,
Not able to endure the ſight of day;
But, ſelf-affrighted, tremble at his ſin.
Not all the water in the rough rude ſea
Can waſh the balm from an anointed king;
[5] The breath of worldly men cannot depoſe
The deputy elected by the lord.
For every man that Bolingbroke hath preſt,
To lift ſhrewd ſteel againſt our golden crown,
Heaven for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,
Weak men muſt fall; for heaven ſtill guards the right.

Enter Saliſbury.

Welcome, my lord; how far off lies your power?

Sal. Nor near, nor further off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm: diſcomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me ſpeak of nothing but deſpair.
One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth.
Oh, call back yeſterday, bid time return,
And thou ſhalt have twelve thouſand fighting men!
To-day, to-day——unhappy day, too late
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy ſtate;
For all the Welſhmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, diſpers'd and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my liege; why looks your grace ſo pale?

K. Rich. But now the blood of twenty thouſand men

[5] *The breath of worldly men*—] Here is the doctrine of indefeaſible right expreſſed in the ſtrongeſt terms; but our poet did not learn it in the reign of K. James, to which it is now the practice of all writers, whoſe opinions are regulated by faſhion or intereſt, to impute the original of every tenet which they have been taught to think falſe or fooliſh. JOHNSON.

Did

Did triumph in my face, and they are fled.
And till ſo much blood thither come again,
Have I not reaſon to look pale, and dead?
All ſouls, that will be ſafe, fly from my ſide;
For time hath ſet a blot upon my pride.

Aum. [6] Comfort, my liege; remember who you are.

K. Rich. I had forgot myſelf. Am I not king?
Awake, thou coward majeſty! thou ſleepeſt;
Is not the king's name forty thouſand names?
Arm, arm, my name! a puny ſubject ſtrikes
At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,
Ye favourites of a king; are we not high?
High be our thoughts. I know, my uncle York
Hath power to ſerve our turn. But who comes here?

Enter Scroop.

Scroop. More health and happineſs betide my liege,
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him!

K. Rich. [7] Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd.
The worſt is worldly loſs thou canſt unfold.
Say, is my kingdom loſt? why, 'twas my care;
And what loſs is it, to be rid of care?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he ſhall not be; if he ſerve God,
We'll ſerve him too, and be his fellow ſo.
Revolt our ſubjects? that we cannot mend;
They break their faith to God, as well as us.
Cry, woe, deſtruction, ruin, loſs, decay;
The worſt is—death, and death will have his day.

[6] *Comfort, my liege; remember who you are.*] Thus the firſt quarto and the folio. The quarto, 1615, reads,

"Comfort, my liege; why looks your grace ſo pale?"

STEEVENS.

[7] *Mine ear is open*, &c.] It ſeems to be the deſign of the poet to raiſe Richard to eſteem in his fall, and conſequently to intereſt the reader in his favour. He gives him only paſſive fortitude, the virtue of a confeſſor rather than of a king. In his proſperity we ſaw him imperious and oppreſſive; but in his diſtreſs he is wiſe, patient, and pious. JOHNSON.

Scroop.

Scroop. Glad am I, that your highneſs is ſo arm'd
To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unſeaſonable ſtormy day,
Which makes the ſilver rivers drown their ſhores,
As if the world were all diſſolv'd to tears,
So high above his limits ſwells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
With hard bright ſteel, and hearts harder than ſteel.
White beards have arm'd their thin and hairleſs ſcalps
Againſt thy majeſty; boys, with womens' voices,
Strive to ſpeak big, and claſp their female joints
In ſtiff unwieldy arms, againſt thy crown.
[8] Thy very beadſmen learn to bend their bows
[9] Of double-fatal yew againſt thy ſtate:
Yea, diſtaff-women manage ruſty bills.
Againſt thy ſeat both young and old rebel,
And all goes worſe than I have power to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well, thou tell'ſt a tale ſo ill.
[1] Where is the earl of Wiltſhire? where is Bagot? What

[8] *Thy very beadſmen learn to bend their bows*] Such is the reading of all the copies, yet I doubt whether *beadſmen* be right, for the *bow* ſeems to be mentioned here as the proper weapon of a *beadſman*. The king's *beadſmen* were his chaplains. Treviſa calls himſelf the *beadſman* of his patron. *Beadſman* might likewiſe be any man maintained by charity to pray for their benefactor. Hanmer reads *the* very *beadſmen*, but *thy* is better. JOHNSON.

The reading of the text is right enough, "As boys ſtrive to "ſpeak big, and claſp their effeminate joints in ſtiff unwieldy "arms," &c. "ſo his very *beadſmen* learn to bend their bows "againſt him." *Their* does not abſolutely denote that *the bow* was their uſual or proper weapon; but only taken up and appropriated by them on this occaſion. PERCY.

[9] *Of double-fatal yew*—] Called ſo, becauſe the leaves of the yew are poiſon, and the wood is employed for inſtruments of death; therefore *double fatal* ſhould be with an hyphen. WARBURTON.

[1] *Where is the earl of Wiltſhire? where is Bagot?*
What is become of Buſhy? where is Green?] Here are *four* of them named; and, within a very few lines, the king, hearing they had made their peace with Bolingbroke, calls them THREE Judaſſes.

What is become of Buſhy? where is Green?
That they have let the dangerous enemy
Meaſure our confines with ſuch peaceful ſteps?
If we prevail, their heads ſhall pay for it.
I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

Scroop. Peace they have made with him, indeed, my lord.

K. Richb. O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!
Dogs, eaſily won to fawn on any man!
Snakes in my heart-blood warm'd, that ſting my heart!
Three Judaſſes, each one thrice worſe than Judas!
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
Upon their ſpotted ſouls for this offence!

Scroop. Sweet love, I ſee, changing his property,
Turns to the ſoureſt and moſt deadly hate.
Again uncurſe their ſouls; their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands: thoſe, whom you curſe,
Have felt the worſt of death's deſtroying wound
And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow'd ground.

Aum. Is Buſhy, Green, and the earl of Wiltſhire dead?

Judaſſes. But how was their peace made? Why, with the loſs of their heads. This being explained, Aumerle ſays, *Is Buſhy, Green, and the earl of Wiltſhire dead?* So that Bagot ought to be left out of the queſtion: and, indeed, he had made the beſt of his way for Cheſter, and from thence had eſcaped into Ireland. And ſo we find him, in the ſecond act, determining to do.

Bagot. *No: I'll to Ireland, to his majeſty.*

The poet could not be guilty of ſo much forgetfulneſs and abſurdity. The tranſcribers muſt have blundered. It ſeems probable to me that he wrote, as I have conjecturally altered the text,

Where is the earl of Wiltſhire? where is he got?

i. e. into what corner of my dominions is he *ſkunk*, and *abſconded?* THEOBALD.

This emendation Dr. Warburton adopts. Hanmer leaves a blank after Wiltſhire. I believe the author, rather than tranſcriber, made a miſtake. *Where is he got* does not ſound in my ear like an expreſſion of Shakeſpeare. JOHNSON.

Scroop.

Scroop. Yea, all of them at Briſtol loſt their heads.
Aum. Where is the duke my father, with his power?
K. Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man ſpeak:
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make duſt our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write ſorrow on the boſom of the earth!
Let's chuſe executors, and talk of wills—
And yet not ſo—for what can we bequeath,
Save our depoſed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own, but death;
[2] And that ſmall model of the barren earth,
[3] Which ſerves as paſte and cover to our bones.
For heaven's ſake, let us ſit upon the ground,
And tell ſad ſtories of the death of kings:—
How ſome have been depos'd [4], ſome ſlain in war;
Some poiſon'd by their wives, ſome ſleeping kill'd;
All murther'd:—for within the hollow crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps death his court: and [5] there the antic ſits,
Scoffing his ſtate, and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath, a little ſcene,
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;
Infuſing him with ſelf and vain conceit,
As if this fleſh, which walls about our life,

[2] *And that ſmall model of the barren earth,*] He uſes *model* here, as he frequently does elſewhere, for *part, portion.* WARBURTON.

He uſes *model* for *mould.* That earth, which cloſing upon the body, takes its form. This interpretation the next line ſeems to authorize. JOHNSON.

[3] *Which ſerves as paſte,* &c.] A metaphor, not of the moſt ſublime kind, taken from a *pie.* JOHNSON.

[4] *The ghoſts they have depos'd;*] Such is the reading of all the old copies. The modern editors, in the room of *have depos'd,* ſubſtituted *diſpoſſeſs'd.* STEEVENS.

[5] —*there the antic ſits,*] Here is an alluſion to the *antic* or *fool* of old farces, whoſe chief part is to deride and diſturb the graver and more ſplendid perſonages. JOHNSON.

Were

Were braſs impregnable; and, humour'd thus,
Comes at the laſt, and with a little pin
Bores through his caſtle-wall, and farewell king!
Cover your heads, and mock not fleſh and blood
With ſolemn reverence; throw away reſpect,
[6] Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but miſtook me all this while:
I live on bread like you, feel want, taſte grief,
Need friends——ſubjected thus,
How can you ſay to me, I am a king?

Carl. My lord, wiſe men ne'er wail their preſent woes,
But preſently prevent the ways to wail.
To fear the foe, ſince fear oppreſſeth ſtrength,
Gives, in your weakneſs, ſtrength unto your foe,
And ſo your follies fight againſt yourſelf.
Fear, and be ſlain; no worſe can come to fight:
And fight and die, is [7] death deſtroying death;
Where fearing dying, pays death ſervile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power, enquire of him;
And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. Rich. Thou chid'ſt me well: proud Bolingbroke, I come
To change blows with thee, for our day of doom.
This ague-fit of fear is over-blown;
An eaſy taſk it is to win our own.—
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?
Speak ſweetly, man, although thy looks be ſour.

Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the ſky
The ſtate and inclination of the day;
So may you, by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to ſay.
I play the torturer, by ſmall and ſmall,

[6] *Tradition,*——] This word ſeems here uſed for *traditional practices:* that is, *eſtabliſhed or cuſtomary homage.* JOHNSON.

[7] ——*death deſtroying death*;] That is, to *die fighting*, is to return the evil that we ſuffer, to deſtroy the deſtroyers. I once read *death* defying *death*, but *deſtroying* is as well. JOHNS.

To

To lengthen out the worſt that muſt be ſpoken:—
Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke;
And all your northern caſtles yielded up,
And all your ſouthern gentlemen in arms
Upon his party.

K. Rich. Thou haſt ſaid enough.—
Beſhrew thee, couſin, which didſt lead me forth
[*To Aumerle.*
Of that ſweet way I was in to deſpair!
What ſay you now? what comfort have we now?
By heaven, [8] I'll hate him everlaſtingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Go, to Flint-caſtle; there I'll pine away;
A king, woe's ſlave, ſhall kingly woe obey.
That power I have, diſcharge; and let 'em go
To ear the land, that hath ſome hope to grow,
For I have none.—Let no man ſpeak again
To alter this, for counſel is but vain.

Aum. My liege, one word.

K. Rich. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Diſcharge my followers; let them hence; away,
From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The ſame. Before the caſtle.

Enter with drum and colours, Bolingbroke, York, Northumberland, and attendants.

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn,
The Welſhmen are diſpers'd; and Saliſbury

[8] ——— *I'll hate him everlaſtingly,*
That bids me be of comfort—] This ſentiment is drawn from nature. Nothing is more offenſive to a mind convinced that his diſtreſs is without a remedy, and preparing to ſubmit quietly to irreſiſtible calamity, than theſe petty and conjectured comforts which unſkilful officiouſneſs thinks it virtue to adminiſter. JOHNSON.

Is

Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed
With ſome few private friends, upon this coaſt.
North. The news is very fair and good, my lord;
Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.
York. It would beſeem the lord Northumberland,
To ſay, king Richard:—alack, the heavy day,
When ſuch a ſacred king ſhould hide his head!
North. Your grace miſtakes me; only to be brief,
Left I his title out.
York. The time hath been,
Would you have been ſo brief with him, he would
Have been ſo brief with you, to ſhorten you,
[9] For taking ſo the head, the whole head's length.
Boling. Miſtake not, uncle, farther than you ſhould.
York. Take not, good couſin, farther than you ſhould,
Left you miſtake: the heavens are o'er your head.
Boling. I know it, uncle, and do not oppoſe
Myſelf againſt their will. But who comes here?

Enter Percy.

Welcome, Harry: what, will not this caſtle yield?
Percy. The caſtle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Againſt your entrance.
Boling. Royally? Why, it contains no king?
Percy. Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king. King Richard lies
Within the limits of yon lime and ſtone:
And with him lord Aumerle, lord Saliſbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop, beſides a clergyman
Of holy reverence; who, I cannot learn.
North. Belike, it is the biſhop of Carliſle.
Boling. Noble lord, [*To North.*
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient caſtle;
Through brazen trumpet ſend the breath of parle

[9] *For taking ſo the head,*—] To *take* the *head* is, to act without reſtraint; to take undue liberties. We now ſay, *we give* the horſe *his head*, when we relax the reins. JOHNSON.

Into

Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver.
Harry of Bolingbroke, upon both his knees,
Doth kiſs king Richard's hand;
And ſends allegiance, and true faith of heart
To his moſt royal perſon: hither come
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power;
Provided, that my baniſhment repeal'd,
And lands reſtor'd again, be freely granted:
If not, I'll uſe the advantage of my power,
And lay the ſummer's duſt with ſhowers of blood,
Rain'd from the wounds of ſlaughter'd Engliſhmen.
The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
It is, ſuch crimſon tempeſt ſhould bedrench
The freſh green lap of fair king Richard's land,
My ſtooping duty tenderly ſhall ſhew.
Go, ſignify as much, while here we march
Upon the graſſy carpet of this plain.—
Let's march without the noiſe of threat'ning drum,
That from this caſtle's totter'd battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.
Methinks, king Richard and myſelf ſhould meet
With no leſs terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thund'ring ſhock,
At meeting, tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
My waters; on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and mark king Richard how he looks.

A parle ſounded, and anſwered by another trumpet within. Flouriſh. Enter on the walls king Richard, the biſhop of Carliſle, Aumerle, Scroop, and Saliſbury.

York. [1] See! ſee! king Richard doth himſelf appear,
As doth the bluſhing diſcontented ſun

[1] *See! ſee! king Richard doth himſelf appear,*] The following ſix lines are abſurdly given to Bolingbroke, who is made to condemn his own conduct and diſculp the king's. It is plain theſe ſix and the four following all belong to York. WARB.

From out the fiery portal of the eaſt;
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory, and to ſtain the tract
Of his bright paſſage to the occident.
Yet looks he like a king; behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majeſty: alack, alack, for woe,
That any harm ſhould ſtain ſo fair a ſhow!

K. Rich. We are amaz'd; and thus long have we ſtood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee, [*To North.*
Becauſe we thought ourſelf thy lawful king:
And, if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our preſence?
If we be not, ſhew us the hand of God
That hath diſmiſs'd us from our ſtewardſhip.
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the ſacred handle of our ſcepter,
Unleſs he do prophane, ſteal, or uſurp.
And though you think, that all, as you have done,
Have torn their ſouls, by turning them from us,
And we are barren, and bereſt of friends;
Yet know—my maſter, God omnipotent,
Is muſt'ring in his clouds, on our behalf,
Armies of peſtilence; and they ſhall ſtrike
Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,
That lift your vaſſal hands againſt my head,
And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke (for yond, methinks, he is)
That every ſtride he makes upon my land
Is dangerous treaſon. He is come to ope
The purple teſtament of bleeding war;
[a] But ere the crown, he looks for, live in peace,
Ten

[a] *But e'er the crown, he looks for,* live *in peace,*
Ten thouſand bloody crowns of mothers' ſons
Shall ill become the flower *of England's face*;] Though I have not diſturbed the text here, I cannot but think it liable to ſuſpicion. A crown living in peace, as Mr. Warburton juſtly obſerved to me, is a very odd phraſe. He ſuppoſes;

Ten thouſand bloody crowns of mothers' ſons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face;
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To ſcarlet indignation, and bedew
Her paſtures' graſs with faithful Engliſh blood.

North. The King of heaven forbid, our lord king
Should ſo with civil and uncivil arms
Be ruſh'd upon! Thy thrice-noble couſin,
Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiſs thy hand,

But e'er the crown, he looks for, light *in peace*, *i. e.* deſcend and ſettle upon Bolingbroke's head in peace. Again, I have a ſmall quarrel to the third line quoted. W the poet ſay, that bloody crowns ſhould disfigure the *flowers* ſpring on the ground, and bedew the graſs with blood? Se the two images are too ſimilar. I have ſuſpected,

Shall ill become the floor *of England's face*;

i. e. ſhall make a diſmal ſpectacle on the ſurface of the ki dom's earth. THEOBALD.

By *the flower of England's face*, is meant the choiceſt yo of England, who ſhall be ſlaughtered in this quarrel, or b *bloody crowns*. *The flower of England's face*, to deſign choiceſt youth, is a fine and noble expreſſion. Pericles, b ſimilar thought, ſaid that the deſtruction of the Athenian yo was a fatality like cutting off the ſpring from the year. Yet Oxford Editor, who did not apprehend the figure, alters line thus,

Shall miſbecome *the* flow'ry *England's* face.

Which means——I know not what. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton has inſerted *light in peace* in the text of own edition, but *live in peace* is more ſuitable to Richard's tention, which is to tell him, that though he ſhould get crown by rebellion, it will be long before it will live in pea be ſo ſettled as to be firm. *The flower of England's face*, is v happily explained, and any alteration is therefore needleſs.

JOHNS

The flower of England's face, I believe, means *Englan flowery face*, the *flowery ſurface of England's ſoil*. The ſa kind of expreſſion is uſed in Sidney's *Arcadia*, p. 2. "openi "the cherry of her lips," *i. e.* "her cherry lips."

So Drayton in Mortimer's *Epiſtle to Queen Iſabell*.

"And in the field advance our plumy creſt,
"And march upon fair England's flow'ry breaſt."

STEEVE

A

And by the honourable tomb he ſwears,
That ſtands upon your royal grandfire's bones;
And by the royalties of both your bloods,
Currents that ſpring from the moſt gracious head;
* And by the bury'd hand of warlike Gaunt;
And by the worth and honour of himſelf,
Compriſing all that may be ſworn, or ſaid—
His coming hither hath no farther ſcope,
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
Infranchiſement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glittering arms he will commend to ruſt,
His barbed ſteeds to ſtables, and his heart
To faithful ſervice of your majeſty.
This ſwears he, as he is a prince, is juſt;
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. Rich. Northumberland, ſay—thus the king returns:
His noble couſin is right-welcome hither;
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accompliſh'd without contradiction.
With all the gracious utterance thou haſt,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.
We do debaſe ourſelf, couſin, do we not, [*To Aum.*
To look ſo poorly, and to ſpeak ſo fair?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and ſend
Defiance to the traitor, and ſo die?

Aum. No, good my lord; let's fight with gentle words
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful ſwords.

K. Rich. Oh God! oh God! that e'er this tongue of mine,
That laid the ſentence of dread baniſhment
On yon proud man, ſhall take it off again

* *And by the* bury'd *hand of* warlike *Gaunt,*] It ſhould be read juſt the other way,
And by the warlike *hand of* bury'd *Gaunt.* WARB.
I ſee no great difference. JOHNSON.

[3] With words of ſooth! Oh, that I were as great
As is my grief, or leſſer than my name!
Or that I could forget what I have been!
Or not remember what I muſt be now!
Swell'ſt thou, proud heart? I'll give thee ſcope to beat,
Since foes have ſcope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. What muſt the king do now? muſt he ſubmit?
The king ſhall do it. Muſt he be depos'd?
The king ſhall be contented: muſt he loſe
The name of king? o'God's name, let it go.
I'll give my jewels for a ſet of beads;
My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage;
My gay apparel, for an alms-man's gown;
My figur'd goblets, for a diſh of wood;
My ſcepter, for a palmer's walking ſtaff;
My ſubjects, for a pair of carved ſaints;
And my large kingdom, for a little grave;
A little, little grave—an obſcure grave:—
[4] Or I'll be bury'd in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade, where ſubjects' feet
May hourly trample [5] on their ſovereign's head;

For

[3] *With words of ſooth!*—] *Sooth* is *ſweet* as well as *true*. In this place *ſooth* means *ſweetneſs* or ſoftneſs, a ſignification yet retained in the verb to *ſooth*. JOHNSON.

[4] *Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,*
Some way of common trade,—] As ſpecious as this reading appears, Mr. Warburton, Mr. Biſhop, and I, all concurred in ſuſpecting it, and in the amendment which now poſſeſſes the text;
Some way of common tread—*i. e.* a high road. He ſubjoins immediately;
For on my heart they tread *now, while I live*;
and we know how much it is Shakeſpeare's way to diverſify the image with the ſame word. THEOBALD.
Dr. Warburton has put *tread* in his own text, but *trade* will ſerve very well in the ſenſe either of commerce or cuſtom. JOHNS.

[5] — *on their ſovereign's head*;] Shakeſpeare is very apt to deviate from the pathetic to the ridiculous. Had the ſpeech of Richard

For on my heart they tread now, whilſt I live;
And, bury'd once, why not upon my head?——
Aumerle, thou weep'ſt; my tender-hearted couſin!—
We'll make foul weather with deſpiſed tears;
Our ſighs, and they, ſhall lodge the ſummer corn,
And make a dearth in this revolting land.
Or ſhall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make ſome pretty match, with ſhedding tears?
As thus;—to drop them ſtill upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
Within the earth; and therein laid—*There lies*
Two kinſmen, digg'd their graves with weeping eyes.
Would not this ill do well?——Well, well, I ſee
I talk but idly, and you mock at me.
[*North. advances.*
Moſt mighty prince, my lord Northumberland,
What ſays king Bolingbroke? will his majeſty
Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke ſays, *ay.*
North. My lord, in the baſe court he doth attend
To ſpeak with you; may't pleaſe you to come down.
K. Rich. Down, down I come; like glift'ring Phaeton,
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.
[*North. retires to Bol.*
In the baſe court? baſe court, where kings grow baſe,
To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.
In the baſe court, come down? Down court! down king!
For night-owls ſhriek, where mounting larks ſhould ſing.
[*Exeunt from above.*
Boling. What ſays his majeſty?
North. Sorrow, and grief of heart,
Makes him ſpeak fondly, like a frantic man;
Yet he is come.
[*Enter Richard below.*

Richard ended at this line it had exhibited the natural language of ſubmiſſive miſery, conforming its intention to the preſent fortune, and calmly ending its purpoſes in death. JOHNSON.

Boling. Stand all apart,
And ſhew fair duty to his majeſty.—
My gracious lord—— [*Knee*
K. Rich. Fair couſin, you debaſe your princely kn
To make the baſe earth proud with kiſſing it.
Me rather had, my heart might feel your love,
Than my unpleas'd eye ſee your courteſy.
Up, couſin, up; your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at leaſt, although your knee be low.
[*Touching his own he*
Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine ov
K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, a
all.
Boling. So far be mine, my moſt redoubted lord,
As my true ſervice ſhall deſerve your love.
K. Rich. Well you deſerve:—they well deſerve
have,
That know the ſtrongeſt and ſureſt way to get.—
Uncle, give me your hand: nay, dry your eyes;
Tears ſhew their love, but want their remedies.—
Couſin, I am too young to be your father,
Though you are old enough to by my heir.
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;
For do we muſt, what force will have us do.—
Set on towards London. Couſin, is it ſo?
Boling. Yea, my good lord.
K. Rich. Then I muſt not ſay, *no.* [*Flouriſh. Exea*

SCENE IV.

A garden, in the queen's court.

Enter queen and two ladies.

Queen. What ſport ſhall we deviſe here in this g
den,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?
Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.

Qu

Queen. 'Twill make me think, the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs againſt the bias.
Lady. Madam, we'll dance.
Queen. My legs can keep no meaſure in delight,
When my poor heart no meaſure keeps in grief.
Therefore no dancing, girl; ſome other ſport.
Lady. Madam, we will tell tales.
Queen. [6] Of ſorrow, or of joy?
Lady. Of either, madam.
Queen. Of neither, girl:
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of ſorrow;
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more ſorrow to my want of joy.
For what I have, I need not to repeat;
And what I want, it boots not to complain.
Lady. Madam, I'll ſing.
Queen. 'Tis well that thou haſt cauſe;
But thou ſhould'ſt pleaſe me better, would'ſt thou weep.
Lady. I could weep, madam, would it do you good.
Queen. [7] And I could weep, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.
But ſtay, here come the gardeners.
Let's ſtep into the ſhadow of theſe trees.——
My wretchedneſs unto a row of pins,

Enter a gardener, and two ſervants.

They'll talk of ſtate; for every one doth ſo,
[8] Againſt a change: woe is fore-run with woe.

[*Queen and ladies retire.*

[6] *Of ſorrow, or of joy?*] All the old copies concur in reading, *Of ſorrow, or of grief.* Mr. Pope made the neceſſary alteration. STEEVENS.

[7] *And I could weep,*—] The old copies read, *And I could ſing.* STEEVENS.

[8] *Againſt a change: woe is fore-run with* WOE.] But what was there in the gardener's talking of ſtate, for matter of ſo much

Gard. Go, bind thou up yon dangling apricots,
Which, like unruly children, make their ſire
Stoop with oppreſſion of their prodigal weight:
Give ſome ſupportance to the bending twigs.—
Go thou, and, like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too-faſt-growing ſprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:
All muſt be even in our government.—
You thus imploy'd, I will go root away
The noiſome weeds, that without profit ſuck
The ſoil's fertility from wholeſome flowers.

Serv. Why ſhould we, in the compaſs of a pale,
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
Shewing, as in a model, [9] our firm ſtate;

woe? Beſides this is intended for a ſentence, but proves a very ſimple one. I ſuppoſe Shakeſpeare wrote,

—— *woe is fore-run with* MOCKS,

which has ſome meaning in it; and ſignifies, that when great men are on the decline, their inferiors take advantage of their condition, and treat them without ceremony. And this we find to be the caſe in the following ſcene. But the editors were ſeeking for a rhime. Though had they not been ſo impatient they would have found it gingled to what followed, though it did not to what went before. WARBURTON.

There is no need of any emendation. The poet, according to the common doctrine of prognoſtication, ſuppoſes dejection to forerun calamity, and a kingdom to be filled with rumours of ſorrow when any great diſaſter is impending. The ſenſe is, that public evils are always preſignified by public penſiveneſs, and plaintive converſation. The conceit of rhyming *mocks* with *apricocks*, which I hope Shakeſpeare knew better how to ſpell, ſhews that the commentator was reſolved not to let his conjecture fall for want of any ſupport that he could give it. JOHNS.

[9] —— OUR *firm ſtate?*] How could he ſay *ours* when he immediately ſubjoins, that it was infirm? We ſhould read,

—— A *firm ſtate.* WARBURTON.

The ſervant ſays *our*, meaning the ſtate of the garden they are at work in. The ſtate of the metaphorical garden was indeed *unfirm*, and therefore his reaſoning is very naturally induced. Why (ſays he) ſhould we be careful to preſerve order in the narrow cincture of this *our ſtate*, when the *great ſtate of the kingdom* is in diſorder? I have replaced the old reading which Dr. Warburton would have diſcontinued in favour of his own conjecture. STEEVENS.

When

When our ſea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds; her faireſt flowers choak'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots diſorder'd, and her wholeſome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?

Gard. Hold thy peace.—
He, that hath ſuffer'd this diſorder'd ſpring,
Hath now himſelf met with the fall of leaf:
The weeds, that his broad ſpreading leaves did ſhelter,
That ſeem'd, in eating him, to hold him up,
Are pull'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke;
I mean, the earl of Wiltſhire, Buſhy, Green.

Serv. What, are they dead?

Gard. They are, and Bolingbroke
Hath ſeiz'd the waſteful king.—What pity is it,
That he had not ſo trimm'd and dreſs'd his land,
As we this garden, who at times of year
Do wound the bark, the ſkin, of our fruit-trees;
Leſt, being over-proud with ſap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itſelf:
Had he done ſo to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taſte
Their fruits of duty. All ſuperfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done ſo, himſelf had borne the crown,
Which waſte and idle hours hath quite thrown down.

Serv. What, think you then, the king will be depos'd?

Gard. Depreſs'd he is already; and depos'd,
'Tis doubted, he will be. Letters came laſt night
To a dear friend of the good duke of York,
That tell black tidings.

Queen. Oh, I am preſs'd to death, through want of ſpeaking! [*Coming from her concealment.*
Thou old Adam's likeneſs, ſet to dreſs this garden,
How dares thy harſh tongue ſound this unpleaſing news?
What Eve, what ſerpent hath ſuggeſted thee,
To make a ſecond fall of curſed man?

Why

Why doſt thou ſay, king Richard is depos'd?
Dar'ſt thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfal? Say, where, when, and how
Cam'ſt thou by theſe ill tidings? Speak, thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, madam. Little joy have I
To breathe theſe news, yet what I ſay is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke; their fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your lord's ſcale is nothing but himſelf,
And ſome few vanities that make him light;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Beſides himſelf, are all the Engliſh peers,
And with that odds he weighs king Richard down.—
Poſt you to London, and you'll find it ſo;
I ſpeak no more than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble miſchance, that art ſo light of foot,
Doth not thy embaſſage belong to me?
And am I laſt, that know it? oh, thou think'ſt
To ſerve me laſt, that I may longeſt keep
Thy ſorrow in my breaſt.—Come, ladies, go;
To meet, at London, London's king in woe.—
What, was I born to this! that my ſad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke!
Gardener, for telling me theſe news of woe,
I would, the plants [1] thou graft'ſt may never grow.

[*Exeunt queen and ladies.*

Gard. Poor queen! ſo that thy ſtate might be no worſe,
I would my ſkill were ſubject to thy curſe.—
Here did ſhe drop a tear; here, in this place,
I'll ſet a bank of rue, ſour *herb of grace:*
Rue, even for ruth, here ſhortly ſhall be ſeen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

[*Exeunt gard. and ſerv.*

[1] *I would, the plants,* &c.] This execration of the queen is ſomewhat ludicrous, and unſuitable to her condition; the gardener's reflection is better adapted to the ſtate both of his mind and his fortune. Mr. Pope, who has been throughout this play very diligent to reject what he did not like, has yet, I know not why, ſpared the laſt lines of this act. JOHNSON.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

London. The parliament-houſe.

Enter Bolingbroke, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percy, Fitzwater, Surry, biſhop of Carliſle, abbot of Weſtminſter, herald, officers, and Bagot.

BOLINGBROKE.

CALL Bagot forth: now freely ſpeak thy mind;
What thou doſt know of noble Gloſter's death;
Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd
The bloody office of [2] his timeleſs end.

Bagot. Then ſet before my face the lord Aumerle.

Boling. Couſin, ſtand forth, and look upon that man.

Bagot. My lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue
Scorns to unſay what it hath once deliver'd.
In that dead time when Gloſter's death was plotted,
I heard you ſay, "Is not my arm of length,
"That reacheth from the reſtful Engliſh court
"As far as Calais, to my uncle's head?"
Amongſt much other talk that very time,
I heard you ſay, "You rather had refuſe
"The offer of an hundred thouſand crowns,
"Than Bolingbroke return to England;
"Adding withal how bleſt this land would be,
"In this your couſin's death."

Aum. Princes, and noble lords,
What anſwer ſhall I make to this baſe man?
Shall I ſo much diſhonour [3] my fair ſtars,

[2] ——— *his* timeleſs *end.*] *Timeleſs* for *untimely.* WARB.

[3] ——— *my fair* STARS,] I rather think it ſhould be STEM, being of the royal blood. WARBURTON.

I think the preſent reading unexceptionable. The *birth* is ſuppoſed to be influenced by the *ſtars*, therefore our author, with his uſual licence, takes *ſtars* for *birth.* JOHNSON.

We

On equal terms to give him chaſtiſement?
Either I muſt, or have mine honour ſoil'd
With the attainder of his ſland'rous lips.
There is my gage, the manual ſeal of death,
That marks thee out for hell. Thou lieſt, and
I will maintain what thou haſt ſaid, is falſe,
In thy heart-blood, though being all too baſe
To ſtain the temper of my knightly ſword.

Boling. Bagot, forbear; thou ſhalt not take it up.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the beſt
In all this preſence that hath mov'd me ſo.

Fitzw. [4] If that thy valour ſtand on ſympathies,
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine.
By that fair ſun that ſhews me where thou ſtand'ſt,
I heard thee ſay, and vauntingly thou ſpak'ſt it,
That thou wert cauſe of noble Gloſter's death.
If thou deny'ſt it, twenty times thou lieſt;
And I will turn thy falſhood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point [5].

We learn from Pliny's *Nat. Hiſt.* that the vulgar error aſſigned the bright and fair ſtars to the rich and great. *Sidera ſingulis attributa nobis et clara divitibus, minora pauperibus,* &c. Lib. 1. cap. 8. Anonymous.

[4] *If that thy valour ſtand on ſympathies,*] Here is a tranſlated ſenſe much harſher than that of ſtars explained in the foregoing note. Aumerle has challenged Bagot with ſome heſitation, as not being his equal, and therefore one whom, according to the rules of chivalry, he was not obliged to fight, as a nobler life was not to be ſtaked in a duel againſt a baſer. Fitzwalter then throws down his *gage*, a pledge of battle; and tells him that if he ſtands upon *ſympathies*, that is, upon equality of blood, the combat is now offered him by a man of rank not inferior to his own. *Sympathy* is an affection incident at once to two ſubjects. This community of affection implies a likeneſs or equality of nature, and thence our poet transferred the term to equality of blood. JOHNSON.

[5] ——— *my rapier's point.*] Shakeſpeare deſerts the manners of the age in which his drama is placed very often, without neceſſity or advantage. The edge of a ſword had ſerved his purpoſe as well as the *point of a rapier*, and he had then eſcaped the impropriety of giving the Engliſh nobles a weapon which was not ſeen in England till two centuries afterwards. JOHNSON.

Aum.

Aum. Thou dar'ſt not, coward, live to ſee the day.
Fitzw. Now, by my ſoul, I would it were this hour.
Aum. Fitzwalter, thou art damn'd to hell for this.
Percy. Aumerle, thou lieſt; his honour is as true,
In this appeal, as thou art all unjuſt:
And, that thou art ſo, there I throw my gage
To prove it on thee to the extremeſt point
Of mortal breathing; ſeize it, if thou dar'ſt.
Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandiſh more revengeful ſteel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!
Another Lord. [6] I take the earth to the like, forſworn Aumerle,
And ſpur thee on with full as many lies
As may be hollow'd in thy treach'rous ear
* From ſin to ſin. There is my honour's pawn,
Engage it to the trial if thou dar'ſt.
Aum. Who ſets me elſe? by heaven, I'll throw at all.
I have a thouſand ſpirits in one breaſt
To anſwer twenty thouſand ſuch as you.
Surry. My lord Fitzwalter, I do remember well
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.
Fitzw. My lord, 'tis true: you were in preſence then;
And you can witneſs with me, this is true.
Surry. As falſe, by heaven, as heaven itſelf is true.
Fitz. Surry, thou lieſt.
Surry. Diſhonourable boy!
That lie ſhall lye ſo heavy on my ſword,
That it ſhall render vengeance and revenge,
Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, do lye
In earth as quiet as thy father's ſcull.

[6] *I take the earth to the like,* &c.] This ſpeech I have reſtored from the firſt edition in humble imitation of former editors, though, I believe, againſt the mind of the author. For *the earth* I ſuppoſe we ſhould read, *thy oath.* JOHNSON.

* *From ſin to ſin.*———] So both the quarto's and folio. I ſuſpect we ſhould read, *From ſun to ſun*; i. e. from one day to another. STEEVENS.

In

In proof whereof, there is mine honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'ſt.

Fitz. How fondly doſt thou ſpur a forward horſe?
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
[7] I dare meet Surry in a wilderneſs,
And ſpit upon him, whilſt I ſay, he lies,
And lies, and lies. There is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my ſtrong correction.——
As I intend to thrive [8] in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal!
Beſides, I heard the baniſh'd Norfolk ſay,
That thou, Aumerle, didſt ſend two of thy men
To execute the noble duke at Calais.

Aum. Some honeſt Chriſtian truſt me with a gage,
That Norfolk lies: here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd, to try his honour.

Boling. Theſe differences ſhall all reſt under gage,
Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he ſhall be,
And, though mine enemy, reſtor'd again
To his lands and ſignories; when he's return'd,
Againſt Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

Car. That honourable day ſhall ne'er be ſeen.—
Many a time hath baniſh'd Norfolk fought
For Jeſu Chriſt; in glorious Chriſtian field
Streaming the enſign of the Chriſtian croſs,
Againſt black Pagans, Turks, and Saracens:
And, toil'd with works of war, retir'd himſelf
To Italy; and there, at Venice, gave
His body to that pleaſant country's earth,
And his pure ſoul unto his captain Chriſt,
Under whoſe colours he had fought ſo long.

Boling. Why, biſhop, is Norfolk dead?

[7] *I dare meet Surry in a wilderneſs,*] I dare meet him where no help can be had by me againſt him. So in *Macbeth*,

——— "O be alive again,
"And dare me to the deſert with thy ſword." JOHNS.

[8] ———*in this new world,*] In this world where I have juſt begun to be an actor. Surry has, a few lines above, called him *boy*. JOHNSON.

Carl.

Carl. Sure as I live, my lord.

Boling. Sweet peace conduct his ſweet ſoul to the boſom
Of good old Abraham!—Lords appellants,
Your differences ſhall all reſt under gage,
Till we aſſign you to your days of trial.

Enter York, attended.

York. Great duke of Lancaſter, I come to thee
From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with willing ſoul
Adopts thee heir, and his high ſcepter yields
To the poſſeſſion of thy royal hand.
Aſcend his throne, deſcending now from him,
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!

Boling. In God's name, I'll aſcend the regal throne.

Carl. Marry, heaven forbid!—
Worſt in this royal preſence may I ſpeak,
[9] Yet beſt beſeeming me to ſpeak the truth.
Would God, that any in this noble preſence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard; then true nobleneſs would
Learn him forbearance from ſo foul a wrong.
What ſubject can give ſentence on his king?
And who ſits here, that is not Richard's ſubject?
Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be ſeen in them:
[1] And ſhall the figure of God's majeſty,

[9] *Yet beſt beſeeming me to ſpeak the truth.*] It might be read more grammatically,

Yet beſt beſeems it *me to ſpeak the truth.*

But I do not think it is printed otherwiſe than as Shakeſpeare wrote it. JOHNSON.

[1] *And ſhall the figure,* &c.] Here is another proof that our author did not learn in king James's court his elevated notions of the right of kings. I know not any flatterer of the Stuarts, who has expreſſed this doctrine in much ſtronger terms. It muſt be obſerved that the poet intends, from the beginning to the end, to exhibit this biſhop as brave, pious, and venerable. JOHNSON.

Shakeſpeare has repreſented this character of the biſhop as he found it in Holinſhed. The politics of the hiſtorian were the politics of the poet. STEEVENS.

His captain, ſteward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crown'd, and planted many years,
Be judg'd by ſubject and inferior breath,
And he himſelf not preſent? oh, forbid it, God!
That, in a Chriſtian climate, ſouls refin'd
Should ſhew ſo heinous, black, obſcene a deed!
I ſpeak to ſubjects, and a ſubject ſpeaks,
Stirr'd up by heaven, thus boldly for his king.
My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king:
And if you crown him, let me propheſy
The blood of Engliſh ſhall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act.
Peace ſhall go ſleep with Turks and Infidels,
And, in the ſeat of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind, confound.
Diſorder, horror, fear, and mutiny
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha, and dead mens' ſculls.
Oh, if you rear this houſe againſt this houſe,
It will the woefulleſt diviſion prove
That ever fell upon this curſed earth.
Prevent, reſiſt it, let it not be ſo,
Leſt childrens' children cry againſt you, woe!

North. Well have you argu'd, Sir; and, for your pains,
Of capital treaſon we arreſt you here. —
My lord of Weſtminſter, be it your charge,
To keep him ſafely till [2] his day of trial. —
May't pleaſe you, lords, to grant the commons' ſuit?

[2] —— *his day of trial.*] After this line, whatever follows, almoſt to the end of the act, containing the whole proceſs of dethroning and debaſing king Richard, was added after the firſt edition of 1598, and before the ſecond of 1615. Part of the addition is proper, and part might have been forborn without much loſs. The author, I ſuppoſe, intended to make a very moving ſcene. JOHNSON.

Boling.

Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
He may ſurrender. So we ſhall proceed
Without ſuſpicion.

York. I will be his conduct. [*Exit.*

Boling. Lords, you that here are under our arreſt,
Procure your ſureties for your days of anſwer:—
Little are we beholden to your love,
And little look'd for at your helping hands.

Enter king Richard and York.

K. Rich. Alack, why am I ſent for to a king,
Before I have ſhook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To inſinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee.—
Give ſorrow leave a-while to tutor me
To this ſubmiſſion. Yet I well remember
[3] The favours of theſe men: were they not mine?
Did they not ſometime cry, All hail! to me?
So Judas did to Chriſt: but he, in twelve,
Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelve thouſand, none.
God ſave the king!—Will no man ſay, Amen?
Am I both prieſt and clerk? well then, Amen.
God ſave the king! although I be not he;
And yet, Amen, if heaven do think him me.—
To do what ſervice am I ſent for hither?

York. To do that office of thine own good will,
Which tired majeſty did make thee offer,
The reſignation of thy ſtate and crown
To Henry Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. Give me the crown:—here, couſin, ſeize the crown;
Here, couſin, on this ſide, my hand; on that ſide, thine.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
That owes two buckets, filling one another;

[3] *The favours*, &c.] The *countenances*; the *features*. JOHNS.

[4] The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unſeen, and full of water:
That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilſt you mount up on high.

Boling. I thought you had been willing to reſign.

K. Rich. My crown, I am; but ſtill my griefs are mine:
You may my glories and my ſtate depoſe,
But not my griefs; ſtill am I king of thoſe.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

K. Rich. Your cares ſet up, do not pluck my cares down.
[5] My care, is loſs of care, by old care done;
Your care, is gain of care, by new care won.
The cares I give, I have, though given away;
They tend the crown, yet ſtill with me they ſtay.

Boling. Are you contented to reſign the crown?

K. Rich. Ay, no;—no, ay;—for I muſt nothing be;
Therefore no, no; for I reſign to thee.
Now, mark me how I will undo myſelf:
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy ſcepter from my hand,
The pride of kingly ſway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I waſh away [6] my balm;
With mine own hands I give away my crown;
With mine own tongue deny my ſacred ſtate;
With mine own breath releaſe all duteous oaths:

[4] *The emptier ever dancing*—] This is a compariſon not eaſily accommodated to the ſubject, nor very naturally introduced. The beſt part is this line, in which he makes the uſurper the *empty* bucket. JOHNSON.

[5] *My care, is loſs of care, by old care done*;] Shakeſpeare often obſcures his meaning by playing with ſounds. Richard ſeems to ſay here, that *his cares are not made leſs by the increaſe of Bolingbroke's cares*; for this reaſon, that *his care is the loſs of care*, his grief is, that his regal cares are at an end, *by the ceſſation of the care to which he had been accuſtomed.* JOHNSON.

[6] —— *my balm*.] The oil of conſecration. He has mentioned it before. JOHNSON.

All

All pomp and majeſty I do forſwear;
My manors, rents, revenues, I forego;
My acts, decrees, and ſtatutes I deny:
God pardon all oaths, that are broke to me!
God keep all vows unbroke, are made to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd!
And thou with all pleas'd, that haſt all atchiev'd!
Long may'ſt thou live in Richard's ſeat to ſit,
And ſoon lie Richard in an earthy pit!
God ſave king Henry, unking'd Richard ſays,
And ſend him many years of ſun-ſhine days!—
What more remains?

North. No more, but that you read
Theſe accuſations, and theſe grievous crimes,
Committed by your perſon, and your followers,
Againſt the ſtate and profit of this land;
That, by confeſſing them, the ſouls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

K. Rich. Muſt I do ſo? and muſt I ravel out
My weav'd-up follies? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not ſhame thee, in ſo fair a troop,
To read a lecture of them? [7] If thou would'ſt,
There ſhould'ſt thou find one heinous article,
Containing the depoſing of a king,
And cracking the ſtrong warrant of an oath,
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven.—
Nay, all of you, that ſtand and look upon me,
Whilſt that my wretchedneſs doth bait myſelf—
Though ſome of you, with Pilate, waſh your hands,
Shewing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
Have here deliver'd me to my ſour croſs,
And water cannot waſh away your ſin.

North. My lord, diſpatch; read o'er theſe articles.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot ſee:
And yet ſalt-water blinds them not ſo much,

[7] — *If thou would'ſt,*] That is, if thou would'ſt read over a liſt of thy own deeds. JOHNSON.

But they can ſee [8] a ſort of traitors here.
Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myſelf,
I find myſelf a traitor with the reſt:
For I have given here my ſoul's conſent,
To undeck the pompous body of a king;
Make glory baſe; a ſovereign, a ſlave;
Proud majeſty, a ſubject; ſtate, a peaſant.

North. My lord——

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught-inſulting man;
Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title;
[9] No, not that name was given me at the font,
But 'tis uſurp'd.—Alack, the heavy day,
That I have worn ſo many winters out,
And know not now what name to call myſelf!
Oh, that I were a mockery-king of ſnow,
Standing before the ſun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myſelf away in water-drops!
Good king—great king—and yet not greatly good,
An if my word be ſterling yet in England, [*To Boling.*
Let it command a mirror hither ſtraight;
That it may ſhew me what a face I have,
Since it is bankrupt of his majeſty.

Boling. Go ſome of you, and fetch a looking-glaſs.

North. Read o'er this paper, while the glaſs doth come.

K. Rich. Fiend! thou torment'ſt me, ere I come to hell.

Boling. Urge it no more, my lord Northumberland.

North. The commons will not then be ſatisfy'd.

[8] —*a ſort*—] A *pack*, a *company*. WARBURTON.

The laſt who uſed the word *ſort* in this ſenſe was, perhaps, Waller.

A ſort *of luſty ſhepherds ſtrive.* JOHNS.

[9] *No, not that name was given me at the font,*] How that name which was given him at the font could be uſurped, I do not underſtand. Perhaps Shakeſpeare meant to ſhew that imagination, dwelling long on its own misfortunes, repreſents them as greater than than they really are. ANONYMOUS.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. They ſhall be ſatisfy'd; I'll read enough,
When I do ſee the very book, indeed,
Where all my ſins are writ, and that's myſelf.

Enter one, with a glaſs.

Give me that glaſs, and therein will I read.
—No deeper wrinkles yet? hath ſorrow ſtruck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds? Oh, flattering glaſs,
Like to my followers in proſperity,
Thou doſt beguile me! Was this face, the face
That every day under his houſhold roof
Did keep ten thouſand men? Was this the face,
That, like the ſun, did make beholders wink?
Is this the face, which fac'd ſo many follies,
That was at laſt out-fac'd by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory ſhineth in this face:
[*Daſhes the glaſs againſt the ground.*
As brittle, as the glory, is the face;
For there it is, crack'd in an hundred ſhivers.—
Mark, ſilent king, the moral of this ſport;
How ſoon my ſorrow hath deſtroy'd my face.

Boling. The ſhadow of your ſorrow hath deſtroy'd
The ſhadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again.
The ſhadow of my ſorrow! Ha! let's ſee;
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And theſe external manners of laments
Are merely ſhadows to the unſeen grief,
That ſwells with ſilence in the tortur'd ſoul;
There lies the ſubſtance: and I thank thee, king,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'ſt
Me cauſe to wail, but teacheſt me the way
How to lament the cauſe. I'll beg one boon;
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, fair couſin.

K. Rich. Fair couſin! I am greater than a king:
For when I was a king, my flatterers

Were then but ſubjects; being now a ſubject,
I have a king here to my flatterer:
Being ſo great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet aſk.

K. Rich. And ſhall I have?

Boling. You ſhall.

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.

Boling. Whither?

K. Rich. Whither you will, ſo I were from your ſights.

Boling. Go ſome of you, convey him to the Tower.

K. Rich. Oh, good! convey:—[1] conveyers are you all,
That riſe thus nimbly by a true king's fall. [*Exit.*

Boling. [2] On Wedneſday next we ſolemnly ſet down
Our coronation: lords, prepare yourſelves.

[*Ex. all but Abbot, biſhop of Carliſle, and Aumerle.*

Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

Carl. The woe's to come; the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day * as ſharp to them as thorn.

Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot.

Abbot. Before I freely ſpeak my mind herein,
You ſhall not only take the ſacrament,

[1] — *conveyers are ye all,*] To *convey* is a term often uſed in an ill ſenſe, and ſo Richard underſtands it here. Piſtol ſays of *ſtealing*, convey *the wiſe it call*; and to *convey* is the word for ſlight of hand, which ſeems to be alluded to here. *Ye are all*, ſays the depoſed prince, *jugglers*, who riſe with this *nimble* dexterity *by the fall of a good king.* JOHNSON.

[2] *On Wedneſday next we ſolemnly ſet down*
Our coronation: lords, prepare yourſelves.] The firſt 4to, 1598, reads,

"Let it be ſo: and to on Wedneſday next
"We ſolemnly proclaim our coronation:
"Lords, be ready all." STEEVENS.

* — *as ſharp as thorn.*] This pathetic denunciation ſhews that Shakeſpeare intended to impreſs his auditors with diſlike of the depoſal of Richard. JOHNSON.

To

[3] To bury mine intents, but to effect
Whatever I ſhall happen to deviſe.
I ſee, your brows are full of diſcontent,
Your hearts of ſorrow, and your eyes of tears.—
Come home with me to ſupper, and I'll lay
A plot, ſhall ſhew us all a merry day[4]. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A ſtreet in London.

Enter Queen and ladies.

QUEEN.

THIS way the king will come: this is the way
[5] To Julius Cæſar's ill-erected tower;
To whoſe flint boſom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a priſoner by proud Bolingbroke.
[6] Here let us reſt, if this rebellious earth
Have any reſting for her true king's queen.

Enter king Richard, and guards.

But ſoft, but ſee, or rather do not ſee,
My fair roſe wither: yet look up; behold;
That you in pity may diſſolve to dew,
And waſh him freſh again with true-love tears.—
[7] O thou, the model where old Troy did ſtand;
[*To K. Rich.*

[3] *To bury*———] To *conceal*, to *keep ſecret*. JOHNSON.

[4] In the firſt edition there is no perſonal appearance of king Richard, ſo that all to the line at which he leaves the ſtage was inſerted afterwards. JOHNSON.

[5] *To Julius Cæſar's*, &c.] The Tower of London is traditionally ſaid to have been the work of Julius Cæſar. JOHNS.

[6] *Here let us reſt, if*, &c.] *Here reſt, if any reſt can harbour here.* MILTON.

[7] *O thou, the model where old Troy did ſtand*;] The queen uſes comparative terms abſolutely. Inſtead of ſaying, *Thou who appeareſt*

Thou map of honour; thou king Richard's tomb,
And not king Richard; thou moſt beauteous inn,
Why ſhould hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
When triumph is become an ale-houſe gueſt?

K. Rich. [8] Join not with grief, fair woman, do not ſo,
To make my end too ſudden. Learn, good ſoul,
To think our former ſtate a happy dream;
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
Shews us but this. [9] I am ſworn brother, ſweet,
To grim neceſſity; and he and I
Will keep a league till death. Hye thee to France,
And cloiſter thee in ſome religious houſe:
Our holy lives muſt win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have ſtricken down.

Queen. What, is my Richard both in ſhape and mind
Transform'd and weakened? Hath Bolingbroke
Depos'd thine intellect? Hath he been in thy heart?
The lion, dying, thruſteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing elſe, with rage
To be o'erpower'd: and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly? kiſs the rod,
And fawn on rage with baſe humility,
Which art a lion and a king of beaſts?

K. Rich. A king of beaſts, indeed—if aught but beaſts,
I had been ſtill a happy king of men.
Good ſometime queen, prepare thee hence for France:
Think, I am dead; and that even here thou tak'ſt,

peareſt as the ground on which the magnificence of Troy was once erected, ſhe ſays,

O thou, the model, &c.

Thou map of honour. Thou *picture* of greatneſs. JOHNS.

[8] *Join not with grief,*—] Do not thou unite with grief againſt me; do not, by thy additional ſorrows, enable grief to ſtrike me down at once. My own part of ſorrow I can bear, but thy affliction will immediately deſtroy me. JOHNSON.

[9] ——— *I am ſworn brother,*—

To grim neceſſity;———] I have reconciled myſelf to neceſſity, I am in a ſtate of amity with the conſtraint which I have ſuſtained. JOHNSON.

As from my death-bed, my laſt living leave.
In winter's tedious nights, ſit by the fire
With good old folks; and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages, long ago betid:
And, ere thou bid good night, [1] to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And ſend the hearers weeping to their beds.
[2] For why? the ſenſeleſs brands will ſympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And, in compaſſion, weep the fire out:
And ſome will mourn in aſhes, ſome coal-black,
For the depoſing of a rightful king.

Enter Northumberland attended.

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang'd:
You muſt to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.
And, madam, there is order ta'en for you,
With all ſwift ſpeed, you muſt away to France.

K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal
The mounting Bolingbroke aſcends my throne,
The time ſhall not be many hours of age
More than it is, ere foul ſin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption: thou ſhalt think,
Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
It is too little, helping him to all;
And he ſhall think, that thou, which know'ſt the way
To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
Being ne'er ſo little urg'd, another way
To pluck him headlong from the uſurped throne.
The love of wicked friends converts to fear;
That fear to hate; and hate turns one, or both,
To worthy danger, and deſerved death.

[1] — *to quit their grief,*] To retaliate their mournful ſtories. JOHNSON.

[2] *For why?*———] The poet ſhould have ended this ſpeech with the foregoing line, and have ſpared his childiſh prattle about the fire. JOHNSON.

North.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there's an end.
—Take leave and part; for you muſt part forthwith.
K. Rich. Doubly divorc'd? Bad men, ye violate
A two-fold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me;
And then betwixt me and my married wife.
Let me unkiſs the oath 'twixt thee and me.
[*To the queen.*
—And yet not ſo, for with a kiſs 'twas made.
Part us, Northumberland. I, towards the north,
Where ſhivering cold and ſickneſs pines the clime;
My queen to France; from whence, ſet forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like ſweet May,
Sent back like Hollowmas, or ſhort'ſt of day.
Queen. And muſt we be divided? muſt we part?
K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.
Queen. Baniſh us both, and ſend the king with me.
North. That were ſome love, but little policy.
Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.
K. Rich. So two, together weeping, make one woe.
Weep thou for me in France; I for thee here:
[3] Better far off, than near, be ne'er the near'.
Go, count thy way with ſighs; I, mine with groans.
Queen. So longeſt way ſhall have the longeſt moans.
K. Rich. Twice for one ſtep I'll groan, the way being ſhort,
And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in wooing ſorrow let's be brief;
Since, wedding it, there is ſuch length in grief.
One kiſs ſhall ſtop our mouths, and dumbly part;
Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart.
[*They kiſs.*
Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part,

[3] *Better far off, than near, be ne'er the near.*] To be *never the nigher*, or, as it is commonly ſpoken in the mid-land counties, *ne'er the ne-er*, is, to make no advance towards the good deſired. JOHNSON.

To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart. [*Kiſs again.*
So, now I have mine own again, be gone,
That I may ſtrive to kill it with a groan.

K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more, adieu; the reſt, let ſorrow ſay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The duke of York's palace.

Enter York and his Dutcheſs.

Dutch. My lord, you told me, you would tell the reſt,
When weeping made you break the ſtory off
Of our two couſins coming into London.

York. Where did I leave?

Dutch. At that ſad ſtop, my lord,
Where rude miſgovern'd hands, from window-tops,
Threw duſt and rubbiſh on king Richard's head.

York. Then, as I ſaid, the duke, great Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery ſteed,
Which his aſpiring rider ſeem'd to know,
With ſlow, but ſtately pace, kept on his courſe,
While all tongues cry'd, God ſave thee, Bolingbroke!
You wou'd have thought the very windows ſpake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through caſements darted their deſiring eyes
Upon his viſage; and that all the walls
With painted imag'ry had ſaid at once,
Jeſu, preſerve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!
Whilſt he, from one ſide to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud ſteed's neck,
Beſpoke them thus; I thank you, countrymen:
And thus ſtill doing, thus he paſt along.

Dutch. Alas, poor Richard! where rides he the while?

York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the ſtage,

Are

[4] Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Even ſo, or with much more contempt, mens' eyes
Did ſcowl on Richard; no man cry'd, God ſave him;
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:
But duſt was thrown upon his ſacred head;
Which with ſuch gentle ſorrow he ſhook off—
His face ſtill combating with tears and ſmiles,
The badges of his grief and patience—
That had not God, for ſome ſtrong purpoſe, ſteel'd
The hearts of men, they muſt perforce have melted;
And barbariſm itſelf have pitied him.
But heaven hath a hand in theſe events,
To whoſe high will we bound our calm contents.
To Bolingbroke are we ſworn ſubjects now,
Whoſe ſtate, and honour, I for aye allow.

Enter Aumerle.

Dutch. Here comes my ſon Aumerle.

York. Aumerle that was;
But that is loſt, for being Richard's friend,
And, madam, you muſt call him Rutland now.
I am in parliament pledge for his truth,
And laſting fealty to the new-made king.

Dutch. Welcome, my ſon: who are the violets now,
[5] That ſtrew the green lap of the new-come ſpring?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not;
God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.

York. Well, [6] bear you well in this new ſpring of time,
Leſt you be cropt before you come to prime.

[4] *Are idly bent*———] That is *carelesly* turned, thrown without attention. This the poet learned by his attendance and practice on the ſtage. JOHNSON.

[5] *That ſtrew the green lap of the new-come ſpring?*] So Milton in one of his ſongs,

" ——— who from her green lap throws
" The yellow cowſlip and the pale primroſe." STEEV.

[6] — *bear you well*—] That is, conduct yourſelf with prudence. JOHNSON.

What

What news from Oxford? hold theſe juſts and triumphs?

Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they do.

York. You will be there, I know.

Aum. If God prevent me not; I purpoſe ſo.

York. What ſeal is that, which hangs without thy boſom?

[1] Yea, look'ſt thou pale? let me ſee the writing.

Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.

York. No matter then who ſees it:
I will be ſatisfied, let me ſee the writing.

Aum. I do beſeech your grace to pardon me;
It is a matter of ſmall conſequence,
Which for ſome reaſons I would not have ſeen.

York. Which, for ſome reaſons, Sir, I mean to ſee.
I fear, I fear——

Dutch. What ſhould you fear?
'Tis nothing but ſome bond that he is enter'd into,
For gay apparel, againſt the triumph.

York. Bound to himſelf? what doth he with a bond,
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.
Boy, let me ſee the writing.

Aum. I do beſeech you pardon me; I may not ſhew it.

York. I will be ſatisfied; let me ſee it, I ſay.
[*Snatches it and reads.*
Treaſon! foul treaſon! villain! traitor! ſlave!

Dutch. What is the matter, my lord?

York. Ho! who is within there? ſaddle my horſe.
Heaven, for his mercy! what treachery is here?

Dutch. Why, what is it, my lord?

York. Give me my boots, I ſay: ſaddle my horſe.
Now by my honour, by my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villain.

[1] *Yea, look'ſt thou pale? let me ſee the writing.*] Such harſh and defective lines as this, are probably corrupt, and might be eaſily ſupplied, but that it would be dangerous to let conjecture looſe on ſuch ſlight occaſions. JOHNSON.

Dutch.

Dutch. What is the matter?
York. Peace, fooliſh woman!
Dutch. I will not peace: what is the matter, ſon?
Aum. Good mother, be content; it is no more
Than my poor life muſt anſwer.
Dutch. Thy life anſwer!

Enter ſervant with boots.

York. Bring me my boots. I will unto the king.
Dutch. Strike him, Aumerle.—Poor boy, thou art amaz'd.—
Hence, villain, never more come in my ſight.—
[*Speaking to the ſervant.*
York. Give me my boots.
Dutch. Why, York, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the treſpaſs of thine own?
Have we more ſons? or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?
And wilt thou pluck my fair ſon from mine age,
And rob me of a happy mother's name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine own?
York. Thou fond mad-woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conſpiracy?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the ſacrament,
And interchangeably have ſet their hands,
To kill the king at Oxford.
Dutch. He ſhall be none:
We'll keep him here; then what is that to him?
York. Away, fond woman! were he twenty times
My ſon, I would appeach him.
Dutch. Hadſt thou groan'd for him,
As I have done, thou'dſt be more pitiful.
But now I know thy mind; thou doſt ſuſpect,
That I have been diſloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a baſtard, not thy ſon.
Sweet York, ſweet huſband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Nor like to me, nor any of my kin,
And yet I love him.

York.

York. Make way, unruly woman! [*Exit.*

Dutch. After, Aumerle: mount thee upon his horſe;
Spur poſt; and get before him to the king,
And beg thy pardon, ere he do accuſe thee.
I'll not be long behind; though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as faſt as York:
And never will I riſe up from the ground,
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee. Away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The court at Windſor-caſtle.

Enter Bolingbroke, Percy, and other lords.

Boling. Can no man tell of my unthrifty ſon?
'Tis full three months ſince I did ſee him laſt.—
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.
I would to heaven, my lords, he might be found.
[8] Enquire at London, 'mong the taverns there:
For there, they ſay, he daily doth frequent,
With unreſtrained looſe companions;
Even ſuch, they ſay, as ſtand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our paſſengers;
While he, young, wanton, and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour, to ſupport
So diſſolute a crew.

Percy. My lord, ſome two days ſince I ſaw the prince,
And told him of theſe triumphs held at Oxford.

Boling. And what ſaid the gallant?

Percy. His anſwer was, he would unto the ſtews,
And from the common'ſt creature pluck a glove,
And wear it as a favour; and with that
He would unhorſe the luſtieſt challenger.

[8] *Enquire at London, &c.*] This is a very proper introduction to the future character of Henry the Fifth, to his debaucheries in his youth, and his greatneſs in his manhood. JOHNSON.

Boling.

Boling. As diſſolute, as deſperate: yet through both
I ſee ſome ſparkles of a better hope,
Which elder days may happily bring forth.
But who comes here?

Enter Aumerle.

Aum. Where is the king?
Boling. What means our couſin, that he ſtares
And looks ſo wildly?
Aum. God ſave your grace. I do beſeech your majeſty,
To have ſome conference with your grace alone.
Boling. Withdraw yourſelves, and leave us here alone.—
What is the matter with our couſin now?
Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth,
[*Kneels.*
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unleſs a pardon, ere I riſe, or ſpeak.
Boling. Intended, or committed, was this fault?
If but the firſt, how heinous ere it be,
To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.
Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter till the tale be done.
Boling. Have thy deſire. [*York within.*
York. My liege, beware, look to thyſelf,
Thou haſt a traitor in thy preſence there.
Boling. Villain, I'll make thee ſafe. [*Drawing.*
Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand, thou haſt no cauſe to fear.
York. Open the door, ſecure, fool-hardy king.
Shall I, for love, ſpeak treaſon to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

The King opens the door, enter York.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? ſpeak,
Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.

York.

York. Peruſe this writing here, and thou ſhalt know
The treaſon that my haſte forbids me ſhow.

Aum. Remember, as thou read'ſt, thy promiſe paſt.
I do repent me; read not my name there;
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

York. 'Twas, villain, ere thy hand did ſet it down.—
I tore it from the traitor's boſom, king;
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence:
Forget to pity him, leſt thy pity prove
A ſerpent that will ſting thee to the heart.

Boling. O heinous, ſtrong, and bold conſpiracy!—
O loyal father of a treacherous ſon!
[9] Thou ſheer, immaculate, and ſilver fountain,
From whence this ſtream, through muddy paſſages,
Hath held his current, and defil'd himſelf!
[1] Thy overflow of good converts the bad;
And thine abundant goodneſs ſhall excuſe
This deadly blot in thy tranſgreſſing ſon.

York. So ſhall my virtue be his vice's bawd;
And he ſhall ſpend mine honour with his ſhame,
As thriftleſs ſons their ſcraping fathers' gold.
Mine honour lives, when his diſhonour dies,
Or my ſham'd life in his diſhonour lies:
Thou kill'ſt me in his life; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

[*Dutcheſs within.*

Dutch. What ho, my liege! for heaven's ſake let me in.

[9] *Thou ſheer, immaculate,* &c.] *Sheer* is pure, tranſparent. The modern editors arbitrarily read *clear*. Shakeſpeare mentions *ſheer* ale, and Atterbury ſays that *ſheer* argument is not the talent of man. Tranſparent muſlin is ſtill called *ſheer* muſlin. STEEV.

In former copies,

[1] *Thy overflow of good converts* to *bad*;] This is the reading of all the printed copies in general; and I never till lately ſuſpected its being faulty. The reaſoning is disjointed, and inconcluſive: my emendation makes it clear and of a piece. "Thy "overflow of good changes the complexion of thy ſon's guilt; "and thy goodneſs, being ſo abundant, ſhall excuſe his treſ-"paſs." THEOBALD.

Boling. What ſhrill-voic'd ſuppliant makes this eage
cry?
Dutch. A woman, and thine aunt, great king; 'tis I
Speak with me, pity me, open the door;
A beggar begs that never begg'd before.
Boling. Our ſcene is alter'd from a ſerious thing,
And now chang'd to [2] *the Beggar and the King.*
—My dangerous couſin, let your mother in;
I know, ſhe's come to pray for your foul ſin.
York. If thou do pardon, whoſoever pray,
More ſins, for this forgiveneſs proſper may.
This feſter'd joint cut off, the reſt is ſound;
This, let alone, will all the reſt confound.

Enter Dutcheſs.

Dutch. O king, believe not this hard-hearted man
Love, loving not itſelf, none other can.
York. Thou frantic woman, what doſt thou do
here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?
Dutch. Sweet York, be patient: hear me, gentle
liege. [*Kneels*
Boling. Riſe up, good aunt.
Dutch. Not yet, I thee beſeech:
For ever will I kneel upon my knees,
And never ſee day that the happy ſees,
Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland, my tranſgreſſing boy.
Aum. Unto my mother's prayers I bend my knee.
[*Kneels*

[2] — *the Beggar and the King.*] *The King and Beggar* ſeems to have been an interlude well known in the time of our author, who has alluded to it more than once. I cannot now find that any copy of it is left. JOHNSON.

The King and Beggar was perhaps once an interlude; it was certainly a ſong. The reader will find it in the firſt volume of Dr. Percy's collection. It is there intitled, *King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid.* It is printed from Rich. Johnſon's *Crown Garland of Goulden Roſes*, 1612, 12°; where it is intitled ſimply, *A Song of a Beggar and a King.* STEEVENS.

York.

York. Againſt them both my true joints bended be.
[*Kneels.*
Ill may'ſt thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!
Dutch. Pleads he in earneſt? look upon his face;
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jeſt;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breaſt:
He prays but faintly, and would be deny'd;
We pray with heart and ſoul, and all beſide.
His weary joints would gladly riſe, I know;
Our knees ſhall kneel, till to the ground they grow.
His prayers are full of falſe hypocriſy;
Ours of true zeal, and deep integrity.
Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them crave
That mercy which true prayers ought to have.
Boling. Good aunt, ſtand up.
Dutch. Nay, do not ſay, ſtand up,
But pardon firſt; ſay afterwards, ſtand up.
An if I were thy nurſe, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon ſhould be the firſt word of thy ſpeech.
I never long'd to hear a word till now;
Say, pardon, king; let pity teach thee how.
The word is ſhort, but not ſo ſhort as ſweet;
No word like pardon for kings mouths ſo meet.
Boling. Good aunt, ſtand up.
Dutch. I do not ſue to ſtand,
Pardon is all the ſuit I have in hand.
Boling. I pardon him, as heaven ſhall pardon me.
Dutch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!
Yet am I ſick for fear: ſpeak it again,
Twice ſaying pardon doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon ſtrong.
York. Speak it in French, king; ſay, [3] *Pardonnez moy.*
Dutch. Doſt thou teach pardon, pardon to deſtroy?
Ah, my four huſband, my hard-hearted lord,

[3] ——— *Pardonnez moy.*] That is, *excuſe me*, a phraſe uſed when any thing is civilly denied. The whole paſſage is ſuch as I could well wiſh away. JOHNSON.

That ſet'ſt the word itſelf againſt the word!
Speak pardon, as 'tis current in our land,
The chopping French we do not underſtand.
Thine eye begins to ſpeak, ſet thy tongue there:
Or, in thy piteous heart, plant thou thine ear;
That, hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee pardon to rehearſe.

Boling. With all my heart
I pardon him.

Dutch. A god on earth thou art.

Boling. [4] But for our truſty brother-in-law—the abbot—
With all the reſt of that conſorted crew—
Deſtruction ſtraight ſhall dog them at the heels.—
Good uncle, help to order ſeveral powers
To Oxford, or where-e'er theſe traitors are.
They ſhall not live within this world, I ſwear,
But I will have them, if I once know where.
Uncle, farewell; and couſin too, adieu:
Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

Dutch. Come, my old ſon; I pray heaven make thee new. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Exton and a Servant.

Exton. Didſt thou not mark the king, what words he ſpake?
Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?
Was it not ſo?

Serv. Thoſe were his very words.

Exton. Have I no friend?—quoth he; he ſpake it twice,
And urg'd it twice together; did he not?

[4] *But for our truſty brother-in-law—the abbot—*] The abbot of Weſtminſter was an eccleſiaſtic; but the brother-in-law meant, was John duke of Exeter and earl of Huntingdon (own brother to king Richard II.) and who had married with the lady Elizabeth ſiſter of Henry of Bolingbroke. THEOBALD.

Ser.

Ser. He did.

Exton. And, ſpeaking it, he wiſtly look'd on me;
As who ſhall ſay—I would, thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart;
Meaning, the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go:
I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Changes to the priſon at Pomfret-caſtle.

Enter king Richard.

K. Rich. I have been ſtudying how to compare
This priſon, where I live, unto the world:
And, for becauſe the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myſelf,
I cannot do it; yet I'll hammer it out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my ſoul;
My ſoul, the father: and theſe two beget
A generation of ſtill-breeding thoughts;
And theſe ſame thoughts people this little word;
In humour, like the people of this world;
For no thought is contented. The better ſort,
As thoughts, of things divine, are intermix'd
With ſcruples, and do ſet the world itſelf
Againſt the world:
As thus, *Come little ones*; and then again,
It is as hard to come, as for a camel
To thread the poſtern of a needle's eye.
Thoughts, tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders: how theſe vain weak nails
May tear a paſſage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged priſon-walls;
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts, tending to content, flatter themſelves
That they are not the firſt of fortune's ſlaves,
Nor ſhall not be the laſt; like ſilly beggars,
Who, ſitting in the ſtocks, refuſe their ſhame
That many have, and others muſt ſit there:
And, in this thought, they find a kind of eaſe,

Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of ſuch as have before endur'd the like.
Thus play I, in one perſon, many people,
And none contented. Sometimes am I king;
Then treaſon makes me wiſh myſelf a beggar,
And ſo I am. Then cruſhing penury
Perſuades me I was better when a king;
Then am I king'd again: and, by-and-by,
Think, that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And ſtraight am nothing. But, what-e'er I am,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is
With nothing ſhall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing.—Muſic do I hear? [*Muſic.*
Ha, ha! keep time: how ſour ſweet muſic is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept?
So is it in the muſic of mens' lives.
And here have I the daintineſs of ear,
To check time broke in a diſorder'd ſtring;
But for the concord of my ſtate and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I waſted time, and now doth time waſte me.
For now hath time made me his numb'ring clock;
My thoughts are minutes; and [5] with ſighs they jar,
Their watches to mine eyes, the outward watch;

[5] ——— *with ſighs they jar,*
Their watches, &c.———] I think this expreſſion muſt be corrupt, but I know not well how to make it better. The firſt quarto reads,
" My thoughts are minutes; and with ſighs they jar,
" There watches on unto mine eyes the outward watch."
The ſecond quarto:
" My thoughts are minutes, and with ſighs they jar,
" There watches to mine eyes the outward watch."
The firſt folio agrees with the ſecond quarto.
Perhaps out of theſe two readings the right may be made. *Watch* ſeems to be uſed in a double ſenſe, for a quantity of time, and for the inſtrument that meaſures time. I read, but with no great confidence, thus:
" My thoughts are minutes, and with ſighs they jar
" Their watches on; mine eyes the outward watch,
" Whereto," &c. JOHNSON.

Whereto

Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing ſtill, in cleanſing them from tears.
Now, Sir, the ſounds that tell what hour it is,
Are clamorous groans, that ſtrike upon my heart,
Which is the bell: ſo ſighs, and tears, and groans,
Shew minutes, times, and hours. But my time
Runs poſting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I ſtand fooling here, [6] his Jack o' the clock.
This muſic mads me, let it ſound no more;
For, though it have holpe mad men to their wits,
In me, it ſeems, it will make wiſe men mad.
Yet, bleſſing on his heart that gives it me!
For 'tis a ſign of love; and love to Richard
Is a ſtrange brooch [7] in this all-hating world.

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal prince!

K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer:
The cheapeſt of us is ten groats too dear.
What art thou? and how comeſt thou hither?
[8] Where no man ever comes, but that ſad dog,
That brings me food, to make misfortune live?

[6] ——— *his Jack o'the clock.*] That is, I ſtrike for him. One of theſe automatons is alluded to in *King Richard the Third:*

" Becauſe that like a Jack thou keepſt the ſtroke,
" Between thy begging and my meditation."

The ſame expreſſion occurs in an old comedy, intitled, *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it:*

" ——— ſo would I,
" And we their Jacks o'the clock-houſe." STEEVENS.

[7] —— *in this* ALL-HATING *world.*] I believe the meaning is, this world in which I am univerſally hated. JOHNSON.

[8] *Where no man ever comes, but that ſad dog,*] I have ventured at a change here, againſt the authority of the copies, by the direction of Dr. Warburton. Indeed, *ſad dog* ſavours too much of the comedian, the oratory of the late facetious Mr. Penkethman. And *drudge* is the word of contempt, which our author chuſes to uſe on other like occaſions. THEOBALD.

Dr. Warburton ſays peremptorily, read *drudge*; but I ſtill perſiſt in the old reading. JOHNSON.

It ſhould be remembered that the word *ſad* was in the time of our author uſed for *grave*. The expreſſion will then be the ſame as if he had ſaid, *that grave, that gloomy villain.* STEEVENS.

Groom.

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy ſtable, king,
When thou wert king; who, travelling towards York,
With much ado, at length have gotten leave
To look upon my ſometime royal maſter's face.
O, how it yearn'd my heart, when I beheld,
In London ſtreets, that coronation-day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan *Barbary!*
That horſe, that thou ſo often haſt beſtrid;
That horſe, that I ſo carefully have dreſs'd!

K. Rich. Rode he on *Barbary?* tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?

Groom. So proudly, as if he diſdain'd the ground.

K. Rich. So proud, that Bolingbroke was on his back!
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand,
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not ſtumble? would he not fall down,
(Since pride muſt have a fall) and break the neck
Of that proud man, that did uſurp his back?
Forgiveneſs, horſe! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Waſt born to bear? I was not made a horſe;
And yet I bear a burden like an aſs,
Spur-gall'd, and tir'd, [9] by jauncing Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper, with a diſh.

Keep. Fellow, give place; here is no longer ſtay.
[*To the Groom.*

K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart ſhall ſay. [*Exit.*

Keep. My lord, wilt pleaſe you to fall to?

K. Rich. Taſte of it firſt, as thou wert wont to do.

[9] — *by* jauncing *Bolingbroke.*] *Jaunce* and *jaunt* were ſynonimous words. B. Johnſon uſes *geances* in his *Tale of a Tub:*

"I would I had a few more *geances* of it:
"And you ſay the word, ſend me to Jericho."

STEEVENS.

Keep.

Keep. My lord, I dare not; Sir Pierce of Exton,
Who late came from the king, commands the contrary.

K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaſter, and thee!
Patience is ſtale, and I am weary of it.
[*Beats the Keeper.*

Keep. Help, help, help!

Enter Exton and ſervants.

K. Rich. How now? what means death in this rude aſſault?
Wretch, thine own hand yields thy death's inſtrument.
[*Snatching a weapon, and killing one.*
Go thou, and fill another room in hell. [*Kills another.*
[*Exton ſtrikes him down.*
That hand ſhall burn in never-quenching fire,
That ſtaggers thus my perſon. Thy fierce hand
Hath with the king's blood ſtain'd the king's own land.
Mount, mount, my ſoul! thy ſeat is up on high;
Whilſt my groſs fleſh ſinks downward, here to die,
[*Dies.*

Exton. As full of valour as of royal blood:
Both have I ſpilt: oh, would the deed were good!
For now the devil, that told me, I did well,
Says, that this deed is chronicled in hell.
This dead king to the living king I'll bear—
Take hence the reſt, and give them burial here.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The court at Windſor.

Flouriſh: Enter Bolingbroke, York, with other lords and attendants.

Boling. Kind, uncle York, the lateſt news we hear,
Is, that the rebels have conſum'd with fire
Our town of Ciceſter in Glouceſterſhire;
But whether they be ta'en, or ſlain, we hear not.

Enter

Enter Northumberland.

Welcome, my lord: what is the news?

North. Firſt to thy ſacred ſtate wiſh I all happineſs;
The next news is, I have to London ſent
The heads of Saliſbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent:
The manner of their taking may appear
At large diſcourſed in this paper here.

[*Preſenting a paper.*

Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains;
And to thy worth will add right-worthy gains.

Enter Fitzwalter.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford ſent to London
The heads of Brocas, and Sir Bennet Seeley;
Two of the dangerous conſorted traitors,
That ſought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwalter, ſhall not be forgot;
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter Percy, with the biſhop of Carliſle.

Percy. The grand conſpirator, Abbot of Weſtminſter,
With clog of conſcience, and ſour melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave:
But here is Carliſle living, to abide
Thy kingly doom, and ſentence of his pride.

Boling. Carliſle, this is your doom:
Chuſe out ſome ſecret place, ſome reverend room
More than thou haſt, and with it joy thy life;
So, as thou liv'ſt in peace, die free from ſtrife.
For though mine enemy thou haſt ever been,
High ſparks of honour in thee I have ſeen.

Enter Exton, with a coffin.

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I preſent
Thy bury'd fear: herein all breathleſs lies
The mightieſt of thy greateſt enemies,
Richard of Bourdeaux, by me hither brought.

Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou haſt wrought
A deed of ſlander with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head, and all this famous land.

Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.

Boling. They love not poiſon, that do poiſon need,
Nor do I thee: though I did wiſh him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.
The guilt of conſcience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princely favour:
With Cain go wander through the ſhade of night,
And never ſhew thy head by day, nor light.
Lords, I proteſt, my ſoul is full of woe,
That blood ſhould ſprinkle me, to make me grow.
Come, mourn with me for what I do lament,
And put on ſullen black, incontinent:
I'll make a voyage to the Holy-land,
To waſh this blood off from my guilty hand:—
March ſadly after; grace my mourning here,
In weeping over this untimely bier. [*Exeunt omnes* *.

* This play is extracted from the *Chronicle of Hollinſhed*, in which many paſſages may be found which Shakeſpeare has, with very little alteration, tranſplanted into his ſcenes; particularly a ſpeech of the biſhop of Carliſle in defence of king Richard's unalienable right, and immunity from human juriſdiction.

Jonſon who, in his *Catiline and Sejanus*, has inſerted many ſpeeches from the Roman hiſtorians, was perhaps induced to that practice by the example of Shakeſpeare, who had condeſcended ſometimes to copy more ignoble writers. But Shakeſpeare had more of his own than Jonſon, and, if he ſometimes was willing to ſpare his labour, ſhewed by what he performed at other times, that his extracts were made by choice or idleneſs rather than neceſſity.

This play is one of thoſe which Shakeſpeare has apparently reviſed; but as ſucceſs in works of invention is not always proportionate to labour, it is not finiſhed at laſt with the happy force of ſome other of his tragedies, nor can be ſaid much to affect the paſſions, or enlarge the underſtanding. JOHNSON.

THE FIRST PART OF

HENRY IV.

WITH THE

LIFE AND DEATH

OF

HENRY, Sirnamed HOTSPUR.

Perſons Repreſented.

King HENRY the Fourth.
Henry, *prince of Wales*, } *ſons to the king.*
John, *duke of Lancaſter*, }
Worceſter.
Northumberland.
Hotſpur.
Mortimer.
Archbiſhop of York.
Douglas.
Owen Glendower.
Sir Richard Vernon.
Sir Michael.
Weſtmorland.
Sir Walter Blunt.
Sir John Falſtaff. —
Poins.
Gadſhill.
Peto.
Bardolph.

Lady Percy, *wife to Hotſpur.*
Lady Mortimer, *daughter to Glendower, and wife to Mortimer.*
Hoſteſs Quickly.

Sheriff, vintner, chamberlain, drawers, two carriers, travellers, and attendants.

The perſons of the drama were firſt collected by Rowe.

SCENE, *England.*

[1] THE FIRST PART OF

HENRY IV.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The court in London.

Enter king Henry, lord John of Lancaſter, earl of Weſtmorland, and others.

KING HENRY.

SO ſhaken as we are, ſo wan with care,
[2] Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breathe ſhort-winded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in ſtronds a-far remote.

[1] *The Firſt Part of Henry IV.*] The tranſactions contained in this hiſtorical drama are compriſed within the period of about ten months; for the action commences with the news brought of Hotſpur having defeated the Scots under Archibald earl Douglas at Holmedon (or Halidown-hill) which battle was fought on Holyrood-day (the 14th of September) 1402; and it cloſes with the defeat and death of Hotſpur at Shrewſbury; which engagement happened on Saturday the 21ſt of July (the eve of Saint Mary Magdalen) in the year 1403. THEOBALD.

Shakeſpeare has apparently deſigned a regular connection of theſe dramatic hiſtories from Richard the Second to Henry the Fifth. King Henry, at the end of Richard the Second, declares his purpoſe to viſit the Holy-land, which he reſumes in his ſpeech. The complaint made by king Henry in the laſt act of Richard the Second, of the wildneſs of his ſon, prepares the reader for the frolicks which are here to be recounted, and the characters which are now to be exhibited. JOHNSON.

[2] *Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,*
And breathe ſhort-winded accents—] That is, Let us ſoften peace to reſt a while without diſturbance, that ſhe may recover breath to propoſe new wars. JOHNSON.

No

[3] No more the thirſty entrance of this ſoil
Shall daub her lips with her own childrens' blood;

[3] *No more the thirſty entrance of this ſoil*
Shall damp her lips with her own children's blood;] This nonſenſe ſhould be read, *Shall* TREMPE, *i. e.* moiſten, and refers to thirſty in the preceding line: *trempe*, from the French, *tremper*, properly ſignifies the moiſtneſs made by rain. WARB.

That theſe lines are abſurd is ſoon diſcovered, but how this nonſenſe will be made ſenſe is not ſo eaſily told; ſurely not by reading *trempe*, for what means he, that ſays, *the thirſty* entrance *of this* ſoil *ſhall no more* trempe *her lips with her childrens' blood*, more than he that ſays *it ſhall not* damp *her lips?* To ſuppoſe the *entrance of the ſoil* to mean the *entrance* of a king upon *dominion*, and king Henry to predict that *kings ſhall enter hereafter without bloodſhed*, is to give words ſuch a latitude of meaning, that no nonſenſe can want a congruous interpretation.

The antient copies neither have *trempe* nor *damp*; the firſt 4to of 1599, that of 1622, the folio of 1623, and the 4to of 1639, all read,

No more the thirſty entrance of this ſoil
Shall daube *her lips with her own children's blood.*

The folios of 1662 and 1634 read, by an apparent error of the preſs, *Shall* damb *her lips*, from which the later editors have idly adopted *damp*. The old reading helps the editor no better than the new, nor can I ſatisfactorily reform the paſſage. I think that *thirſty entrance* muſt be wrong, yet know not what to offer. We may read, but not very elegantly,

No more the thirſty entrails *of this ſoil*
Shall daubed be *with her own childrens' blood.*

The relative *her* is inaccurately uſed in both readings; but to regard ſenſe more than grammar is familiar to our author.

We may ſuppoſe a verſe or two loſt between theſe two lines. This is a cheap way of palliating an editor's inability; but I believe ſuch omiſſions are more frequent in Shakeſpeare than is commonly imagined. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the following conjecture may be thought very far fetch'd, and yet I am willing to venture it, becauſe it often happens that a wrong reading has affinity to the right.

I would read,

——— *the thirſty* entrants *of this ſoil*;

i. e. thoſe who ſet foot on this kingdom through the thirſt of power or conqueſt.

Whoever is accuſtomed to the old copies of this author, will generally find the words *conſequents*, *occurrents*, *ingredients*, ſpelt conſequence, occurrence, ingredience; and thus, perhaps, the French word *entrants*, anglicized by Shakeſpeare, might have been corrupted into *entrance*, which affords no very apparent meaning. STEEVENS.

No

No more ſhall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruiſe her flowrets with the armed hoofs
Of hoſtile paces. [4] Thoſe oppoſed eyes,
Which—like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one ſubſtance bred—
Did lately meet in the inteſtine ſhock
And furious cloſe of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual, well-beſeeming ranks
March all one way; and be no more oppos'd
Againſt acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-ſheathed knife,
No more ſhall cut his maſter. Therefore, friends,
[5] As far as to the ſepulchre of Chriſt,
(Whoſe ſoldiers now, under whoſe bleſſed croſs
We are impreſſed, and engag'd to fight)
Forthwith a power of Engliſh ſhall we levy;
Whoſe arms were moulded in their mothers' wombs

[4] ——— *Thoſe oppoſed eyes,*] The ſimilitude is beautiful; but what are "eyes meeting in inteſtine ſhocks, and marching "all one way?" The true reading is, FILES; which appears not only from the integrity of the metaphor, "well-be-"ſeeming ranks march all one way;" but from the nature of thoſe meteors to which they are compared; namely, long ſtreaks of red, which repreſent the lines of armies; the appearance of which, and their likeneſs to ſuch lines, gave occaſion to all the ſuperſtition of the common people concerning armies in the air, &c. Out of mere contradiction, the Oxford Editor would improve my alteration of *files* to *arms*, and ſo loſes both the integrity of the metaphor and the likeneſs of the compariſon.
WARBURTON.

This paſſage is not very accurate in the expreſſion, but I think nothing can be changed. JOHNSON.

[5] *As far as to the ſepulchre*, &c.] The lawfulneſs and juſtice of the holy wars have been much diſputed; but perhaps there is a principle on which the queſtion may be eaſily determined. If it be part of the religion of the Mahometans to extirpate by the ſword all other religions, it is, by the law of ſelf-defence, lawful for men of every other religion, and for Chriſtians among others, to make war upon Mahometans, ſimply as Mahometans, as men obliged by their own principles to make war upon Chriſtians, and only lying in wait till opportunity ſhall promiſe them ſucceſs. JOHNSON.

To chaſe theſe pagans in thoſe holy fields,
Over whoſe acres walk'd thoſe bleſſed feet,
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd,
For our advantage, on the bitter croſs.
But this our purpoſe is a twelve-month old,
And bootleſs 'tis to tell you we will go;
Therefore, we meet not now—then let me hear
Of you, my gentle couſin Weſtmorland,
What yeſternight our council did decree,
In forwarding [6] this dear expedience.

Weſt. My liege, this haſte was hot in queſtion,
[7] And many limits of the charge ſet down
But yeſternight: when, all athwart, there came
A poſt from Wales, loaden with heavy news;
Whoſe worſt was, that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordſhire to fight
Againſt the irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welſhman taken,
And a thouſand of his people butchered:
Upon whoſe dead corpſes there was ſuch miſuſe,
Such beaſtly, ſhameleſs transformation,
[8] By thoſe Welſhwomen done, as may not be,
Without much ſhame, retold or ſpoken of.

K. Henry. It ſeems then, that the tidings of this broil
Brake off our buſineſs for the Holy-land.

Weſt. This, match'd with others, did, my gracious lord;
For more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the north, and thus it did import.
On Holy-rood-day, the gallant Hotſpur there,
Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,

[6] —— *this dear expedience.*] For *expedition.* WARBURTON.

[7] *And many limits*——] *Limits* for *eſtimates.* WARBURT.

[8] *By thoſe Welſhwomen done*——] Thus Holinſhed: "The "ſhameful villainy uſed by the Welſhwomen toward the dead "carcaſſes, was ſuch as honeſt ears would be aſhamed to hear." STEEVENS.

That

That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
At Holmedon ſpent a ſad and bloody hour;
As by diſcharge of their artillery,
And ſhape of likelihood, the news was told;
For he that brought it, in the very heat
And pride of their contention, did take horſe,
Uncertain of the iſſue any way.

K. Henry. Here is a dear and true-induſtrious friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horſe,
Stain'd with the variation of each ſoil
Betwixt that Holmedon and this ſeat of ours;
And he hath brought us ſmooth and welcome news:
The earl of Douglas is diſcomfited;
Ten thouſand bold Scots, two-and-twenty knights,
[9] Balk'd in their own blood, did Sir Walter ſee
On Holmedon's plain. Of priſoners, Hotſpur took
Mordake the earl of Fife, and eldeſt ſon
To beaten Douglas, and the earls
Athol, Murray, Angus, and Menteith.
And is not this an honourable ſpoil?
A gallant prize? ha, couſin, is it not?

[9] *Balk'd in their own blood,*———] I ſhould ſuppoſe, that the author might have written either *bath'd*, or *bak'd*, i. e. encruſted over with blood dried upon them.

I have ſince met with this paſſage in Carew's *Survey of Cornwall*, p. 33. of which the reader may try if he can make any uſe.

"Fiſh are ſaved three manner of ways, but for every of "which they are firſt ſalted, and piled up, row by row, in "ſquare heaps, which they term *bulking*, where they ſo remain "for ſome days, until the ſuperfluous matter of the blood and "ſalt be ſoaked from them."

Bulk is likewiſe apparently uſed for a dead body in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1615.

"Had I the heart to tread upon the *bulk*
"Of my dead father?"

And again, in *The Love of King David and fair Bethſabe*, 1599,

"And in ſome ditch amidſt this darkſome wood
"Bury his *bulk* beneath a heap of ſtones." STEEVENS.

Weſt. It is a conqueſt for a prince to boaſt of.

K. Henry. Yea, there thou mak'ſt me ſad, and mak'ſt me ſin
In envy, that my lord Northumberland
Should be the father of ſo bleſt a ſon:
A ſon who is the theme of honour's tongue;
Amongſt a grove, the very ſtraiteſt plant;
Who is ſweet fortune's minion and her pride:
Whilſt I, by looking on the praiſe of him,
See riot and diſhonour ſtain the brow
Of my young Harry. O that it could be prov'd,
That ſome night-tripping fairy had exchang'd,
In cradle-cloaths, our children where they lay,
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet!
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts.——What think you, couſin,
Of this young Percy's pride? [1] the priſoners,
Which he in this adventure hath ſurpriz'd,
To his own uſe he keeps; and ſends me word,
I ſhall have none but Mordake earl of Fife.

Weſt. This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worceſter,
Malevolent to you in all aſpects;
[2] Which makes him prune himſelf, and briſtle up
The creſt of youth againſt your dignity.

[1] ——— *the priſoners,*] Percy had an excluſive right to theſe priſoners, except the earl of Fife. By the law of arms, every man who had taken any captive, whoſe redemption did not exceed ten thouſand crowns, had him clearly for himſelf, either to acquit or ranſom at his pleaſure. It ſeems from *Camden's Brit.* that Pounouny-caſtle in Scotland was built out of the ranſom of this very Henry Percy, when taken priſoner at the battle of Otterbourne by an anceſtor of the preſent earl of Eglington. TOLLET.

[2] *Which makes him* PRUNE *himſelf,*——] Doubtleſs Shakeſpeare wrote PLUME. And to this the Oxford Editor gives his fiat. WARBURTON.

I am not ſo confident as thoſe two editors. The metaphor is taken from a cock, who in his pride *prunes himſelf*; that is, picks off the looſe feathers to ſmooth the reſt. To *prune* and to *plume*, ſpoken of a bird, is the ſame. JOHNSON.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. But I have ſent for him to anſwer this;
And, for this cauſe, a while we muſt neglect
Our holy purpoſe to Jeruſalem.
Couſin, on Wedneſday next our council we
Will hold at Windſor, ſo inform the lords:
But come yourſelf with ſpeed to us again;
For more is to be ſaid, and to be done,
[3] Than out of anger can be uttered.

Weſt. I will, my liege. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An apartment of the prince's.

Enter Henry prince of Wales and Sir John Falſtaff.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

P. Henry. Thou art ſo fat-witted with drinking old ſack, and unbuttoning thee after ſupper, and ſleeping upon benches after noon, that thou haſt forgotten [4] to demand that truly, which thou would'ſt truly know. What a devil haſt thou to do with the time of the day? Unleſs hours were cups of ſack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the ſigns of leaping-houſes, and the bleſſed ſun himſelf a fair hot wench in flame-colour'd taffata. I ſee no reaſon why thou ſhould'ſt be ſo ſuperfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me now, Hal. For we, that take purſes, go by the moon and ſeven ſtars; and not by Phœbus, *he, that wand'ring knight ſo fair.* And I pray thee, ſweet wag, when thou art king—— as God ſave thy grace (majeſty, I ſhould ſay; for grace thou wilt have none)——

[3] *Than out of anger can be uttered.*] That is, "More is to be "ſaid than anger will ſuffer me to ſay: more than can iſſue "from a mind diſturbed like mine." JOHNSON.

[4] — *to demand that truly, which thou would'ſt truly know.*—] The prince's objection to the queſtion ſeems to be, that Falſtaff had aſked in the *night* what was the time of *day*. JOHNSON.

P. Henry. What! none?

Fal. No, by my troth; not ſo much as will ſerve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Henry. Well, how then?——come——roundly, roundly.——

Fal. Marry, then, ſweet wag, when thou art king, [5] let not us, that are ſquires of the night's body, be called thieves of the day's beauty. Let us be Diana's foreſters, gentlemen of the ſhade, minions of the moon: and let men ſay, we be men of good government; being governed, as the ſea is, by our noble and chaſte miſtreſs the moon, under whoſe countenance we——ſteal.

P. Henry. Thou ſay'ſt well; and it holds well too: for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the ſea; being governed as the ſea is, by the moon. As for proof, now: a purſe of gold moſt reſolutely ſnatched on Monday night, and moſt diſſolutely ſpent on Tueſday morning; [6] got with ſwearing, *lay by*; and ſpent with crying, *bring*

[5] In former editions,

— *let not us, that are ſquires of the night's body, be called thieves of the day's beauty.*] This conveys no manner of idea to me. How could they be called thieves of the day's beauty? They robbed by moonſhine; they could not ſteal the fair day-light. I have ventured to ſubſtitute *booty*; and this I take to be the meaning. Let us not be called *thieves*, the purloiners of that *booty*, which, to the proprietors, was the purchaſe of honeſt labour and induſtry by day. THEOBALD.

It is true, as Theobald has obſerved, that they could not ſteal *the fair day-light*; but I believe our poet by the expreſſion, *thieves of the day's beauty*, meant only, *let not us, who are body ſquires to the night*, i. e. adorn the night, *be called a diſgrace to the day*. To take away the beauty of the day may probably mean to diſgrace it. STEEVENS.

[6] —*got with ſwearing*, lay by;] *i. e.* Swearing at the paſſengers they robbed, *lay by your arms*; or rather, *lay by* was a phraſe that then ſignified *ſtand ſtill*, addreſſed to thoſe who were preparing to ruſh forward. But the Oxford Editor kindly accommodates theſe old thieves with a new cant phraſe, taken from Bagſhot-heath or Finchly-common, of LUG OUT. WARB.

in;

in: now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder; and, by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the lord, thou ſay'ſt true, lad. [7] And is not mine hoſteſs of the tavern a moſt ſweet wench?

P. Henry. [8] As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the

[7] *And is not mine hoſteſs of the tavern,* &c.] We meet with the ſame kind of humour, as is contained in this and the three following ſpeeches, in the *Moſtellaria of Plautus,* act. 1. ſc. 2.

Philematium.

" Jampridem ecaſtor frigidâ non lavi magis lubenter,
" Nec unde me melius, mea Scapha, rear eſſe defœcatam."

Sca. " Eventus rebus omnibus, velut horno meſſis magna fuit."

Phi. " Quid ea meſſis attinet ad meam lavationem?"

Sca. " Nihilo plus, quam lavatio tua ad meſſim."

In the want of connection to what went before, probably conſiſts the humour of the prince's queſtion. STEEVENS.

[8] *As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the caſtle;*] Mr. Rowe took notice of a tradition, that this part of Falſtaff was written originally under the name of Oldcaſtle. An ingenious correſpondent hints to me, that the paſſage above quoted from our author proves what Mr. Rowe tells us was a tradition. *Old lad of the caſtle* ſeems to have a reference to Oldcaſtle. Beſides, if this had not been the fact, why, in the epilogue to *The Second Part of Henry IV.* where our author promiſes to continue his ſtory with Sir John in it, ſhould he ſay, " Where, for any " thing I know, Falſtaff ſhall die of a ſweat, unleſs already he " be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcaſtle died a " martyr, and this is not the man." This looks like declining a point that had been made an objection to him. I'll give a farther matter in proof, which ſeems almoſt to fix the charge. I have read an old play, called, *The famous Victories of Henry the Fifth, containing the honourable Battle of Agincourt.*——The action of this piece commences about the 14th year of K. Henry the Fourth's reign, and ends with Henry the Fifth's marrying princeſs Catharine of France. The ſcene opens with prince Henry's robberies. Sir John Oldcaſtle is one of the gang, and called Jockie; and Ned and Gadſhill are two other comrades. ——From this old imperfect ſketch, I have a ſuſpicion, Shakeſpeare might form his two parts of Henry the Fourth, and his hiſtory of Henry the Fifth; and conſequently it is not improbable, that he might continue the mention of Sir John Old-

the caſtle; [9] and is not a buff-jerkin a moſt ſweet robe of durance?

Fal.

caſtle, till ſome deſcendants of that family moved queen Elizabeth to command him to change the name. THEOBALD.

——— *my old lad of the caſtle*;] This alludes to the name Shakeſpeare firſt gave to this buffoon character, which was Sir John Oldcaſtle; and when he changed the name he forgot to ſtrike out this expreſſion that alluded to it. The reaſon of the change was this; one Sir John Oldcaſtle having ſuffered in the time of Henry the Fifth for the opinions of Wickliffe, it gave offence, and therefore the poet altered it to Falſtaff, and endeavours to remove the ſcandal in the epilogue to *The Second Part of Henry IV.* Fuller takes notice of this matter in his *Church Hiſtory*—— "Stage-poets have themſelves been very bold with, "and others very merry at, the memory of Sir John Oldcaſtle, "whom they have fancied a boon companion, a jovial royſter, "and a coward to boot. The beſt is, Sir John Falſtaff hath "relieved the memory of Sir John Oldcaſtle, and of late is "ſubſtituted buffoon in his place." Book 4. p. 168. But, to be candid, I believe there was no malice in the matter. Shakeſpeare wanted a droll name to his character, and never conſidered whom it belonged to: we have a like inſtance in *The merry Wives of Windſor*, where he calls his French quack, Caius, a name at that time very reſpectable, as belonging to an eminent and learned phyſician, one of the founders of Caius College in Cambridge. WARBURTON.

The propriety of this note the reader will find conteſted at the beginning of *Henry V.* Sir John Oldcaſtle was not a character ever introduced by Shakeſpeare, nor did he ever occupy the place of Falſtaff. The play in which Oldcaſtle's name occurs was not the work of our poet. STEEVENS.

[9] —*and is not a buff-jerkin a moſt ſweet robe of durance?*] To underſtand the propriety of the prince's anſwer, it muſt be remarked that the ſheriff's officers were formerly clad in buff. So that when Falſtaff aſks, whether *his hoſteſs is not a ſweet wench*, the prince aſks in return, whether *it will not be a ſweet thing to go to priſon by running in debt to this ſweet wench.* JOHNSON.

The following paſſage, from the old play of *Ram-Alley*, may ſerve to confirm Dr. Johnſon's obſervation:

"Look I have certain goblins *in buff-jerkins*,
"Lye ambuſcado."——— [Enter Serjeants,

So in *The Comedy of Errors*, act 4.

"A devil in an *everlaſting garment* hath him.
"A fellow all in *buff*."

In *Weſtward Hoe*, by Decker and Webſter, 1607, I meet with

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag? what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff-jerkin?

P. Henry. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hoſteſs of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou haſt called her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

P. Henry. Did I ever call thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou haſt paid all there.

P. Henry. Yea, and elſewhere, ſo far as my coin would ſtretch; and where it would not, I have us'd my credit.

Fal. Yea, and ſo us'd it, that were it not here apparent, that thou art heir apparent——But, I pr'ythee, ſweet wag, ſhall there be a gallows ſtanding in England, when thou art king; and reſolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the ruſty curb of old father antic, the law? Do not thou, when thou art a king, hang a thief.

P. Henry. No: thou ſhalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, [1] I'll be a brave judge.

a paſſage which leads me to believe that a *robe* or *ſuit of durance* was ſome kind of laſting ſtuff, ſuch as we call at preſent, *everlaſting*. A debtor, cajoling the officer who had juſt taken him up, ſays, "Where did'ſt thou buy this buff? Let me not live "but I will give thee a *good ſuit of durance*. Wilt thou take "my bond," &c.

Again, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607, "Varlet of *velvet*, "my *moccado* villain, old heart of *durance*, my ſtrip'd *canvas* "ſhoulders, and my *perpetuana* pander." STEEVENS.

[1] — *I'll be a brave judge.*] This thought, like many others, is taken from the old play of *Henry V.*

Hen. 5. "Ned, as ſoon as I am king, the firſt thing I will do "ſhall be to put my lord chief juſtice out of office; and thou "ſhalt be my lord chief juſtice of England."

Ned. "Shall I be lord chief juſtice? By gogs wounds, I'll be "the braveſt lord chief juſtice that ever was in England."

STEEVENS.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. Thou judgeſt falſe already: I mean, thou ſhalt have the hanging of the thieves, and ſo become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in ſome ſort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. Henry. [2] For obtaining of ſuits?——

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of ſuits; whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as [3] a gib-cat, or a lugg'd bear.

P. Henry. Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnſhire bagpipe.

P. Henry. What ſay'ſt thou to [4] a hare, or [5] the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal.

[2] *For obtaining of ſuits?*——] *Suit*, ſpoken of one that attends at court, means a *petition*; uſed with reſpect to the hangman, means the cloaths of the offender. JOHNSON.

[3] —— *a gib-cat* ——] A *gib-cat* means, I know not why, an old cat. JOHNSON.

A *gib-cat* is the common term in Northamptonſhire, and all adjacent counties, to expreſs a *he-cat*. In ſome part of England he is called a *ram-cat*. In Shropſhire, where a *tup* is the term for a *ram*, the male cat is called a *tup-cat*. PERCY.

As melancholy as a *gib'd cat* is a proverb enumerated among others in *Ray's Collection*. STEEVENS.

[4] —— *a hare*,—] A hare may be conſidered as melancholy, becauſe ſhe is upon her form always ſolitary; and, according to the phyſic of the times, the fleſh of it was ſuppoſed to generate melancholy. JOHNSON.

[5] —*the melancholy of Moor-ditch?*] This I do not underſtand, unleſs it may allude to the croaking of frogs. JOHNSON.

I rather believe this to have been ſaid in alluſion to its ſituation in reſpect of Moor-gate, the priſon, and Bedlam the hoſpital. It appears likewiſe from *Stowe's Survey*, that a broad ditch called Deep-ditch formerly parted the hoſpital from Moorfields; and what has a more melancholy appearance than ſtagnant water?

In the old play of *Nobody and Somebody*, 1598, the clown ſays, "I'll bring the Thames through the middle of the city, "empty Moor-ditch at my own charge, and build up Paul's "ſteeple without a collection."

So

Fal. Thou haſt the moſt unſavoury ſimilies; and art, indeed, [6] the moſt comparative, raſcallieſt, ſweet young prince—But, Hal, I pr'ythee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God, thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: an old lord of the council rated me the other day in the ſtreet about you, Sir; but I mark'd him not, and yet he talk'd very wiſely; but I regarded him not, and yet he talk'd wiſely; and in the ſtreet too.

P. Henry. Thou did'ſt well; for wiſdom cries out in the ſtreets, and no man regards it.

Fal. [7] O, thou haſt damnable iteration; and art, indeed, able to corrupt a ſaint. Thou haſt done much harm unto me, Hal; God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man ſhould ſpeak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I muſt give over this life, and I will give it over; by the lord, an I do not, I am a villain. I'll be damn'd for never a king's ſon in Chriſtendom.

P. Henry. Where ſhall we take a purſe to-morrow, Jack?

So again, in *A Woman never vex'd*, com. by Rowley, 1632. "I ſhall ſee thee in Ludgate again ſhortly." "Thou lyeſt "again, 'twill be at Moor-gate, beldame, where I ſhall ſee thee "in the ditch, dancing in a cucking-ſtool." STEEVENS.

[6] — *the moſt comparative* —] Sir T. Hanmer, and Dr. Warburton after him, read, *incomparative*, I ſuppoſe for *incomparable*, or *peerleſs*; but *comparative* here means *quick at compariſons*, or *fruitful in ſimilies*, and is properly introduced. JOHNSON.

This epithet is uſed again, in act 3. ſc. 2. of this play, and apparently in the ſame ſenſe:

"——— ſtand the puſh

"Of every beardleſs vain *comparative*." STEEVENS.

[7] *O, thou haſt*, &c.] For *iteration* Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton read *attraction*, of which the meaning is certainly more apparent; but an editor is not always to change what he does not underſtand. In the laſt ſpeech a text is very indecently and abuſively applied, to which Falſtaff anſwers, *thou haſt damnable iteration*, or, a wicked trick of *repeating* and applying holy texts. This I think is the meaning. JOHNSON.

Fal.

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad; I'll make one: an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

P. Henry. I ſee a good amendment of life in thee; from praying, to purſe-taking.

Fal. [8] Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no ſin for a man to labour in his vocation. Poins!—— Now ſhall we know, if Gadſhill have ſet a match. O, if men were to be ſav'd by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him?

Enter Poins.

This is the moſt omnipotent villain, that ever cry'd, Stand, to a true man.——

[8] In former editions:

Fal. *Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no ſin for a man to labour in his vocation.*

Enter Poins.

Poins. *Now ſhall we know, if Gadſhill have ſet a match.*] Mr. Pope has given us one ſignal obſervation in his preface to our author's works. "Throughout his plays," ſays he, "had all "the ſpeeches been printed without the very names of the per-"ſons, I believe one might have applied them with certainty "to every ſpeaker." But how fallible the moſt ſufficient critic may be, the paſſage in controverſy is a main inſtance. As ſignal a blunder has eſcaped all the editors here, as any through the whole ſet of plays. Will any one perſuade me, Shakeſpeare could be guilty of ſuch an inconſiſtency, as to make Poins at his firſt entrance want news of Gadſhill, and immediately after to be able to give a full account of him?——No; Falſtaff, ſeeing Poins at hand, turns the ſtream of his diſcourſe from the prince, and ſays, "Now ſhall we know, whether Gadſhill has ſet a "match for us;" and then immediately falls into railing and invectives againſt Poins. How admirably is this in character for Falſtaff! And Poins, who knew well his abuſive manner, ſeems in part to overhear him: and ſo ſoon as he has returned the prince's ſalutation, cries, by way of anſwer, "What ſays "Monſieur Remorſe? What ſays Sir Jack Sack-and Sugar?"

THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald has faſtened on an obſervation made by Mr. Pope, hyperbolical enough, but not contradicted by the erroneous reading in this place, the ſpeech, like a thouſand others, not being ſo characteriſtic as to be infallibly applied to the ſpeaker. Theobald's triumph over the other editors might have been abated by a confeſſion, that the firſt edition gave him at leaſt a glimpſe of the emendation. JOHNSON.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, ſweet Hal. What ſays Monſieur Remorſe? What ſays Sir John Sack-and-Sugar? Jack! how agree the devil and thou about thy ſoul, that thou ſoldeſt him on Good-friday laſt, for a cup of Madeira, and a cold capon's leg?

P. Henry. Sir John ſtands to his word, the devil ſhall have his bargain, for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs, *He will give the devil his due.*

Poins. Then thou art damn'd for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. Henry. Elſe he had been damn'd for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadſhill: there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purſes. I have viſors for you all; you have horſes for yourſelves: Gadſhill lies to-night at Rocheſter; I have beſpoke ſupper to-morrow night in Eaſt-cheap: we may do it, as ſecure as ſleeep: if you will go, I will ſtuff your purſes full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home, and be hang'd.

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward; if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. Henry. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There is neither honeſty, manhood, nor good fellowſhip in thee, nor thou cam'ſt not of the blood royal, [9] if thou dar'ſt not cry, *ſtand*, for ten ſhillings.

P. Henry. Well then, once in my days I'll be a madcap.

[9] — *if thou dar'ſt not cry*, ſtand, *&c.*] The preſent reading may perhaps be right; but I think it neceſſary to remark, that all the old editions read, *if thou dar'ſt not ſtand for ten ſhillings.* JOHNSON.

Fal.

Poins. Farewell, my lord. [*Exit Poins.*

P. Henry. I know you all, and will a while uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleneſs:
Yet herein will I imitate the ſun;
Who doth permit the baſe contagious clouds
To ſmother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he pleaſe again to be himſelf,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly miſts
Of vapours, that did ſeem to ſtrangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To ſport would be as tedious as to work;
But, when they ſeldom come, they wiſh'd-for come,
And nothing pleaſeth but rare accidents.
So, when this looſe behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promiſed,
By how much better than my word I am,
By ſo much [4] ſhall I falſify mens' hopes;
And, like bright metal on a ſullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall ſhew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Than that which hath no foil to ſet it off.
I'll ſo offend, to make offence a ſkill;
Redeeming time, when men think leaſt I will. [*Exit.*

[4] —— *ſhall I falſify mens' hopes*;] Juſt the contrary. We ſhould read *fears*. WARBURTON.

To *falſify hope* is to *exceed hope*, to give much where men hoped for little.

This ſpeech is very artfully introduced to keep the prince from appearing vile in the opinion of the audience; it prepares them for his future reformation; and, what is yet more valuable, exhibits a natural picture of a great mind offering excuſes to itſelf, and palliating thoſe follies which it can neither juſtify nor forſake. JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE III.

An apartment in the palace.

Enter King Henry, Northumberland, Worceſter, Hotſpur, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

K. Henry. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to ſtir at theſe indignities;
And you have found me; for, accordingly
You tread upon my patience: but, be ſure,
[5] I will from henceforth rather be myſelf,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition;
Which hath been ſmooth as oil, ſoft as young down,
And therefore loſt that title of reſpect,
Which the proud ſoul ne'er pays, but to the proud.

Wor. Our houſe, my ſovereign liege, little deſerves
The ſcourge of greatneſs to be uſed on it;

[5] *I will from henceforth rather be myſelf,*
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition;] *i. e.* I will from henceforth rather put on the character that becomes me, and exert the reſentment of an injured king, than ſtill continue in the inactivity and mildneſs of my natural diſpoſition. And this ſentiment he has well expreſſed, ſave that by his uſual licence, he puts the word *condition* for *diſpoſition*; which uſe of terms diſpleaſing our Oxford Editor, as it frequently does, he, in a loſs for the meaning, ſubſtitutes *in* for *than*,

Mighty and to be fear'd in *my condition.*

So that by *condition*, in this reading, muſt be meant ſtation, office. But it cannot be predicated of ſtation and office, "that "it is ſmooth as oil, ſoft as young down;" which ſhews that *condition* muſt needs be licentiouſly uſed for *diſpoſition*, as we ſaid before. WARBURTON.

The commentator has well explained the ſenſe which was not very difficult, but is miſtaken in ſuppoſing the uſe of *condition* licentious. Shakeſpeare uſes it very frequently for *temper of mind*, and in this ſenſe the vulgar ſtill ſay a *good* or *ill-conditioned man*. JOHNSON.

Ben Jonſon uſes it in the ſame ſenſe, in *The New Inn*, act 1. ſc. 6.

"You cannot think me of that coarſe *condition*
"To envy you any thing." STEEVENS.

And that ſame greatneſs too, which our own hands
Have holp to make ſo portly.

North. My lord,——

K. Henry. Worceſter, get thee gone, for I do ſee
Danger and diſobedience in thine eye:
O Sir, your preſence is too bold and peremptory;
And majeſty might never yet endure
[6] The moody frontier of a ſervant brow.
You have good leave to leave us. When we need
Your uſe and counſel, we ſhall ſend for you.—
[*Exit Worceſter.*
You were about to ſpeak. [*To Northumberland.*

North. Yes, my good lord.
Thoſe priſoners in your highneſs' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he ſays, not with ſuch ſtrength deny'd
As was deliver'd to your majeſty:
Either envy, therefore, or miſpriſion,
Is guilty of this fault, and not my ſon.

Hot. My liege, I did deny no priſoners:
But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
Breathleſs and faint, leaning upon my ſword;
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dreſs'd,
Freſh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,
Shew'd like a ſtubble-land [7] at harveſt-home.
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb, he held
[8] A pouncet-box, which ever and anon

He

[6] *The moody frontier* ———] This is nonſenſe. We ſhould read *frontlet*, i. e. forehead. WARBURTON.

Frontlet does not ſignify *forehead*, but a bandage round the head. *Frontier* was anciently uſed for *forehead*. So Stubbs, in his *Anatomy of Abuſes*, 1595. "Then on the edges of their "bolſter'd hair, which ſtandeth creſted round their *frontiers*, "and hanging over their faces," &c. STEEVENS.

[7] ——— *at harveſt-home.*] That is, at a time of feſtivity. JOHNSON.

[8] *A pouncet-box,* ———] A ſmall box for muſk or other perfumes

He gave his noſe, and took't away again;
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
[9] Took it in ſnuff:——and ſtill he ſmil'd, and talk'd;
And, as the ſoldiers bare dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a ſlovenly, unhandſome corſe
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He queſtion'd me: amongſt the reſt demanded
My priſoners, in your majeſty's behalf.
[1] I then, all ſmarting, with my wounds being cold,

fumes then in faſhion: the lid of which, being cut with open work, gave it its name; from *poinſoner*, to prick, pierce, or engrave. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's explanation is juſt. At the chriſtening of Q. Elizabeth, the marchioneſs of Dorſet gave, according to Holinſhed, "three gilt bowls *pounced*, with a cover." STEEVENS.

[9] *Took it in ſnuff:*——] Snuff is equivocally uſed for anger and a powder taken up the noſe.

So in *The Fleire*, a comedy, by E. Sharpham, 1610: "Nay "be not angry, I do not touch thy noſe, to the end it ſhould "take any thing *in ſnuff*."

Again, in our author's *Love's Labour loſt*:

"You marr the light, by taking it *in ſnuff*." STEEVENS.

[1] *I then, all ſmarting, with my wounds being cold,*

To be ſo peſter'd with a popinjay,] But in the beginning of the ſpeech he repreſents himſelf at this time not as *cold* but hot, and inflamed with rage and labour.

When I was dry with rage and extreme toil, &c.

I am perſuaded therefore that Shakeſpeare wrote and pointed it thus:

I then all ſmarting with my wounds; *being* gall'd
To be ſo peſter'd with a popinjay, &c. WARBURTON.

Whatever Percy might ſay of his *rage* and *toil*, which is merely declamatory and apologetical, his wounds would at this time be certainly *cold*, and when they were *cold* would *ſmart*, and not before. If any alteration were neceſſary I ſhould tranſpoſe the lines:

I then all ſmarting with my wounds being cold,
Out of my grief, and my impatience,
To be ſo peſter'd with a popinjay,
Anſwer'd negligingly.

A *popinjay* is a parrot. JOHNSON.

To be ſo peſter'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Anſwer'd, neglectingly, I know not what;
He ſhould, or ſhould not; for he made me mad,
To ſee him ſhine ſo briſk, and ſmell ſo ſweet,
And talk ſo like a waiting-gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds (God ſave the mark!)
And telling me the ſovereign'ſt thing on earth
Was parmacity, for an inward bruiſe;
And that it was great pity, ſo it was,
This villainous ſalt-petre ſhould be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmleſs earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had deſtroy'd
So cowardly; and, but for theſe vile guns,
He would himſelf have been a ſoldier.——
This bald, unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I anſwer'd indirectly, as I ſaid;
And, I beſeech you, let not this report
Come current for an accuſation,
Betwixt my love and your high majeſty.

Blunt. The circumſtance conſider'd, good my lord,
Whatever Harry Percy then had ſaid
To ſuch a perſon, and in ſuch a place,
At ſuch a time, with all the reſt retold,
May reaſonably die; and never riſe
[2] To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he ſaid, ſo he unſay it now.

K. Henry.

[2] *To do him wrong, or any way impeach*
What then he ſaid, ſo he unſay it now.] Let us conſider the whole paſſage, which, according to the preſent reading, bears this literal ſenſe. "Whatever Percy then ſaid may reaſonably die and never riſe to impeach what he then ſaid, ſo he "unſay it now." This is the exact ſenſe, or rather nonſenſe, which the paſſage makes in the preſent reading. It ſhould, therefore, without queſtion, be thus printed and emended:

To do him wrong, or any way impeach.
What then he ſaid, ſee, he unſays it now.

i. e. "Whatever Percy then ſaid may reaſonably die, and

K. Henry. Why yet he doth deny his priſoners;
But with proviſo and exception,
That we, at our own charge, ſhall ranſom ſtraight
His brother-in-law, the fooliſh Mortimer;
Who, on my ſoul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of thoſe that he did lead to fight
Againſt the great magician, damn'd Glendower;
Whoſe daughter, as we hear, the earl of March
Hath lately marry'd. Shall our coffers then
Be empty'd, to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treaſon? [3] and indent with fears,
When they have loſt and forfeited themſelves?
No; on the barren mountains let him ſtarve:
For I ſhall never hold that man my friend,
Whoſe tongue ſhall aſk me for one penny coſt
To ranſom home revolted Mortimer.

" never riſe to do him wrong or any-ways impeach him. For " ſee, my liege, what he then ſaid, he now unſays." And the king's anſwer is pertinent to the words, as ſo emended:

Why, yet he doth deny his priſoners;
But with proviſo, &c.

implying " you are miſtaken in ſaying, *ſee he now unſays it.*" But the anſwer is utterly impertinent to what precedes in the common reading. WARBURTON.

The learned commentator has perplexed the paſſage. The conſtruction is, " Let what he then ſaid never riſe to impeach " him, ſo he unſay it now." JOHNSON.

[3] — *and indent with fears,*] The reaſon why he ſays, bargain and article with *fears*, meaning with Mortimer, is, becauſe he ſuppoſed Mortimer had wilfully betrayed his own forces to Glendower out of fear, as appears from his next ſpeech. No need therefore to change *fears* to *foes*, as the Oxford Editor has done. WARBURTON.

The difficulty ſeems to me to ariſe from this, that the king is not deſired to *article* or *contract with* Mortimer, but with another *for* Mortimer. Perhaps we may read,

Shall we buy treaſon? and indent with peers,
When they have loſt and forfeited themſelves?

Shall we purchaſe back a traitor? Shall we deſcend to a compoſition with Worceſter, Northumberland, and young Percy, who by diſobedience have loſt and forfeited their honours and themſelves? JOHNSON.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer!
[4] He never did fall off, my ſovereign liege,
But by the chance of war; [5] to prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue, for all thoſe wounds,
Thoſe mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
When, on the gentle Severn's ſedgy bank,
In ſingle oppoſition, hand to hand,
He did confound the beſt part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower:
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,

[4] *He never did fall off, my ſovereign liege,*
But by the chance of war;———] A poor apology for a ſoldier, and a man of honour, that he fell off, and revolted by the chance of war. The poet certainly wrote,
But 'bides the chance of war;
i. e. he never did revolt, but *abides* the chance of war, as a priſoner. And if he ſtill endured the rigour of impriſonment, that was a plain proof he was not revolted to the enemy. Hotſpur ſays the ſame thing afterwards,
——— *ſuffer'd his kinſman March*
——— *to be encag'd in Wales.*
Here again the Oxford Editor makes this correction his own at the ſmall expence of changing *'bides* to *bore*. WARBURTON.
The plain meaning is, "he came not into the enemy's power "but by the chance of war." To *'bide* the chance of war may well enough to ſignify, to ſtand the hazard of a battle; but can ſcarcely mean, to endure the ſeverities of a priſon. The king charged Mortimer, that he wilfully betrayed his army, and, as he was then with the enemy, calls him revolted Mortimer. Hotſpur replies, that he never fell off, that is, fell into Glendower's hands, but by the chance of war. I ſhould not have explained thus tediouſly a paſſage ſo hard to be miſtaken, but that two editors have already miſtaken it. JOHNSON.

[5] ——— *to prove that true,*
Needs no more but one tongue, for all thoſe wounds, &c.] This paſſage is of obſcure conſtruction. The later editors point it, as they underſtood that for the wounds a tongue was needful, and only one tongue. This is harſh. I rather think it is a broken ſentence. "To prove the loyalty of Mortimer," ſays Hotſpur, "one ſpeaking witneſs is ſufficient; for his wounds "proclaim his loyalty, thoſe mouthed wounds," &c. JOHNS.

Upon

Upon agreement of ſweet Severn's flood;
[6] Who then affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid [7] his criſp head in the hollow bank,
Blood-ſtained with theſe valiant combatants.
[8] Never did bare and rotten policy
Colour her working with ſuch deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive ſo many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be ſlander'd with revolt.

K. Henry. Thou doſt belie him, Percy, thou doſt belie him;
He never did encounter with Glendower;
I tell thee, he durſt as well have met the devil alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art not aſhamed? But, ſirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you ſpeak of Mortimer.
Send me your priſoners with the ſpeedieſt means,
Or you ſhall hear in ſuch a kind from me
As will diſpleaſe you.—My lord Northumberland,
We licenſe your departure with your ſon.
—Send us your priſoners, or you'll hear of it.
[*Exit K. Henry.*

Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them,

[6] *Who then affrighted*, &c.] This paſſage has been cenſured as ſounding nonſenſe, which repreſents a ſtream of water as capable of fear. It is miſunderſtood. Severn is here not the flood, but the tutelary power of the flood, who was affrighted, and hid his head in the hollow bank. JOHNSON.

[7] — *his criſp head* —] *Criſp* is *curled*. So Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The Maid of the Mill*,

" ——— methinks the river,
" As he ſteals by, *curls* up his head to view you."

Perhaps Shakeſpeare has beſtowed an epithet, applicable only to the ſtream of water, on the genius of the ſtream. STEEVENS.

[8] *Never did bare and rotten policy*] All the quartos which I have ſeen read *bare* in this place. The firſt folio, and all the ſubſequent editions, have *baſe*. I believe *bare* is right: " Ne-
" ver did policy lying open to detection ſo colour its work-
" ings." JOHNSON.

I will not ſend them.—I will after ſtrait,
And tell him ſo; for I will eaſe my heart,
[9] Although it be with hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler? ſtay, and pauſe a while:
Here comes your uncle.

Enter Worceſter.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer!
Yes, I will ſpeak of him; and let my ſoul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him:
Yea, on his part, I'll empty all theſe veins,
And ſhed my dear blood drop by drop i'the duſt,
[1] But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i'the air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and cankred Bolingbroke.

North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad. [*To Worceſter.*

Wor. Who ſtrook this heat up after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forſooth, have all my priſoners:
And when I urg'd the ranſom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd [2] an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him; was he not proclaim'd,
By Richard that is dead, the next of blood?

North. He was; I heard the proclamation:
And then it was, when the unhappy king
(Whoſe wrongs in us, God pardon!) did ſet forth

[9] *Although it be with hazard*, &c.] So the firſt folio, and all the following editions. The quarto's read,

Although I make a hazard of my head. JOHNSON.

[1] *But I will lift the downfall'n Mortimer*] The quarto of 1599 reads, *down-trod* Mortimer; which is better. WARB.

All the quarto's that I have ſeen read *down-trod*, the three folio's read *down-fall.* JOHNSON.

[2] ——— *an eye of death,*] That is, an eye menacing death. Hotſpur ſeems to deſcribe the king as trembling with rage rather than fear. JOHNSON.

Upon

Upon his Iriſh expedition;
From whence he, intercepted, did return
To be depos'd, and ſhortly murdered.
Wor. And for whoſe death, we in the world's wide mouth
Live ſcandaliz'd, and foully ſpoken of.
Hot. But ſoft, I pray you.—Did king Richard then
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown?
North. He did: myſelf did hear it.
Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his couſin king,
That wiſh'd him on the barren mountains ſtarv'd.
But ſhall it be, that you, that ſet the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man;
And for his ſake wear the deteſted blot
Of murd'rous ſubornation?—ſhall it be,
That you a world of curſes undergo;
Being the agents or baſe ſecond means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?—
(O pardon me, that I deſcend ſo low,
To ſhew the line and the predicament
Wherein you range under this ſubtle king)
Shall it, for ſhame, be ſpoken in theſe days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did gage them both in an unjuſt behalf—
As both of you, God pardon it! have done,
To put down Richard, that ſweet lovely roſe,
And plant this thorn, [3] this canker, Bolingbroke?
And ſhall it, in more ſhame, be further ſpoken,
That you are fool'd, diſcarded, and ſhook off
By him, for whom theſe ſhames ye underwent?
No; yet time ſerves, wherein you may redeem
Your baniſh'd honours, and reſtore yourſelves
Into the good thoughts of the world again.

[3] ——— *this canker, Bolingbroke?*] The canker-roſe is the dog-roſe, the flower of the Cynoſbaton. STEEVENS.

Revenge

Revenge the jeering, and [4] diſdain'd contempt
Of this proud king, who ſtudies day and night
To anſwer all the debt he owes unto you,
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths:
Therefore, I ſay——

Wor. Peace, couſin, ſay no more.
And now I will unclaſp a ſecret book,
And to your quick-conceiving diſcontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;
As full of peril, and advent'rous ſpirit,
As to o'er-walk a current, roaring loud,
[5] On the unſteadfaſt footing of a ſpear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night—or ſink or ſwim—
Send danger from the eaſt unto the weſt,
So honour croſs it from the north to ſouth,
And let them grapple.——O! the blood more ſtirs
To rouze a lion, than to ſtart a hare.

North. Imagination of ſome great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. [6] By heaven, methinks, it were an eaſy leap,
To

[4] —*diſdain'd*—] For diſdainful. JOHNSON.

[5] *On the unſteadfaſt footing of a ſpear.*] That is of a ſpear laid acroſs. WARBURTON.

[6] *By heaven, methinks*, &c.] Gildon, a critic of the ſize of Dennis, *&c.* calls this ſpeech, without any ceremony, "a ri-"diculous rant and abſolute madneſs." Mr. Theobald talks in the ſame ſtrain. The French critics had taught theſe people juſt enough to underſtand where Shakeſpeare had tranſgreſſed the rules of the Greek tragic writers; and, on thoſe occaſions, they are full of the poor frigid cant of fable, ſentiment, diction, unities, *&c.* But it is another thing to get to Shakeſpeare's ſenſe: to do this required a little of their own. For want of which, they could not ſee that the poet here uſes an allegorical covering to expreſs a noble and very natural thought.—Hotſpur, all on fire, exclaims againſt huckſtering and bartering for honour, and dividing it into ſhares. O! ſays he, could I be ſure that when I had purchaſed honour I ſhould wear her dignities without a rival—what then? Why then,

By heav'n, methinks it were an eaſy leap
To pull bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon:

i. e. though ſome great and ſhining character, in the moſt elevated orb,

To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;
So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear
Without corrival all her dignities:
[1] But out upon this half-fac'd fellowſhip!

orb, was already in poſſeſſion of her, yet it would, methinks, be eaſy by greater acts, to eclipſe his glory, and pluck all his honours from him;

Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks:

i. e. or what is ſtill more difficult, though there were in the world no great examples to incite and fire my emulation, but that honour was quite ſunk and buried in oblivion, yet would I bring it back into vogue, and render it more illuſtrious than ever. So that we ſee, though the expreſſion be ſublime and daring, yet the thought is the natural movement of an heroic mind. Euripides at leaſt thought ſo, when he put the very ſame ſentiment, in the ſame words, into the mouth of Eteocles, "I will not, madam, diſguiſe my thoughts; I would ſcale "heaven, I would deſcend to the very entrails of the earth, if "ſo be that by that price I could obtain a kingdom." WARB.

Though I am very far from condemning this ſpeech with Gildon and Theobald, as abſolute madneſs, yet I cannot find in it that profundity of reflection and beauty of allegory which the learned commentator has endeavoured to diſplay. This ſally of Hotſpur may be, I think, ſoberly and rationally vindicated as the violent eruption of a mind inflated with ambition and fired with reſentment; as the boaſted clamour of a man able to do much, and eager to do more; as the haſty motion of turbulent deſire; as the dark expreſſion of indetermined thoughts. The paſſage from Euripides is ſurely not allegorical, yet it is produced, and properly, as parallel. JOHNSON.

[1] *But out upon this half-fac'd fellowſhip!*] I think this finely expreſſed. The image is taken from one who turns from another, ſo as to ſtand before him with a ſide-face; which implied neither a full conſorting, nor a ſeparation. WARB.

I cannot think this word rightly explained. It alludes rather to dreſs. A coat is ſaid to be *faced* when part of it, as the ſleeves or boſom, is covered with ſomething finer or more ſplendid than the main ſubſtance. The mantua-makers ſtill uſe the word. *Half-fac'd fellowſhip* is then "partnerſhip but half-"adorned, partnerſhip which yet wants half the ſhew of dig-"nities and honours." JOHNSON.

Wor.

Wor. He apprehends [8] a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he ſhould attend.
—Good couſin, give me audience for a while.
Hot. I cry you mercy.
Wor. Thoſe ſame noble Scots
That are your priſoners——
Hot. I'll keep them all;
By heaven, he ſhall not have a Scot of them;
No, if a Scot would ſave his ſoul, he ſhall not:
I'll keep them, by this hand.
Wor. You ſtart away,
And lend no ear unto my purpoſes.—
Thoſe priſoners you ſhall keep.
Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat——
He ſaid, he would not ranſom Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to ſpeak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies aſleep,
And in his ear I'll holla, Mortimer!
Nay, I'll have a ſtarling ſhall be taught to ſpeak
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
To keep his anger ſtill in motion.
Wor. Hear you, couſin; a word.
Hot. All ſtudies here I ſolemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:
[9] And that ſame ſword-and-buckler prince of Wales,
But that, I think, his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with ſome miſchance,
I'd have him poiſon'd with a pot of ale.
Wor. Farewell, kinſman! I will talk to you,
When you are better temper'd to attend.

[8] —— *a world of figures here,*] Figure is here uſed equivocally. As it is applied to Hotſpur's ſpeech it is a rhetorical mode; as oppoſed to form, it means appearance or ſhape. JOHNSON.

[9] *And that ſame ſword-and-buckler prince of Wales,*] A royſter or turbulent fellow, that fought in taverns, or raiſed diſorders in the ſtreets, was called a Swaſh-buckler. In this ſenſe *ſword-and-buckler* is uſed here. JOHNSON.

North.

North. Why, what a waſp-tongu'd and impatient fool
Art thou, to break into this woman's mood;
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own?
Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and ſcourg'd with rods,
Nettled, and ſtung with piſmires, when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.
In Richard's time—what do ye call the place?—
A plague upon't!—it is in Gloſterſhire—
'Twas where the mad-cap duke his uncle kept,
His uncle York—where I firſt bow'd my knee
Unto this king of ſmiles, this Bolingbroke,
When you and he came back from Ravenſpurg.
North. At Berkley-caſtle.
Hot. You ſay true—
Why what a candy'd deal of courteſy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look, when his [1] *infant fortune came to age*—
And, *gentle Harry Percy*—and, *kind couſin*—
The devil take ſuch cozeners!—God forgive me!—
Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.
Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again;
We'll ſtay your leiſure.
Hot. I have done, i'faith.
Wor. Then once more to your Scottiſh priſoners.
[*To Hotſpur.*
Deliver them without their ranſom ſtraight,
And make the Douglas' ſon your only mean
For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reaſons
Which I ſhall ſend you written, be aſſur'd,
Will eaſily be granted.—You, my lord— [*To North.*
Your ſon in Scotland being thus employ'd—
Shall ſecretly into the boſom creep
Of that ſame noble prelate, well belov'd,
The archbiſhop.

[1] — *infant fortune came to age,*—] Alluding to what paſſed in *King Richard*, act 2. ſc. 3. JOHNSON.

Hot.

Hot. Of York, is't not?
Wor. True, who bears hard
His brother's death at Briſtol, the lord Scroop.
[2] I ſpeak not this in eſtimation,
As what, I think, might be; but what, I know,
Is ruminated, plotted, and ſet down;
And only ſtays but to behold the face
Of that occaſion that ſhall bring it on.
Hot. I ſmell it: upon my life, it will do well.
North. Before the game's a-foot, thou ſtill [3] lett'ſt
ſlip.
Hot. Why, it cannot chuſe but be a noble plot—
And then the power of Scotland, and of York,
To join with Mortimer—Ha!
Wor. And ſo they ſhall.
Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well-aim'd.
Wor. And 'tis no little reaſon bids us ſpeed
To ſave our heads, [4] by raiſing of a head:
For, bear ourſelves as even as we can,
[5] The king will always think him in our debt;
And

[2] *I ſpeak not this in eſtimation,*] Eſtimation for conjecture. But between this and the foregoing verſe it appears there were ſome lines which are now loſt. For, conſider the ſenſe. What was it that was *ruminated, plotted, and ſet down?* Why, as the text ſtands at preſent, that the archbiſhop *bore his brother's death hardly*. It is plain then that they were ſome conſequences of that reſentment which the ſpeaker informs Hotſpur of, and to which his concluſion of, *I ſpeak not this by conjecture but on good proof*, muſt be referred. But ſome player, I ſuppoſe, thinking the ſpeech too long, ſtruck them out. WARBURTON.

If the editor had, before he wrote his note, read ten lines forward, he would have ſeen that nothing is omitted. Worceſter gives a dark hint of a conſpiracy. Hotſpur ſmells it, that is, gueſſes it. Northumberland reproves him for not ſuffering Worceſter to tell his deſign. Hotſpur, according to the vehemence of his temper, ſtill follows his own conjecture. JOHNS.

[3] ——— *lett'ſt ſlip.*] To let ſlip is, to looſe the greyhound. JOHNSON.

[4] ——— *by raiſing of a head:*] A *head* is a body of forces. JOHNSON.

[5] *The king will always,* &c.] This is a natural deſcription of

And think, we think ourſelves unſatisfy'd,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And ſee already, how he doth begin
To make us ſtrangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd on him.

Wor. Couſin, farewell.—No further go in this,
Than I by letters ſhall direct your courſe.
When time is ripe (which will be ſuddenly)
I'll ſteal to Glendower, and lord Mortimer;
Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once
(As I will faſhion it) ſhall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own ſtrong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewell, good brother: we ſhall thrive, I truſt.

Hot. Uncle, adieu!—O let the hours be ſhort,
Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our ſport!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

An inn at Rocheſter.

Enter a carrier with a lanthorn in his hand.

1 CARRIER.

HEIGH ho! an't be not four by the day, I'll be hang'd. *Charles' wain* is over the new chimney, and yet our horſe not packt. What, oſtler!

Oſt. [*within.*] Anon, anon.

of the ſtate of mind between thoſe that have conferred, and thoſe that have received, obligations too great to be ſatisfied.

That this would be the event of Northumberland's diſloyalty was predicted by king Richard in the former play. JOHNSON.

1 *Car.*

1 *Car.* I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cut's ſaddle, put a few flocks in the point: the poor jade is wrung in the withers, [1] out of all ceſs.

Enter another carrier.

2 *Car.* Peaſe and beans are [2] as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the [3] bots: this houſe is turn'd upſide down, ſince Robin oſtler dy'd.

1 *Car.* Poor fellow never joy'd ſince the price of oats roſe: it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I think this be the moſt villainous houſe in all London road for fleas: I am ſtung like a tench.

1 *Car.* Like a tench? by the maſs, there's ne'er a king in Chriſtendom could be better bit than I have been ſince the firſt cock.

2 *Car.* Why, they will allow us ne'er a jourden, and then we leak in your chimney: and your chamber-lie breeds fleas [4] like a loach.

1 *Car.* What, oſtler!—Come away, and be hang'd, come away.

2 *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon, [5] and two razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-croſs.

[1] ——*out of all ceſs.*] The Oxford Editor not underſtanding this phraſe, has alter'd it to—*out of all* caſe. As if it were likely that a blundering tranſcriber ſhould change ſo common a word as *caſe* for *ceſs:* which, it is probable, he underſtood no more than this critic; but it means *out of all meaſure:* the phraſe being taken from a *ceſs*, tax, or ſubſidy; which being by regular and moderate rates, when any thing was exorbitant, or out of meaſure, it was ſaid to be, *out of all ceſs.* WARBURT.

[2] ——*as dank*—] *i. e.* wet, rotten. POPE.

[3] —*bots:*—] Are worms in the ſtomach of a horſe. JOHNSON. *A bots light upon you* is an imprecation frequently repeated in the play of *Henry V.* already quoted. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*like a loach.*] A loch (Scotch) a lake. WARBURT.

[5] ——*and two razes of ginger,*—] As our author in ſeveral paſſages mentions a *race* of ginger, I thought proper to diſtinguiſh it from the *raze* mentioned here. The former ſignifies no more than a ſingle root of it; but a *raze* is the Indian term for a *bale* of it. THEOBALD.

1 *Car.*

1 *Car.* 'Odſbody! the turkies in my panniers are quite ſtarv'd.—What, oſtler! a plague on thee! haſt thou never an eye in thy head? canſt not hear? an 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain.—Come, and be hang'd:—Haſt no faith in thee?

Enter Gads-hill.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

Car. [6] I think it be two o'clock.

Gads. I pr'ythee lend me thy lanthorn, to ſee my gelding in the ſtable.

1 *Car.* Nay, ſoft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that, i'faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee lend me thine.

2 *Car.* Ay, when? canſt tell?—lend me thy lanthorn, quoth a!—marry, I'll ſee thee hang'd firſt.

Gads. Sirrah, carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbour Mugges, we'll call up the gentlemen; they will along with company, for they have great charge. [*Exeunt Carriers.*

Enter Chamberlain.

Gads. What, ho, chamberlain!——

Cham. [7] At hand, quoth pick-purſe.

Gads. That's even as fair, as at hand, quoth the chamberlain: for thou varieſt no more from picking of purſes, than giving direction doth from labouring. Thou lay'ſt the plot how.

[6] *I think it be two o'clock.*] The carrier, who ſuſpected Gads-hill, ſtrives to miſlead him as to the hour, becauſe the firſt obſervation made in this ſcene is, that it was *four o'clock.* STEEVENS.

[7] *At hand, quoth pick-purſe.*] This is a proverbial expreſſion often uſed by Green, Naſh, and other writers of the time, in whoſe works the cant of low converſation is preſerved. STEEVENS.

Cham. Good-morrow, maſter Gads-hill. It holds current, that I told you yeſternight. There's a [8] Franklin, in the wild of Kent, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company laſt night at ſupper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter. They will away preſently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with [9] St. Nicholas' clarks, I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it: I pr'ythee keep that for the hangman; for I know thou worſhipp'ſt St. Nicholas as truly as a man of falſhood may.

Gads. What talk'ſt thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows: for, if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me; and, thou know'ſt,

[8] *Franklin*] Is a little gentleman. JOHNSON.

[9] *St. Nicholas' clarks*,——] St. Nicholas was the patron ſaint of ſcholars: and Nicholas, or Old Nick, is a cant name for the devil. Hence he equivocally calls robbers, *St. Nicholas's clarks*. WARBURTON.

Highwaymen or robbers were ſo called, or *St. Nicholas's knights*.

" A mandrake grown under ſome *heavy tree*,
" There, where *St. Nicholas's knights* not long before
" Had dropt their fat *axungia* to the lee."
Glareanus Vadianus's Panegyric upon *Tom. Coryat*.
Dr. GRAY.

In the old tragedy of *Soliman and Perſeda* I met with the following paſſage, which confirms Dr. Gray's obſervation. Piſton, a ſervant, who is taken in the act of picking a dead man's pocket, apologizes for himſelf in this manner:

——" thro' pure good will,
" Seeing he was going towards heaven, I thought
" To ſee if he had a paſſport from *St. Nicholas*, or not."

Again in Shirley's *Match at Midnight*, 1633.

" I think yonder come prancing down the hills from
" Kingſton, a couple of *St. Nicholas's clarks*."

Again in *The Hollander*,

——" to wit, divers books, and *St. Nicholas's clarks*."

So in *A Chriſtian turn'd Turk*, 1612.

——" We are prevented;—
" *St. Nicholas's clerks* are ſtepp'd up before us."
STEVENS.

he's

he's no ſtarveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dream'ſt not of, the which, for ſport-ſake, are content to do the profeſſion ſome grace; that would, if matters ſhould be look'd into, for their own credit ſake, make all whole. [1] I am join'd with no foot-land-rakers, no long-ſtaff, ſix-penny-ſtrikers; none of thoſe mad Muſtachio-purple-hu'd-malt-worms: but with nobility and tranquillity; [2] burgomaſters, and great one-yers; ſuch as can hold in; [3] ſuch as will ſtrike ſooner than ſpeak; and ſpeak ſooner than think;

[1] —*I am join'd with no foot-land-rakers,*—] That is, with no padders, no wanderers on foot. No *long-ſtaff, ſix-penny ſtrikers,*—no fellows that infeſt the roads with long ſtaffs and knock men down for ſix-pence. *None of thoſe mad muſtachio-purple-hu'd-malt-worms,*—none of thoſe whoſe faces are red with drinking ale. JOHNSON.

[2] —*burgo-maſters, and great one-eyers.*—] "Perhaps, "*oueraires*, truſtees, or commiſſioners;" ſays Mr. Pope. But how this word comes to admit of any ſuch conſtruction, I am at a loſs to know. To Mr. Pope's ſecond conjecture, "of cun-"ning men that look ſharp and aim well," I have nothing to reply ſeriouſly: but chooſe to drop it. The reading which I have ſubſtituted, I owe to the friendſhip of the ingenious Nicholas Hardinge, Eſq; A *moneyer* is an officer of the mint, which makes coin, and delivers out the king's money. *Moneyers* are alſo taken for banquers, or thoſe that make it their trade to turn and return money. Either of theſe acceptations will admirably ſquare with our author's context. THEOBALD.

This is a very acute and judicious attempt at emendation, and is not undeſervedly adopted by Dr. Warburton. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads *great owners*, not without equal or greater likelihood of truth. I know not however whether any change is neceſſary; Gads-hill tells the chamberlain that he is joined with no mean wretches, but *with burgomaſters and great ones*, or as he terms them in merriment by a cant termination, *great one-yers*, or *greatone-iers*, as we ſay *privateer*, *auctioneer*, *circuiteer*. This is I fancy the whole of the matter. JOHNSON.

[3] —*ſuch as will ſtrike ſooner than ſpeak; and ſpeak ſooner than* DRINK; *and* DRINK *ſooner than pray:*—] According to the ſpecimen given us in this play, of this diſſolute gang, we have no reaſon to think they *were leſs ready to drink than ſpeak*. Beſides, it is plain, a natural gradation was here intended to be given of their actions, relative to one another. But what has *ſpeaking*, *drinking*, and *praying* to do with one another? We

think; and think ſooner than pray: and yet I lie, for they pray continually unto their ſaint the common-wealth; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

Cham. What, the common-wealth their boots? will ſhe hold out water in foul way?

Gads. [4] She will, ſhe will; juſtice hath liquor'd her. We ſteal as in a caſtle, cock-ſure; [5] we have the receipt of fern-ſeed, we walk inviſible.

ſhould certainly read THINK in both places inſtead of *drink* and then we have a very regular and humourous climax. *They will ſtrike ſooner than ſpeak; and ſpeak ſooner than* THINK; *and* THINK *ſooner than pray.* By which laſt words is meant, that "though perhaps they may now and then reflect on their crimes "they will never repent of them." The Oxford Editor has dignified this correction by his adoption of it. WARBURTON.

I am in doubt about this paſſage. There is yet a part unexplained. What is the meaning of *ſuch as can hold in?* It cannot mean *ſuch as can keep their own ſecret*, for they will, he ſays *ſpeak* ſooner than *think:* it cannot mean *ſuch as will go calmly to work without unneceſſary violence*, ſuch as is uſed by *long-ſtaff ſtrikers*, for the following part will not ſuit with this meaning: and though we ſhould read by tranſpoſition *ſuch as will ſpeak ſooner than ſtrike*, the climax will not proceed regularly. I muſt leave it as it is. JOHNSON.

[4] *She will, ſhe will; juſtice hath liquor'd her.*] A ſatire on chicane in courts of juſtice; which ſupports ill men in their violations of the law, under the very cover of it.

WARBURTON.

[5] —— *we have the receipt of fern-ſeed,*—] *Fern* is one of thoſe plants which have their ſeed on the back of the leaf ſo ſmall as to eſcape the ſight. Thoſe who perceived that *fern* was propagated by ſemination, and yet could never ſee the ſeed were much at a loſs for a ſolution of the difficulty; and as wonder always endeavours to augment itſelf, they aſcribed to *fern-ſeed* many ſtrange properties, ſome of which the ruſtick virgin have not yet forgotten or exploded. JOHNSON.

This circumſtance relative to *fern-ſeed* is alluded to in B. and Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn.*

" ——— had you Gyges' ring,
" Or the herb that gives inviſibility?"

Again in B. Jonſon's *New Inn.*

" ——— I had
" No medicine, Sir, to go inviſible,
" No *fern-ſeed* in my pocket." STEEVENS.

Cham

Cham. Nay, I think rather, you are more beholden to the night, than the fern-ſeed, for your walking inviſible.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou ſhalt have a ſhare in our purchaſe [6], as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a falſe thief.

Gads. Go to; [7] Homo is a common name to all men.—Bid the oſtler bring my gelding out of the ſtable. Farewell, you muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The road by Gads-hill.

Enter prince Henry, Poins, and Peto.

Poins. Come, ſhelter, ſhelter. I have removed Falſtaff's horſe, and he frets like a gumm'd velvet.

P. Henry. Stand cloſe.

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. Poins! Poins! and be hang'd, Poins!

P. Henry. Peace, ye fat-kidney'd raſcal; what a brawling doſt thou keep?

Fal. What, Poins! Hal!———

P. Henry. He is walk'd up to the top of the hill; I'll go ſeek him.

[6] *Purchaſe,*—] Is the term uſed in law for any thing not inherited but acquired. JOHNSON.

——— *in our purchaſe,*—] *Purchaſe* was anciently the cant term for ſtolen goods. So in *Henry V.* act 3.

"They will ſteal any thing, and call it *purchaſe.*"

So Chaucer,

"And robbery is holde *purchaſe.*" STEEVENS.

[7] — *Homo is a name,* &c.] Gads-hill had promiſed as he was a *true man,* the chamberlain wills him to promiſe rather as a *falſe thief*; to which Gads-hill anſwers, that though he might have reaſon to change the word *true,* he might have ſpared *man,* for *homo* is a name common to all men, and among others to thieves. JOHNSON.

Fal. I am accurſt to rob in that thief's company: the raſcal hath remov'd my horſe, and ty'd him, I know not where. If I travel but [8] four foot by the ſquare further afoot, I ſhall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'ſcape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forſworn his company hourly any time this two-and-twenty year, and yet I am bewitch'd with the rogue's company. If the raſcal have not given me [9] medicines to make me love him, I'll be hang'd; it could not be elſe; I have drank medicines. Poins! Hal! a plague upon you both! Bardolph! Peto! I'll ſtarve ere I'll [1] rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as to drink, to turn true-man, and to leave theſe rogues, I am the verieſt varlet that ever chew'd with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threeſcore and ten miles afoot with me; and the ſtony-hearted villains know it well enough. A plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true one to another! [*they whiſtle.*] Whew!—a plague upon you all! Give me my horſe, you rogues; give me my horſe, and be hang'd.

P. Henry. Peace, ye fat-guts! lye down; lay thine ear cloſe to the ground, and liſt if thou canſt hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own fleſh ſo far

[8] ——— *four foot by the ſquare*—] The thought is humourous, and alludes to his bulk: inſinuating, that his legs being four foot aſunder, when he advanced four foot, this put together made *four foot ſquare.* WARBURTON.

I am in doubt whether there is ſo much humour here as is ſuſpected: *Four foot by the ſquare* is probably no more than *four foot by a rule.* JOHNSON.

[9] ——— *medicines to make me love him,*—] Alluding to the vulgar notion of *love-powder.* JOHNSON.

[1] ——— *rob a foot further.*] This is only a ſlight error, which yet has run through all the copies. We ſhould read *rub* a foot. So we now ſay *rub* on. JOHNSON.

Why may it not mean, *I will not go a foot further to rob?* STEEVENS.

afoot

afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye, [2] to colt me thus?

P. Henry. Thou lieſt, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I pr'ythee, good prince Hal, help me to my horſe; good king's ſon.

P. Hen. Out, you rogue! ſhall I be your oſtler?

Fal. Go hang thyſelf in thy own [3] heir-apparent garters! if I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and ſung to filthy tunes, let a cup of ſack be my poiſon. When a jeſt is ſo forward, and afoot too!—I hate it.

Enter Gads-hill.

Gads. Stand.——

Fal. So I do, againſt my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our ſetter; I know his voice.

[4] *Bard.* What news?——

Gads. Caſe ye, caſe ye; on with your viſors; there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

[2] *To colt*—] Is, to fool, to trick; but the prince taking it in another ſenſe, oppoſes it by *uncolt*, that is, *unhorſe*. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*heir-apparent garters!*——] Alluding to the order of the garter, in which he was enrolled as heir-apparent. JOHNSON.

[4] Bardolph. *What news?*—] In all the copies that I have ſeen Poins is made to ſpeak upon the entrance of Gads-hill thus: *O, 'tis our ſetter; I know his voice.*—Bardolph, *what news?* This is abſurd; he knows Gads-hill to be the *ſetter*, and aſks Bardolph *what news*. To countenance this impropriety, the later editions have made Gads-hill and Bardolph enter together, but the old copies bring in Gads-hill alone, and we find that Falſtaff, who knew their ſtations, calls to Bardolph among others for his horſe, but not to Gads-hill, who was poſted at a diſtance. We ſhould therefore read,

Poins. *O, 'tis our ſetter*, &c.
Bard. *What news?*
Gads. *Caſe ye*, &c. JOHNSON.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

P. Henry. Sirs, you four ſhall front them in narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower: they 'ſcape from your encounter, then they light on

Peto. But how many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Zounds! will they not rob us?

P. Hen. What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your gra father; but yet no coward, Hal.

P. Hen. Well, we'll leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah, Jack, thy horſe ſtands behind hedge; when thou need'ſt him, there ſhalt thou f him. Farewell, and ſtand faſt.

Fal. Now cannot I ſtrike him, if I ſhould hang'd.

P. Hen. Ned, where are our diſguiſes?

Poins. Here, hard by. Stand cloſe.

Fal. Now, my maſters, happy man be his d ſay I; every man to his buſineſs.

Enter Travellers.

Trav. Come, neighbour; the boy ſhall lead horſes down the hill: we'll walk afoot a while, eaſe our legs.

Thieves. Stand.——

Trav. Jeſu bleſs us!

Fal. Strike; down with them; cut the villai throats; ah! whorſon caterpillars! bacon-fed knav they hate us youth: down with them; fleece them

Trav. O, we are undone, both we and ours, ever.

Fal. Hang ye, [5] gorbellied knaves, are you done? no, ye fat chuffs, I would your ſtore w her

[5] ——*gorbellied*——] i. e. fat and corpulent. See the Gloſſary to *Kennet's Parochial Antiquitie*

Th

here! On, bacons, on! what, ye knaves? young men muſt live; you are grand jurors, are ye? we'll jure ye, i'faith. [*Here they rob and bind them. Exeunt.*

Enter prince Henry and Poins.

P. Henry. The thieves have bound the true men. Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jeſt for ever.

Poins. Stand cloſe, I hear them coming.

Enter thieves again at the other part of the ſtage.

Fal. Come, my maſters, let us ſhare, and then to horſe before day. An the prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity ſtirring. There's no more valour in that Poins, than in a wild duck.

P. Henry. Your money.

Poins. Villains!

[*As they are ſharing, the prince and Poins ſet upon them. They all run away, and Falſtaff after a blow or two runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.*]

P. Henry. Got with much eaſe. Now merrily to horſe:

The thieves are ſcatter'd, and poſſeſt with fear
So ſtrongly, that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.
Away, good Ned. Falſtaff ſweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along:
Were't not for laughing, I ſhould pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd! [*Exeunt.*

This word is likewiſe uſed by Sir Thomas North in his tranſlation of *Plutarch*.

Naſh, in his *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596, ſays—"O 'tis an unconſcionable *gorbellied* volume, bigger bulk'd "than a Dutch hoy, and far more boiſterous and cumberſome "than a payre of Swiſſers omnipotent galeaze breeches."

STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Warkworth. A room in the caſtle.

[6] *Enter Hotſpur, reading a letter.*

—— *But for mine own part, my lord, I coul contented to be there, in reſpect of the love I l houſe.*—He could be contented; why is he n *in reſpect of the love he bears our houſe!*—he this, he loves his own barn better than he l houſe. Let me ſee ſome more. *The purpoſ dertake is dangerous,*—Why, that's certain: 'tis ous to take a cold, to ſleep, to drink: bu you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, this flower, ſafety. *The purpoſe you undertake, i ous; the friends you have named, uncertain; th ſelf, unſorted; and your whole plot too ligh counterpoize of ſo great an oppoſition.*—Say yo you ſo? I ſay unto you again, you are a ſhall ardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever w our friends true and conſtant: a good pl ſriends, and full of expectation: an excellent p good friends. What a froſty-ſpirited rogue Why, my lord of York commends the plot, general courſe of the action. By this hand, now by this raſcal, [7] I could brain him with l fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and

[6] *Enter Hotſpur ſolus, reading a letter.*] This lette George Dunbar, earl of March, in Scotland.

Mr. EDWARDS's M

[7] —— *I could brain him with his lady's fan.*] wards obſerves, in his *Canons of Criticiſm*, that the la author's time wore fans made of feathers. See Ben *Every Man out of his Humour*, act. ii. ſc. 2.

"This *feather* grew in her ſweet *fan* ſometi "now it be my poor fortune to wear it."

Lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, beſides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are there not ſome of them ſet forward already? What a pagan raſcal is this? an infidel? Ha! you ſhall ſee now, in very ſincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myſelf, and go to buffets, for moving ſuch a diſh of ſkimm'd milk with ſo honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king; we are prepared: I will ſet forward to-night.

Enter lady Percy.

How now, Kate! I muſt leave you within theſe two hours.

Lady. O my good lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence have I this fortnight been
A baniſh'd woman from my Harry's bed?
Tell me, ſweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy ſtomach, pleaſure, and thy golden ſleep?
Why doſt thou bend thy eyes upon the earth,
And ſtart ſo often, when thou ſit'ſt alone?
Why haſt thou loſt the freſh blood in thy cheeks;
And given my treaſures, and my rights of thee,
To thick-ey'd muſing, and curs'd melancholy?
In thy faint ſlumbers, I by thee have watch'd,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding ſteed;

So again, in *Cynthia's Revels*, act iii. ſc. 4.
" ——— for a garter,
" Or the leaſt *feather* in her bounteous *fan*."
So in *The fine Companion*, a comedy, by S. Marmion,
" ——— ſhe ſet as light by me, as by the leaſt *feather*
" in her *fan*."
Again, in Chapman's *May-day*, a comedy, 1610,
" I will bring thee ſome ſpecial favour from her, as a
" *feather* from her *fan*, &c." STEEVENS.

Cry,

Cry, *Courage! to the field!* and thou haſt talk'd
Of ſallies, and retires; of trenches, tents,
Of paliſadoes, frontiers [8], parapets;
Of baſiliſks, of cannon, culverin;
Of priſoners ranſom, and of ſoldiers ſlain,
And all the current of a heady fight.
Thy ſpirit within thee hath been ſo at war,
And thus hath ſo beſtir'd thee in thy ſleep,
That beads of ſweat have ſtood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late-diſturbed ſtream:
And in thy face ſtrange motions have appear'd,
Such as we ſee when men reſtrain their breath
On ſome great ſudden haſte. O, what portents
theſe?
Some heavy buſineſs hath my lord in hand,
And I muſt know it; elſe he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho! is Gilliams with the packet go

Enter Servant.

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought thoſe horſes from
ſheriff?

Serv. One horſe, my lord, he brought even now

Hot. What horſe? a roan, a crop-ear? is it not

[8] For *frontiers* Sir Thomas Hanmer, and after him Dr. W
burton, read very plauſibly *fortins*. JOHNSON.

Plauſible as this is, it is apparently erroneous, and there
unneceſſary. *Frontiers* formerly meant not only the bou
ries of different territories, but alſo the *forts* built along
near thoſe limits. In *Ive's Practice of Fortification*, printe
1589, p. 1, it is ſaid, "A forte not placed where it
"needful, might ſkantly be accounted for *frontier*." Ag
p. 21. "In the *frontiers* made by the late emperor Charle
"Fifth, divers of their walles having given way," &c. P
"It ſhall not be neceſſary to make the bulwarkes in town
"great as thoſe in royall *frontiers*." P. 40. "When as
"open towne or other inhabited place is to be fortified,
"ther the ſame be to be made a royal *frontier*, or to be me
"defended," &c. This account of the word will, I hope
thought ſufficient. STEEVENS.

Serv. It is, my lord.
Hot. That roan ſhall be my throne.
Well, I will back him ſtrait.—O Eſperance!—
Bid Butler lead him forth into the park. [*Exit Serv.*
Lady. But hear you, my lord.
Hot. What ſay'ſt thou, my lady?
Lady. What is it carries you away?
Hot. Why, my horſe, my love, my horſe.
Lady. [9] Out, you mad-headed ape!
A weazle hath not ſuch a deal of ſpleen
As you are toſt with.
In faith, I'll know your buſineſs, Harry, that I will.
I fear, my brother Mortimer doth ſtir
About his title; and hath ſent for you
To line his enterprize: but if you go——
Hot. So far afoot, I ſhall be weary, love.
Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, anſwer me
Directly to this queſtion that I aſk.
In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.
Hot. [1] Away,
Away, you trifler! Love? I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world
To play with [2] mammets, and to tilt with lips:
We

[9] *Out, you mad-headed ape!*] This and the following ſpeech of the lady are in the early editions printed as proſe; thoſe editions are indeed in ſuch caſes of no great authority, but perhaps they were right in this place, for ſome words have been left out to make the metre. JOHNSON.

[1] Hot. *Away, away, you trifler!*
—— *love! I love thee not,*] This I think would be better thus,
Hot. *Away, you trifler!*
Lady. *Love!*
Hot. *I love thee not.*
This is no time, go. JOHNSON.

[2] —— *mammets,*—] Puppets. JOHNSON.
So Stubbs, ſpeaking of ladies dreſt in the faſhion, ſays, "they "are not natural, but artificial women, not women of fleſh and "blood,

We muſt have bloody noſes, and [3] crack'd crowns,
And paſs them current too.—Gods me! my horſe!—
What ſay'ſt thou, Kate? what would'ſt thou have with me?

Lady. Do ye not love me? do you not, indeed?
Well, do not then:—for, ſince you love me not,
I will not love myſelf. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me, if you ſpeak in jeſt, or no?

Hot. Come, wilt thou ſee me ride?
And when I am o'horſeback, I will ſwear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate,
I muſt not have you henceforth queſtion me,
Whither I go; nor reaſon, where about:
Whither I muſt, I muſt; and, to conclude,
This evening muſt I leave thee, gentle Kate.
I know you wiſe; but yet no further wiſe
Than Harry Percy's wife. Conſtant you are,
But yet a woman: and for ſecreſy
No lady cloſer; for I well believe,
[4]Thou wilt not utter what thou doſt not know;
And ſo far I will truſt thee, gentle Kate.

Lady. How! ſo far?

Hot. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate:
Whither I go, thither ſhall you go too;
To-day will I ſet forth, to-morrow you.—
Will this content you, Kate?

Lady. It muſt of force. [*Exeunt.*

" blood, but rather *puppets* or *mammets*, conſiſting of ragges " and clowts compact together."

So in the old comedy of *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609, ——" I have ſeen the city of new Nineveh, and Julius Cæſar, " acted by *mammets*." STEEVENS.

[3] ——— *crack'd crowns*,] Signifies at once *crack'd money* and a *broken head*. *Current* will apply to both; as it refers to money, its ſenſe is well known; as it is applied to a broken head, it inſinuates that a ſoldier's wounds entitle him to univerſal reception. JOHNSON.

[4] *Thou wilt not utter what thou doſt not know*;] This line is borrow'd from a proverbial ſentence——" A woman conceals " what ſhe knows not." See *Ray's Proverbs*. STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

The Boar's-head tavern in Eaſt-cheap.

Enter prince Henry and Poins.

P. Henry. Ned, pr'ythee come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where haſt been, Hal?

P. Henry. With three or four loggerheads, amongſt three or fourſcore hogſheads. I have ſounded the very baſe ſtring of humility. Sirrah, I am ſworn brother to a leaſh of drawers; and can call them all by their Chriſtian names, as Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their conſcience, that though I be but prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courteſy; and tell me flatly, I am no proud Jack, like Falſtaff; but a [5] Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy: (by the Lord, ſo they call me;) and when I am king of England, I ſhall command all the good lads in Eaſt cheap. They call drinking deep, dying ſcarlet; and when you breathe in your watering, they cry, hem! and bid you play it off.——To conclude, I am ſo good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou haſt loſt much honour,

[5] —— *Corinthian*,—] A wencher. JOHNSON.
This cant expreſſion is common in old plays. So Randolph in *The jealous Lovers*, 1632,
" ——— let him *wench*,
" ———————————
" Buy me all *Corinth* for him."
" Non cuivis homini contingit adire *Corinthum*."
So in the tragedy of *Nero*, 1633,
" Nor us, tho' Romans, Lais will refuſe,
" To *Corinth* any man may go."
Again, in Maſſinger's *Great Duke of Florence*,
" Or the cold Cynic whom *Corinthian* Lais," &c.
STEEVENS.

that

that thou wert not with me in this action. But, ſweet Ned,—to ſweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of ſugar, clapt even now into my hand by an [6] under-ſkinker, one that never ſpake other Engliſh in his life, than *Eight ſhillings and ſixpence*, and *You are welcome*, *Sir:* with this ſhrill addition, *Anon, anon, Sir: Score a pint of baſtard in the Half-moon*, or ſo. But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falſtaff come, I pr'ythee do thou ſtand in ſome bye-room, while I queſtion my puny drawer, to what end he gave me the ſugar; and do thou never leave calling Francis, that his tale to me may be nothing but, *Anon.* Step aſide, and I'll ſhew thee a precedent. [*Poins retires.*

Poins. Francis!——

P. Henry. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis!——

[7] *Enter Francis the drawer.*

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.—Look down into the Pomgranate, Ralph.

P. Henry. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord.

P. Henry. How long haſt thou to ſerve, Francis?

Fran. Forſooth, five years, and as much as to—

Poins. Francis!——

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. Five years! by'rlady, a long leaſe for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, dareſt thou be ſo valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture, and ſhew it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

[6] —— *under-ſkinker,*—] A tapſter; an under-drawer. *Skiel* is *drink*, and a *ſkinker* is *one that ſerves drink at table.* JOHNSON.

[7] *Enter Francis the drawer.*] This ſcene, helped by the diſtraction of the drawer, and grimaces of the prince, may entertain upon the ſtage, but affords not much delight to the reader The author has judiciouſly made it ſhort. JOHNSON.

Fran. O lord, Sir, I'll be ſworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart——

Poins. Francis!——

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me ſee—about Michaelmas next I ſhall be——

Poins. Francis!——

Fran. Anon, Sir.—Pray you ſtay a little, my lord.

P. Henry. Nay, but hark you, Francis, for the ſugar thou gaveſt me; 'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. O lord, Sir! I would, it had been two.

P. Henry. I will give thee for it a thouſand pound: aſk me when thou wilt, and thou ſhalt have it.

Poins. Francis!——

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Henry. Anon, Francis? no, Francis; but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thurſday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis——.

Fran. My lord?

P. Henry. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, cryſtal-button, [8] knot-pated, agat-ring, [9] puke-ſtocking, caddice-

[8] ——— *knot-pated,*—] It ſhould be printed as in the old folio's, *nott-pated.* So in Chaucer's *Cant. Tales* the *Yeman* is thus deſcribed,

" A *nott head* had he with a brown viſage."

A perſon is ſaid to be *nott-pated,* when the hair was cut ſhort and round. Ray ſays, the word is ſtill uſed in Eſſex, for *polled* or *ſhorn.* Vid. *Ray. Coll.* p. 108. Morell's *Chaucer,* 8vo, p. 11. vid. Jun. Etym. ad verb. PERCY.

So in *The Widow's Tears,* by Chapman, 1612,

" ——— your *nott-headed* country gentleman."

STEEVENS.

[9] ——— *puke-ſtocking,*—] The prince intends to aſk the drawer whether he will rob his maſter, whom he denotes by many contemptuous diſtinctons, of which all are eaſily intelligible but *puke-ſtocking,* which I cannot explain. JOHNSON.

In a ſmall book entitled, *The Order of my Lorde Maior, &c. for their Meetinges and Wearing of theyr Apparel throughout the Yeere,* printed in 1586, " the maior, &c. are commanded to

[1] caddice-garter, ſmooth-tongue, Spaniſh-pouch—

Fran. O lord, Sir, who do you mean?

P. Henry. Why then your brown [2] baſtard is your only drink: for look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet

" appeare on Good Fryday in their *pewke gowns*, and without " their chaynes and typetes."

Shelton, in his tranſlation of *Don Quixote*, p. 2, ſays, " the " reſt and remnant of his eſtate was ſpent on a jerkin of fine " *puke*." Edit. 1612.

In Salmon's *Chymiſt's Shop laid open* there is a receipt to make a *puke* colour. The ingredients are the vegetable gall and a large proportion of water; from which it ſhould appear that the colour was *grey*.

In Barret's *Alvearie*, an old Latin and Engliſh dictionary, printed 1580, I find a *puke* colour explained as being a colour between ruſſet and black, and is rendered in Latin *pullus*.

In the time of Shakeſpeare the moſt expenſive ſilk-ſtockings were worn; and in *King Lear*, by way of reproach, an attendant is called a *worſted-ſtocking* knave. So that after all, perhaps the word *puke* refers to the quality of the ſtuff rather than the colour. STEEVENS.

[1] ———*caddice-garter*,——] *Caddis* was, I believe, a kind of coarſe *ferret*. The garters of Shakeſpeare's time were worn in ſight, and conſequently were expenſive. He who would ſubmit to wear a coarſer ſort, was probably called by this contemptuous diſtinction, which I meet with again in Glapthorne's *Wit in a Conſtable*, 1639,

" ———— doſt hear,
" My honeſt *caddis-garters*."

This is an addreſs to a ſervant. STEEVENS.

[2] ——— *brown baſtard*——] *Baſtard* was a kind of ſweet wine. The prince finding the waiter not able, or not willing to underſtand his inſtigation, puzzles him with unconnected prattle, and drives him away. JOHNSON.

In an old dramatic piece, entitled, *Wine, Beer, Ale, and Tobacco*, the ſecond edition, 1630, *Beer* ſays to *Wine*,

" Wine well-born? Did not every man call you *baſtard*
" but t'other day?"

So in *Match me in London*, an old comedy,

" ———Love you *baſtard*?
" No wines at all."

So in *Every Woman in her Humour*, com. 1609,

" Canary is a jewel, and a fig for *brown baſtard*."

So

doublet will ſully. In Barbary, Sir, it cannot come to ſo much.

Fran. What, Sir?

Poins. Francis!——

P. Henry. Away, you rogue; doſt thou not hear them call?

[*Here they both call; the drawer ſtands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What! ſtand'ſt thou ſtill, and hear'ſt ſuch a calling? Look to the gueſts within. [*Exit drawer.*] My lord, old Sir John with half a dozen more are at the door; ſhall I let them in?

P. Henry. Let them alone a while, and then open the door. [*Exit Vintner.*] Poins!—

Enter Poins.

Poins. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. Sirrah, Falſtaff and the reſt of the thieves are at the door; ſhall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; what cunning match have you made with this jeſt of the drawer? come, what's the iſſue?

P. Henry. I am now of all humours, that have ſhew'd themſelves humours, ſince the old days of goodman Adam, to the pupil age of this preſent twelve o'clock at midnight. What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. That ever this fellow ſhould have fewer

So again in *The Honeſt Whore*, a comedy, by Decker, 1635,

" ——What wine ſent they for?

" *Ro. Baſtard* wine, for it had been truely begotten, it " would not have been aſham'd to come in. Here's ſix- " pence to pay for nurſing the *baſtard*."

Again in *The Fair Maid of the Weſt*, 1631,

" I'll furniſh you with *baſtard* white or *brown*," &c.

STEEVENS.

words than a parrot, and yet the ſon of a woman!—His induſtry is up ſtairs and down ſtairs; his elo quence the parcel of a reckoning.—[3] I am not yet o Percy's mind, the Hot-ſpur of the north; he th kills me ſome ſix or ſeven dozen of Scots at a breal faſt, waſhes his hands, and ſays to his wife, *Fie upo this quiet life! I want work. O my ſweet Harry,* ſay ſhe, *how many haſt thou kill'd to-day? Give my roa horſe a drench,* ſays he, and anſwers, *ſome fourteen,* a hour after; *a trifle, a trifle.* I pr'ythee, call in Fa ſtaff; I'll play Percy, and that damn'd brawn ſha play dame Mortimer his wife. [4] Rivo, ſays th drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter Falſtaff, Gads-hill, Bardolph, and Peto.

Poins. Welcome, Jack; where haſt thou been?

Fal. A plague on all cowards, I ſay, and a ver geance too! marry and Amen!—Give me a cup o

[3] —— *I am not yet of Percy's mind,*—] The drawer's anſwe had interrupted the prince's train of diſcourſe. He was pro ceeding thus, *I am now of all humours that have ſhewed them ſelves humours —— I am not yet of Percy's mind,*—that is, I a willing to indulge myſelf in gaiety and frolick, and try all th varieties of human life. *I am not yet of Percy's mind,*—wh thinks all the time loſt that is not ſpent in bloodſhed, forget decency and civility, and has nothing but the barren talk of brutal ſoldier. JOHNSON.

[4] *Ribi,*—] That is, *drink.* HANMER.

All the former editions have *rivo,* which certainly had n meaning, but yet was perhaps the cant of Engliſh taverns. JOHNSON

This conjecture Mr. Farmer has ſupported by a quotatio from Marſton,

" If thou art ſad at others fate,
" *Rivo,* drink deep, give care the mate."

I find the ſame word uſed in the comedy of *Blurt Maſte Conſtable,*

" ——Yet to endear ourſelves to thy lean acquaint
" ance, cry *Rivo* ho! laugh and be fat," *&c.*

So in Marſton's *What you will,* 1607,

" Sing, ſing, or ſtay, we'll quaffe or any thing,
" *Rivo,* ſaint Mark!" STEEVENS.

ſack

ſack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll ſow nether ſtocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague on all cowards!—Give me a cup of ſack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*

P. Henry. Didſt thou never ſee Titan kiſs a diſh of butter? [5] pitiful-hearted Titan! that melted at the ſweet tale of the ſun? if thou didſt, then behold that compound.

Fal.

[5] —— *pitiful-hearted Titan! that melted at the ſweet tale of the ſun?*—] This abſurd reading poſſeſſes all the copies in general; and though it has paſſed through ſuch a number of impreſſions, is nonſenſe; which we may pronounce to have ariſen at firſt from the inadvertence, either of tranſcribers, or the compoſitors at preſs. 'Tis well known, Titan is one of the poetical names of the ſun; but we have no authority from fable for Titan's melting away at his own ſweet tale, as Narciſſus did at the reflection of his own form. The poet's meaning was certainly this: Falſtaff enters in a great heat, after having been robbed by the prince and Poins in diſguiſe: and the prince ſeeing him in ſuch a ſweat, makes the following ſimile upon him: "Do but look upon that compound of greaſe;—his fat drips "away with the violence of his motion, juſt as *butter* does with "the heat of the *ſun-beams* darting full upon it." THEOBALD.

Didſt thou never ſee Titan kiſs a diſh of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan! that melted at the ſweet tale of the ſun?] This perplexes Mr. Theobald; he calls it nonſenſe, and, indeed, having made nonſenſe of it, changes it to *pitiful-hearted butter.* But the common reading is right: and all that wants reſtoring is a parentheſis, into which (*pitiful-hearted Titan!*) ſhould be put. *Pitiful-hearted* means only *amorous*, which was Titan's character: the pronoun *that* refers to *butter.* But the Oxford Editor goes ſtill further, and not only takes, without ceremony, Mr. Theobald's bread and *butter*, but turns *tale* into *face*; not perceiving that the heat of the ſun is figuratively repreſented as a *love-tale*, the poet having before called him *pitiful-hearted*, or amorous. WARBURTON.

I have left this paſſage as I found it, deſiring only that the reader, who inclines to follow Dr. Warburton's opinion, will furniſh himſelf with ſome proof that *pitiful-hearted* was ever uſed to ſignify *amorous*, before he pronounces this emendation to be juſt. I own I am unable to do it for him; and though I ought not to decide in favour of any violent proceedings againſt the text, muſt own, that the reader who looks for ſenſe as the words ſtand at preſent, muſt be indebted for it to Mr. Theobald.

Fal. You rogue, [6] here's lime in this ſack too: there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man: yet a coward is worſe than a cup of ſack with lime in it; a villainous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a ſhotten herring. There live not three good men unhang'd in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old, God help, the while! a bad world, I ſay!

Shall I offer a bolder alteration? In the oldeſt copy the conteſted part of this paſſage appears thus:

——*at the ſweet tale of the ſonnes.*

The author might have written *pitiful-hearted Titan, who melted at the ſweet tale of his ſon*, i. e. of Phaëton, who by a fine ſtory won on the eaſy nature of his father ſo far, as to obtain from him the guidance of his own chariot for a day. STEEVENS.

[6] —— *here's lime in this ſack too: there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man:*—] Sir Richard Hawkins, one of queen Elizabeth's ſea-captains, in his voyages, p. 379, ſays, "Since the Spaniſh ſacks have been common in our taverns, "which for conſervation are mingled with lime in the making, "our nation complains of calentures, of the ſtone, the dropſy, "and infinite other diſtempers, not heard of before this wine "came into frequent uſe. Beſides, there is no year that it "waſteth not two millions of crowns of our ſubſtance by con-"veyance into foreign countries." This latter, indeed, was a ſubſtantial evil. But as to lime's giving the ſtone, this ſure muſt be only the good old man's prejudice; ſince in a wiſer age by far, an old woman made her fortune by ſhewing us that lime was a cure for the ſtone. Sir John Falſtaff, were he alive again, would ſay ſhe deſerved it, for ſatisfying us that we might drink ſack in ſafety: but that liquor has been long ſince out of date. I think Lord Clarendon, in *his Apology*, tells us, "That ſweet "wines before the Reſtoration were ſo much to the Engliſh "taſte, that we engroſſed the whole product of the Canaries; "and that not a pipe of it was expended in any other country "in Europe." But the baniſhed cavaliers brought home with them the gouſt for French wines, which has continued ever ſince; and from whence, perhaps, we may more truly date the greater frequency of the ſtone. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton does not conſider that *ſack* in Shakeſpeare is moſt probably thought to mean what we now call *ſherry*, which when it is drank is ſtill drank with ſugar. JOHNSON.

ſay! — [7] I would I were a weaver; I could ſing all manner of ſongs.—A plague on all cowards, I ſay ſtill!

P. Henry. How now, wool-ſack, what mutter you?

Fal. A king's ſon! if I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy ſubjects afore thee like a flock of wild geeſe, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You prince of Wales!

P. Henry. Why, you whorſon round man! what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? anſwer me to that, and Poins there? [*To Poins.*

P. Henry. Ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll ſtab thee.

[7] ——— *I would I were a weaver; I could ſing pſalms,* &c.] In the perſecutions of the proteſtants in Flanders under Philip II. thoſe who came over into England on that occaſion, brought with them the woollen manufactory. Theſe were Calviniſts, who were always diſtinguiſhed for their love of pſalmody. WARBURTON.

In the firſt editions the paſſage is read thus, *I could ſing pſalms or any thing.* In the firſt folio thus, *I could ſing all manner of ſongs.* Many expreſſions bordering on indecency or profaneneſs are found in the firſt editions, which are afterwards corrected. The reading of the three laſt editions, *I could ſing pſalms and all manner of ſongs,* is made without authority out of different copies.

I believe nothing more is here meant than to allude to the practice of weavers, who, having their hands more employed than their minds, amuſe themſelves frequently with ſongs at the loom. The knight, being full of vexation, wiſhes he could ſing to divert his thoughts.

Weavers are mentioned as lovers of muſic in *The Merchant of Venice.* Perhaps "to ſing like a weaver" might be proverbial. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton's obſervation may be confirmed by the following paſſages.

Ben Jonſon makes Cutberd tell Moroſe that "the parſon "caught his cold by ſitting up late, and ſinging catches with "cloth-workers."

So in Jaſper Maine's *City Match,* 1639,

"Like a Geneva weaver in black, who left
"The loom, and enter'd in the miniſtry,
"For conſcience ſake." STEEVENS.

Fal. I call the coward! I'll ſee thee damn'd ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thouſand pound I could run as faſt as thou canſt. You are ſtrait enough in the ſhoulders, you care not who ſees your back. Call you that backing of your friends? a plague upon ſuch backing! give me them that will face me. —Give me a cup of ſack: I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

P. Henry. O villain! thy lips are ſcarce wip'd ſince thou drunk'ſt laſt.

Fal. All's one for that. [*He drinks.*
A plague on all cowards, ſtill ſay I!

P. Henry. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter! here be four of us have ta'en a thouſand pound this morning.

P. Henry. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us, it is. A hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Henry. What a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-ſword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have eſcap'd by miracle. I am eight times thruſt through the doublet; four through the hoſe; [8] my buckler cut through and through, my ſword hack'd like a hand-ſaw, *ecce ſignum.* [*Shows his ſword.*] I never dealt better ſince I was a man.—All would not do. A plague on all cowards! —Let them ſpeak; if they ſpeak more or leſs than truth, they are villains, and the ſons of darkneſs.

[8] ——— *my buckler cut through and through,*——] It appears from the old comedy of *The two angry Women of Abington*, that this method of defence and fight was in Shakeſpeare's time growing out of faſhion. The play was publiſhed in 1599, and one of the characters in it makes the following obſervation:

"I ſee by this dearth of good ſwords, that ſword-and-buckler-"fight begins to grow out. I am ſorry for it; I ſhall never ſee "good manhood again. If it be once gone, this poking fight "of rapier and dagger will come up then. Then a tall man, "and a good ſword-and-buckler man, will be ſpitted like a "cat, or a coney: then a boy will be as good as a man," &c.

STEEVENS.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. Speak, Sirs, how was it?

Gads. We four ſet upon ſome dozen.

Fal. Sixteen, at leaſt, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them, or I am a Jew elſe, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were ſharing, ſome ſix or ſeven freſh men ſet upon us——

Fal. And unbound the reſt, and then came in the other.

P. Henry. What, fought you with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radiſh: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legg'd creature.

Poins. Pray heaven, you have not murther'd ſome of them.

Fal. Nay, that's paſt praying for. I have pepper'd two of them: two, I am ſure, I have pay'd; two rogues in buckram ſuits. I tell thee what, Hal; if I tell thee a lie, ſpit in my face, call me horſe. Thou know'ſt my old ward:—here I lay, aud thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me—

P. Henry. What four? thou ſaidſt but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he ſaid four.

Fal. Theſe four came all a-front, and mainly thruſt at me. I made no more ado, but took all their ſeven points in my target, thus.

P. Henry. Seven! why, there were but four even now.

Fal. In buckram.

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram ſuits.

Fal. Seven, by theſe hilts, or I am a villain elſe.

P. Henry. Pr'ythee, let him alone; we ſhall have more anon.

Fal.

Fal. Doſt thou hear me, Hal?

P. Henry. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do ſo, for it is worth the liſt'ning to. Theſe nine in buckram, that I told thee of——

P. Henry. So, two more already.

Fal. [9] Their points being broken——

Poins. Down fell his hoſe.

Fal. Began to give me ground: but I follow'd me cloſe, came in foot and hand; and, with a thought, ſeven of the eleven I pay'd.

P. Henry. O monſtrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But as the devil would have it, three miſ-begotten knaves, in [2] Kendal green, came at my back, and let drive at me; (for it was ſo dark, Hal, that thou couldſt not ſee thy hand.)

P. Henry. Theſe lies are like the father that begets them; groſs as a mountain, open, palpable. Why,

[9] *Their points being broken—Down fell his hoſe.*] To underſtand Poins's joke, the double meaning of *point* muſt be remembered, which ſignifies *the ſharp end of a weapon*, and *the lace of a garment*. The cleanly phraſe for letting down the hoſe, *levandum alvum*, was *to untruſs a point*. JOHNSON.

[2] *Kendal*—] Kendal in Weſtmorland, as I have been told is a place famous for dying cloths, *&c.* with ſeveral very bright colours. *Kendal green* is repeatedly mentioned in the old play of *Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601.

" Off then I wiſh you with your *Kendal green*,
" Let not ſad grief in freſh array be ſeen."

Again,

" Bateman of Kendall gave us *Kendall green*."

Again,

" ——————— all the woods
" Are full of outlaws, that, in *Kendall green*,
" Follow the out-law'd earl of Huntington."

Again,

" Off then I wiſh you with your *Kendall green*."

Again,

" Then Robin will I wear thy *Kendall green*."

STEEVENS.

thou

u clay-brain'd guts, thou knotty-pated fool; thou orſon obſcene greaſy 3 tallow-catch——

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not truth, the truth?

P. Henry. Why, how could'ſt thou know theſe men Kendal green, when it was ſo dark, thou could'ſt not thy hand? come, tell us your reaſon. What ſay'ſt u to this?

Poins. Come, your reaſon, Jack, your reaſon.

Fal. What, upon compulſion? No; were I at the ppado, or all the racks in the world, I would not you on compulſion. Give you a reaſon on com-ſion! if reaſons were as plenty as black-berries, I uld give no man a reaſon upon compulſion,—I!

P. Henry. I'll be no longer guilty of this ſin.—This guine coward, this bed-preſſer, this horſe-back-aker, this huge hill of fleſh,——

Fal. Away, 4 you ſtarveling, you elf-ſkin, you 'd neats-tongue, bull's pizzle, you ſtock-fiſh—O breath to utter what is like thee!—You taylor's

——— *tallow-catch*——] This word is in all editions, having no meaning, cannot be underſtood. In ſome parts ıe kingdom, a *cake* or *maſs* of wax or tallow, is called a ', which is doubtleſs the word intended here, unleſs we *tallow-ketch*, that is, *tub of tallow*. JOHNSON.

——*tallow-ketch*—] May mean a ſhip loaded with tallow. *lenry VIII.* Shakeſpeare uſes the word *ketch* for a veſſel:

" That ſuch a *ketch* can with his very bulk
" Take up the rays of the beneficial ſun."

ſtill ſay a *bomb-ketch* for a veſſel loaded with the imple-ts of bombardment. STEEVENS.

——— *you ſtarveling, you elf-ſkin,*——] For *elf-ſkin* Sir nas Hanmer and Dr. Warburton read *eel-ſkin*. The true ing, I believe, is *elf-kin*, or *little fairy:* for though the ard in *King John* compares his brother's two legs to two kins ſtuff'd, yet an eel-ſkin ſimply bears no great reſem-ce to a man. JOHNSON.

——— *you ſtarveling*, &c.] Shakeſpeare had hiſtorical au-ty for the leanneſs of the prince of Wales. Stowe, ſpeak-of him, ſays, " he exceeded the mean ſtature of men, his ck long, body ſlender and lean, and his bones ſmall." STEEVENS.

yard,

yard, you ſheath, you bow-caſe, you vile ſtanding tuck——

P. Henry. Well, breathe a while, and then to't again: and when thou haſt tir'd thyſelf in baſe compariſons, hear me ſpeak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Henry. We two ſaw you four ſet on four; you bound them, and were maſters of their wealth.—— Mark now, how a plain tale ſhall put you down.—— Then did we two ſet on you four; and, with a word, out-fac'd you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can ſhew it you here in the houſe. And, Falſtaff, you carry'd your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roar'd for mercy, and ſtill ran and roar'd, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a ſlave art thou, to hack thy ſword as thou haſt done, and then ſay it was in fight! What trick? what device? what ſtarting hole, canſt thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent ſhame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack: what trick haſt thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my maſters: Was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knoweſt I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware inſtinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Inſtinct is a great matter; I was a coward on inſtinct. I ſhall think the better of myſelf, and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant lion, and thou, for a true prince. But, by the lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hoſteſs, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.——Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowſhip come to you! What, ſhall we be merry? ſhall we have a play extempore?

P. Henry. Content:—and the argument ſhall be thy running away.

Fal. Ah!—no more of that, Hal, an thou loveſt me.

Enter

Enter Hoſteſs.

Hoſt. My lord the prince!

P. Henry. How now, my lady the hoſteſs? what ſay'ſt thou to me?

Hoſt. Marry, my lord, [5] there is a nobleman of the court at door, would ſpeak with you: he ſays, he comes from your father.

P. Henry. [5] Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and ſend him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Hoſt. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight? Shall I give him his anſwer?

P. Henry. Pr'ythee do, Jack.

Fal. Faith, and I'll ſend him packing. [*Exit.*

P. Henry. Now, Sirs, by'r lady, you fought fair; ſo did you, Peto; ſo did you, Bardolph: you are lions too; you ran away upon inſtinct; you will not touch the true prince; no,—Fie!

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I ſaw others run.

P. Henry. Tell me now in earneſt; how came Falſtaff's ſword ſo hack'd?

Peto. Why, he hack'd it with his dagger; and ſaid, he would ſwear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and perſuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noſes with ſpear-graſs, to make them bleed; and then beſlubber our garments with it, and ſwear it was [6] the blood of true men. I

[5] ——— *there is a nobleman—Give him as much as will make him a royal man,*——] I believe here is a kind of jeſt intended. He that received a *noble* was, in cant language, called a *nobleman:* in this ſenſe the prince catches the word, and bids the landlady *give him as much as will make him a royal man*, that is, a *real* or *royal* man, and ſend him away. JOHNSON.

[6] ——— *the blood of true men.*] That is, of the men with whom they fought, of *honeſt men*, oppoſed to thieves. JOHNS.

did

did that I did not do theſe ſeven years before, I bluſh'd to hear his monſtrous devices.

P. Henry. O villain, thou ſtoleſt a cup of ſack eighteen years ago, and wert [7] taken with the manner, and ever ſince thou haſt bluſh'd extempore. Thou hadſt [8] fire and ſword on thy ſide, and yet thou ranneſt away; what inſtinct hadſt thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you ſee theſe meteors? do you behold theſe exhalations?

P. Henry. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Henry. [9] Hot livers, and cold purſes.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Henry. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter Falſtaff.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my ſweet creature of [1] bombaſt? How long is't ago, Jack, ſince thou ſaw'ſt thy own knee?

Fal.

[7] ——— *taken in the manner,*——] The quarto and folio read *with the manner*, which is right. *Taken with the manner* is a law phraſe, and then in common uſe, to ſignify *taken in the fact*. But the Oxford Editor alters it, for better ſecurity of the ſenſe, to ——*taken in the* MANOR.—— *i. e.* I ſuppoſe, by the lord of it, as a ſtray. WARBURTON.

The expreſſion—*taken in the manner*, or *with the manner*, is common to many of our old dramatic writers. So in B. and Fletcher's *Rule a Wife and have a Wife*,

" How like a ſheep-biting rogue, *taken in the manner*,
" And ready for a halter, doſt thou look now?"

STEEVENS.

[8] *Thou hadſt fire and ſword*, &c.] The *fire* was in his face. A red face is termed a *fiery face*.

While I affirm a fiery face
Is to the owner no diſgrace. Legend of Capt. Jones.

JOHNSON.

[9] *Hot livers and cold purſes.*] That is, *drunkenneſs* and *poverty*. To *drink* was, in the language of thoſe times, to *heat the liver*. JOHNSON.

[1] ——— *bombaſt?*] Is the ſtuffing of cloaths. JOHNSON.

Stubbs, in his *Anatomie of Abuſes*, 1595, obſerves, that in his time " the doublettes were ſo hard quilted, ſtuffed, *bom-*
" *baſted*,

Fal. My own knee! When I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waiſt; [2] I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring. A plague on ſighing and grief! it blows up a man like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad; here was Sir John Braby from your father; you muſt go to the court in the morning. That ſame mad fellow of the north, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the baſtinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and ſwore the devil his true liegeman [3] upon the croſs of a Welſh hook: what a plague call you him—

Poins. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen; the ſame; and his ſon-in-law Mortimer, and old Northumberland, and that ſprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs a horſeback up a hill perpendicular.

" *baſted*, and ſewed, as they could neither worke, nor yet well " play in them." And again, in the ſame chapter, he adds, that they were " ſtuffed with foure, five, or ſixe pound of *bom-* " *baſt* at leaſt." *Bombaſt* is *cotton*. STEEVENS.

[2] ——— *I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring.*] Ariſtophanes has the ſame thought,

Διὰ βακτηλίαν μὲν ἂν ἐμὲ γ' ἂν διελκύσαις. *Plutus*, v. 1037.

RAWLINSON.

[3] ——— *upon the croſs of a Welſh hook:*——] A *Welſh hook* appears to have been ſome inſtrument of the offenſive kind. It is mentioned in the play of *Sir John Oldcaſtle*,

" ——— that no man preſume to wear any weapons, eſpe- " cially *welſh-hooks* and foreſt-bills."

Again, in *Weſtward Hoe*, by Decker and Webſter, 1607,

" ———it will be as good as a *Welch-hook* for you, to keep " out the other at ſtaves-end."

Again, in *Northward Hoe*, by the ſame, 1607, a captain ſays,

" ———I know what kiſſes be, as well as I know a *Welch-* " *hook*."

So in Ben Jonſon's *Maſque for the Honour of Wales:*

" ——— Owen Glendower, with a *Welſh hooke*, and a goat- " ſkin on his back."

The *Welch hook* is probably a weapon of the ſame kind with the *Lochaber axe*, which was uſed in the late rebellion. Colonel Gardner was attacked with this weapon at the battle of Preſtonpans. STEEVENS.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. He that rides at high ſpeed, and with a [4] piſtol kills a ſparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Henry. So did he never the ſparrow.

Fal. Well; that raſcal has good mettle in him; he will not run.

P. Henry. Why, what a raſcal art thou then, to praiſe him ſo for running?

Fal. A horſeback, ye cuckow! but afoot he will not budge a foot.

P. Hen. Yes, Jack, upon inſtinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon inſtinct! Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thouſand [5] blue-caps more. Worceſter is ſtolen away by night: thy father's beard is turn'd white with the news. [6] You may buy land now as cheap as ſtinking mackerel.

P. Henry. Then, 'tis like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we ſhould buy maiden-heads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the maſs, lad, thou ſay'ſt true; it is like we ſhall have good trading that way.—But tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afeard, thou being heir ap-

[4] ——— *piſtol*—] Shakeſpeare never has any care to preſerve the manners of the time. *Piſtols* were not known in the age of Henry. Piſtols were, I believe, about our author's time, eminently uſed by the Scots. Sir Henry Wotton ſomewhere makes mention of a *Scottiſh piſtol.* JOHNSON.

B. and Fletcher are ſtill more inexcuſable. In *The Humorous Lieutenant* they have equipp'd one of the immediate ſucceſſors of Alexander the Great with the ſame weapon. STEEVENS.

[5] —— *blue caps*——] A name of ridicule given to the Scots from their *blue bonnets.* JOHNSON.

[6] *You may buy land,* &c.] In former times the proſperity of the nation was known by the value of land, as now by the price of ſtocks. Before Henry the Seventh made it ſafe to ſerve the king regnant, it was the practice at every revolution, for the conqueror to confiſcate the eſtates of thoſe that oppoſed, and perhaps of thoſe who did not aſſiſt him. Thoſe, therefore, that foreſaw a change of government, and thought their eſtates in danger, were deſirous to ſell them in haſte for ſomething that might be carried away. JOHNSON.

parent?

parent? Could the world pick thee out three ſuch enemies again as that fiend Douglas, that ſpirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Henry. Not a whit, i'faith; I lack ſome of thy inſtinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou com'ſt to thy father: if thou do love me, practiſe an anſwer.

P. Henry. Do thou ſtand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content. This chair ſhall be my ſtate, this dagger my ſcepter, and [7] this cuſhion my crown.

P. Henry. [8] Thy ſtate is taken for a joint-ſtool, thy golden ſcepter for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown.

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now ſhalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of ſack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I muſt ſpeak in paſſion, and I will do it in [9] king Cambyſes' vein.

P. Henry. Well, here is [1] my leg.

Fal. And here is my ſpeech.—Stand aſide, nobility.—

[7] ——— *this cuſhion my crown.*] Dr. Letherland, in a MS. note, obſerves, that the country people in Warwickſhire uſe a *cuſhion* for a *crown*, at their harveſt-home diverſions; and in the play of *King Edward IV.* p. 2, 1619, is the following paſſage:

" Then comes a ſlave, one of thoſe drunken ſots,
" In with a tavern reck'ning for a ſupplication,
" Diſguiſed with a *cuſhion* on his head." STEEVENS.

[8] *Thy ſtate*, &c.] This anſwer might, I think, have better been omitted: it contains only a repetition of Falſtaff's mock-royalty. JOHNSON.

[9] ——— *king Cambyſes*—] A lamentable tragedy, mixed full of pleaſant mirth, containing the life of Cambyſes king of Perſia. By Thomas Preſton. THEOBALD.

I queſtion if Shakeſpeare had ever ſeen this tragedy; for there is a remarkable peculiarity of meaſure, which, when he profeſſed to ſpeak in *king Cambyſes' vein*, he would hardly have miſſed, if he had known it. JOHNSON.

[1] ——— *my leg.*] That is, my obeiſance to my father. JOHNSON.

Hoſt. This is excellent ſport, i'faith.

Fal. *Weep not, ſweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.*

Hoſt. O the father! how he holds his countenance?

Fal. *For God's ſake, lords, convey my triſtful queen, For tears do ſtop the flood-gates of her eyes.*

Hoſt. O rare! he doth it like one of thoſe harlotry players, as I ever ſee.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain —— [2] Harry, I do not only marvel where thou ſpendeſt thy time, but alſo how thou art accompanied: for [3] though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faſter it grows, yet youth, the more it is waſted, the ſooner it wears. Thou art my ſon, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly a villainous trick of thine eye, and a fooliſh hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be ſon to me, here lieth the point; Why, being ſon to me, art thou ſo pointed at? Shall the bleſſed ſun of heaven prove [4] a micher, and eat black-berries? a queſtion not to be aſk'd. Shall the ſon

[2] *Harry, I do not only marvel,* &c.] A ridicule on the public oratory of that time. WARBURTON.

[3] —— *though the camomile,* &c.] This whole ſpeech is ſupremely comic. The ſimile of camomile uſed to illuſtrate a contrary effect, brings to my remembrance an obſervation of a late writer of ſome merit, whom the deſire of being witty has betrayed into a like thought. Meaning to enforce with great vehemence the mad temerity of young ſoldiers, he remarks, that "though Bedlam be in the road to Hogſden, it is out of "the way to promotion." JOHNSON.

In *The More the Merrier*, a collection of epigrams, 1608, is the following paſſage:

"The *camomile* ſhall teach thee patience,
"Which thriveth beſt when trodden moſt upon."

So in *The Fawne*, a comedy, by Marſton, 1606:

"For indeed, Sir, a repreſs'd fame mounts like *camomile*, "the more trod down the more it grows." STEEVENS.

[4] ——— *a micher,*——] *i. e.* truant; to *mich*, is to lurk out of ſight, a hedge-creeper. WARBURTON.

ſon of England prove a thief, and take purſes? a queſtion to be aſk'd. There is a thing, Harry, which thou haſt often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; ſo doth the company thou keep'ſt: for, Harry, now do I not ſpeak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleaſure, but in paſſion; not in words only, but in woes alſo:—and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. Henry. What manner of man, an it like your majeſty?

Fal. A goodly portly man, i'faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleaſing eye, and a moſt noble carriage; and, as I think, his age ſome fifty, or, by'r lady, inclining to threeſcore; and now, I remember me, his name is Falſtaff. If that man ſhould be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I ſee virtue in his looks. [5] If then the fruit may be known by the tree, as the tree by the fruit, then, peremptorily I ſpeak it, there is virtue in that Falſtaff: him keep with, the reſt baniſh. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where haſt thou been this month?

P. Henry. Doſt thou ſpeak like a king? Do thou ſtand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depoſe me?—If thou doſt it half ſo gravely,

The alluſion is to a truant-boy, who, unwilling to go to ſchool, and afraid to go home, lurks in the fields, and picks wild fruits. JOHNSON.

In *A Comment on the Ten Commandments*, printed at London in 1493, by Richard Pynſon, I find the word thus uſed:

"They make Goddes houſe a den of theyves; for commonly "in ſuch feyrs and markets, whereſoever it be holden, ther "ben many theyves, *michers*, and cutpurſe."

So in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607:

"Pox on him, *micher*, I'll make him pay for it."

STEEVENS.

[5] *If then the fruit*, &c.] This paſſage is happily reſtored by Sir Thomas Hanmer. JOHNSON.

ſo majeſtically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a [6] rabbet-ſucker, or a poulterer's hare.

P. Henry. Well, here I am ſet.

Fal. And here I ſtand: judge, my maſters.

P. Henry. Now Harry, whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eaſt-cheap.

P. Henry. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are falſe. —— Nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i'faith.

P. Henry. Sweareſt thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeneſs of a fat old man: a tun of man is thy companion. Why doſt thou converſe with that trunk of humours, that [7] boulting-hutch of beaſtlineſs, that ſwoln parcel of dropſies, that huge bombard of ſack, that ſtufft cloak-bag of guts, that roaſted [8] Manning-tree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend

[6] ——— *rabbet-ſucker,*—] is, I ſuppoſe, a *ſucking rabbet.* The jeſt is in comparing himſelf to ſomething thin and little. So a *poulterer's hare*; a hare hung up by the hind legs without a ſkin, is long and ſlender. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon is right: for in the account of the ſerjeant's feaſt, by Dugdale, in his *Orig. Judiciales,* one article is a dozen of *rabbet-ſuckers.*

Again, in *The Two angry Women of Abington,*

" Cloſe as a *rabbit-ſucker* from an old coney."

Again, in *The Wedding,* by Shirley, 1626,

" Theſe whorſon *rabbit-ſuckers* will never leave the ground."

STEEVENS.

[7] ——— *boulting-hutch*——] *Bolting-hutch* is, I think, a *meal-bag.* JOHNSON.

——— *a boulting-hutch*—] Is the wooden receptacle into which the meal is *boulted.* STEEVENS.

[8] ——— *Manning-tree ox*—] Of the *Manning-tree ox* I can give no account, but the meaning is clear. JOHNSON.

Manning-tree in Eſſex, and the neighbourhood of it, is famous for the richneſs of the paſtures. The farms thereabouts are chiefly tenanted by graziers. Some ox of an unuſual ſize was, I ſuppoſe, roaſted there on an occaſion of public feſtivity. STEEVENS.

vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taſte ſack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein [9] cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your grace would [1] take me with you. Whom means your grace?

P. Henry. That villainous abominable miſ-leader of youth, Falſtaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

P. Henry. I know thou doſt.

Fal. But to ſay, I know more harm in him than in myſelf, were to ſay more than I know. That he is old (the more the pity) his white hairs do witneſs it: but that he is (ſaving your reverence) a whore-maſter, that I utterly deny. [2] If ſack and ſugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a ſin, then many an old hoſt that I know is damn'd. If to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be lov'd. No, my good lord;

[9] —— *cunning*,——] *Cunning* was not yet debaſed to a bad meaning: it ſignified *knowing*, or *ſkilful*. JOHNSON.

[1] —— *take me with you.*] That is, go no faſter than I can follow you. Let me know your meaning. JOHNSON.

[2] *If ſack and ſugar be a fault*, &c.] *Sack and ſugar* was a favourite liquor in Shakeſpeare's time. In a letter deſcribing queen Elizabeth's entertainment at Killingworth-caſtle, 1575, by R. L. [Langham] bl. l. 12mo, the writer ſays (p. 86.) "ſipt I no more *ſak and ſuger* than I do Malmzey, I ſhould "not bluſh ſo much a dayz az I doo." And in another place, deſcribing a minſtrell, who, being ſomewhat iraſcible, had been offended by the company, he adds, "at laſt, by ſum en-"treaty, and many fair woords, with *ſak and ſuger*, we ſweeten "him again." p. 52. PERCY.

This liquor is likewiſe mentioned in *The Wild Gooſe Chaſe* of B. and Fletcher:

"—— You ſhall find us in the tavern,
"Lamenting in *ſack and ſugar* for your loſſes."

STEEVENS.

baniſh Peto, baniſh Bardolph, baniſh Poins; but for ſweet Jack Falſtaff, kind Jack Falſtaff, true Jack Falſtaff, valiant Jack Falſtaff, and therefore more valiant, being as he is, old Jack Falſtaff, baniſh not him thy Harry's company; baniſh plump Jack, and baniſh all the world.

P. Henry. I do, I will.

[*Knocking; and Hoſteſs and Bardolph go out.*

Re-enter Bardolph running.

Bar. O, my lord, my lord, the ſheriff with a moſt monſtrous watch is at the door.

Fal. Out, you rogue!—Play out the play: I have much to ſay in behalf of that Falſtaff.

Re-enter the Hoſteſs.

Hoſt. O, my lord, my lord!

Fal. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddle-ſtick: what's the matter?

Hoſt. The ſheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to ſearch the houſe. Shall I let them in?

Fal. Doſt thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit; thou art eſſentially mad, without ſeeming ſo.

P. Henry. And thou a natural coward, without inſtinct.

Fal. I deny your major. If you will deny the ſheriff, ſo; if not, let him enter. If I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I ſhall as ſoon be ſtrangled with a halter as another.

P. Henry. Go, [3] hide thee behind the arras; the reſt walk

[3] —— *hide thee behind the arras;*——] The bulk of Falſtaff made him not the fitteſt to be concealed behind the hangings, but every poet ſacrifices ſomething to the ſcenery; if Falſtaff had

walk up above. Now, my maſters, for a true face, and a good conſcience.

Fal. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[*Exeunt Falſtaff, Bardolph, Gads-hill, and Peto; manent Prince and Poins.*

P. Henry. Call in the ſheriff———

Enter Sheriff and Carrier.

Now, maſter ſheriff, what is your will with me?

Sher. Firſt, pardon me, my lord.—A hue and cry
Hath follow'd certain men unto this houſe.

P. Henry. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord,
A groſs fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. Henry. † The man, I do aſſure you, is not here,
For I myſelf at this time have employ'd him.
And, ſheriff, I engage my word to thee,
That I will, by to-morrow dinner time,
Send him to anſwer thee, or any man,
For any thing he ſhall be charg'd withal:
And ſo let me intreat you leave the houſe.

Sher. I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery loſt three hundred marks.

P. Henry. It may be ſo: if he have robb'd theſe men,
He ſhall be anſwerable; and ſo, farewell.

had not been hidden he could not have been found aſleep, nor had his pockets ſearched. JOHNSON.

In old houſes there were always large ſpaces left between the arras and the walls, ſufficient to contain even one of Falſtaff's bulk. Such are thoſe which Fantome mentions in *The Drummer*. STEEVENS.

† *The man, I do aſſure you, is not here,*] Every reader muſt regret that Shakeſpeare would not give himſelf the trouble to furniſh prince Henry with ſome more pardonable excuſe for the abſence of Falſtaff, than by obliging him to have recourſe to an abſolute falſhood, and that too uttered under the ſanction of ſo ſtrong an aſſurance. STEEVENS.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. Henry. I think it be good morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock. [*Exit.*

P. Henry. This oily raſcal is known as well as Paul's; [5] Go, call him forth.

Poins. Falſtaff!——faſt aſleep behind the arras, and ſnorting like a horſe.

P. Henry. Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search his pockets.

[*He ſearches his pockets, and finds certain papers.* What haſt thou found?

Poins. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. Henry. Let's ſee, what be they? read them.

Poins. Item, a capon, 2s. 2d.
Item, Sawce, 4d.
Item, Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.
Item, Anchovies and ſack after ſupper, 2s. 6d.
Item, Bread, a halfpenny.

P. Henry. O monſtrous! but one halfpenny-worth of bread to this intolerable deal of ſack? What there is elſe, keep cloſe; we'll read it at more advantage: there let him ſleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning:

[5] *Go, call him forth.*] The ſcenery here is ſomewhat perplexed. When the ſheriff came, the whole gang retired, and Falſtaff was hidden. As ſoon as the ſheriff is ſent away, the prince orders Falſtaff to be called: by whom? by Peto. But why had not Peto gone up ſtairs with the reſt? and if he had, why did not the reſt come down with him? The converſation that follows between the prince and Peto, ſeems to be apart from the others.

I cannot but ſuſpect that for Peto we ſhould read Poins: what had Peto done, that his place ſhould be honourable, or that he ſhould be truſted with the plot againſt Falſtaff? Poins has the prince's confidence, and is a man of courage.

This alteration clears the whole difficulty: they all retired but Poins, who, with the prince, having only robbed the robbers, had no need to conceal himſelf from the travellers. We may therefore boldly change the ſcenical direction thus, *Exeunt Falſtaff, Bardolph, Gads-hill, and Peto; manent the Prince and Poins.* JOHNSON.

morning: we muſt all to the wars, and thy place ſhall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and [6] I know his death will be a march of twelveſcore. The money ſhall be paid back again, with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and ſo good morrow, Poins.

Poins. Good morrow, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The archdeacon of Bangor's houſe in Wales.

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter, lord Mortimer, and Owen Glendower.

MORTIMER.

THESE promiſes are fair, the parties ſure,
And our [7] induction full of proſperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer, and couſin Glendower;—
Will you ſit down?
And, uncle Worceſter:——a plague upon it!
I have forgot the map.

Glend. No, here it is.
Sit, couſin Percy; ſit, good couſin Hotſpur:
For, by that name, as oft as Lancaſter
Doth ſpeak of you, his cheek looks pale; and, with
A riſing ſigh, he wiſheth you in heaven.

[6] —— *I know his death will be a march of twelveſcore.*——] i. e. It will kill him to march ſo far as twelveſcore yards.
JOHNSON.

Ben Jonſon uſes the ſame expreſſion in his *Sejanus:*
"That look'd for ſalutations *twelveſcore* off."
STEEVENS.

[7] —— *induction*——] That is, entrance; beginning.
JOHNSON.

Hot.

Hot. And you in hell, as often as he hears
Owen Glendower ſpoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: [8] at my nativity
The front of heaven was full of fiery ſhapes,
Of burning creſſets; and at my birth
The frame and the foundation of the earth
Shook like a coward.

Hot. Why, ſo it would have done
At the ſame ſeaſon, if your mother's cat
Had kitten'd, though yourſelf had ne'er been born.

Glend. I ſay, the earth did ſhake when I was born.

Hot. And I ſay, the earth was not of my mind,
If you ſuppoſe, as fearing you it ſhook.

Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

Hot. O, then the earth ſhook to ſee the heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.
[9] Diſeaſed nature oftentimes breaks forth
In ſtrange eruptions: oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of cholic pinch'd and vex'd,
By the impriſoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement ſtriving,
Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down
Steeples, and moſs-grown towers. At your birth,
Our grandam earth, having this diſtemperature,
In paſſion ſhook.

Glend. Couſin, of many men
I do not bear theſe croſſings. Give me leave

[8] —— *at my nativity*, &c.] Moſt of theſe prodigies appear to have been invented by Shakeſpeare. Holinſhed ſays only, "Strange wonders happened at the nativity of this man; for "the ſame night he was born, all his father's horſes in the "ſtable were found to ſtand in blood up to their bellies."
STEEVENS.

[9] *Diſeaſed nature*—] The poet has here taken, from the perverſeneſs and contrariouſneſs of Hotſpur's temper, an opportunity of raiſing his character, by a very rational and philoſophical confutation of ſuperſtitious error. JOHNSON.

To

To tell you once again, that at my birth
The front of heaven was full of fiery ſhapes;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were ſtrangely clamorous to the frighted fields.
Theſe ſigns have mark'd me extraordinary;
And all the courſes of my life do ſhew,
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living, clipp'd in with the ſea,
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,
Who calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but woman's ſon,
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
Or hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think there is no man ſpeaks better Welſh.—
I will to dinner.

Mort. Peace, couſin Percy; you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call ſpirits from the vaſty deep.

Hot. Why, ſo can I; or ſo can any man:
But will they come, when you do call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach thee, couſin, to command
The devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, couſin, to ſhame the devil,
By telling truth: *Tell truth and ſhame the devil.*—
If thou haſt power to raiſe him, bring him hither,
And I'll be ſworn, I've power to ſhame him hence.
O, while you live, tell truth, and ſhame the devil.

Mort. Come, come!
No more of this unprofitable chat.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
Againſt my power: thrice, from the banks of Wye,
And ſandy-bottom'd Severn, have I ſent
Him bootleſs home, and weather-beaten, back.

Hot. Home, without boots, and in foul weather too!
How 'ſcapes he agues, in the devil's name?

Glend.

Glend. Come, here's the map: ſhall we divide our right,
According to our three-fold order taken?
Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits, very equally:
England, from Trent, and Severn hitherto,
By ſouth and eaſt, is to my part aſſign'd:
All weſtward, Wales, beyond the Severn ſhore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower; and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
And our indentures tripartite are drawn:
Which being ſealed interchangeably,
(A buſineſs that this night may execute)
To-morrow, couſin Percy, you and I,
And my good lord of Wor'ſter, will ſet forth
To meet your father and the Scottiſh power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewſbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor ſhall we need his help theſe fourteen days:
—Within that ſpace, you may have drawn together
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.
[*To Glendower.*
Glend. A ſhorter time ſhall ſend me to you, lords,
And in my conduct ſhall your ladies come;
From whom you now muſt ſteal, and take no leave:
For there will be a world of water ſhed,
Upon the parting of your wives and you.
Hot. Methinks, my moiety, north from Burton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours.
See, how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me, from the beſt of all my land,
A huge half-moon, a monſtrous cantle out.
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up;
And here the ſmug and ſilver Trent ſhall run
In a new channel, fair and evenly:
It ſhall not wind with ſuch a deep indent,
To rob me of ſo rich a bottom here.

Glend. Not wind? it ſhall, it muſt; you ſee it doth.
Mort. But mark, he bears his courſe, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other ſide,
Gelding the oppoſed continent as much,
As on the other ſide it takes from you.
Wor. Yes, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this north-ſide win this cape of land,
And then he runs ſtraight and even.
Hot. I'll have it ſo; a little charge will do it.
Glend. I will not have it alter'd.
Hot. Will not you?
Glend. No, nor you ſhall not.
Hot. Who ſhall ſay me nay?
Glend. Why, that will I.
Hot. Let me not underſtand you then;
Speak it in Welſh.
Glend. I can ſpeak Engliſh, lord, as well as you;
For I was train'd up in the Engliſh court,
Where, being young, I framed to the harp
Many an Engliſh ditty, lovely well,
And gave [1] the tongue a helpful ornament;
A virtue that was never ſeen in you.
Hot. Marry, and I'm glad of it with all my heart;
I had rather be a kitten, and cry, mew,
Than one of theſe ſame metre-ballad-mongers:
I had rather hear [2] a brazen candleſtick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
And that would nothing ſet my teeth on edge,
Nothing ſo much as mincing poetry;
'Tis like the forc'd gait of a ſhuffling nag.
Glend. Come, you ſhall have Trent turn'd.
Hot. I do not care: I'll give thrice ſo much land
To any well-deſerving friend;

[1] ——*the tongue*—] The Engliſh language. JOHNSON.
[2] ——*a brazen candleſtick turn'd*,] The word *candleſtick*, which deſtroys the harmony of the line, was anciently written *caſtick*. Heywood, and ſeveral of the old writers, conſtantly ſpell it in this manner. STEEVENS.

But,

But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn? ſhall we be gone?
Glend. The moon ſhines fair, you may away by night:
[3].(I'll haſte the writer) and, withal,
Break with your wives of your departure hence.
I am afraid, my daughter will run mad,
So much ſhe doateth on her Mortimer. [*Exit*
Mort. Fie, couſin Percy, how you croſs my father
Hot. I cannot chooſe. Sometimes he angers me,
With telling [4] of the moldwarp and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin, and his prophecies;
And of a dragon, and a finleſs fiſh,
A clip-wing griffin, and a moulting raven,
A couching lion, and a ramping cat,
And ſuch a deal of ſkimble-ſkamble ſtuff,
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what—
He held me the laſt night at leaſt nine hours,
In reckoning up the ſeveral devils names
That were his lacqueys: I cry'd, *hum*,—and *well*,—*go to*,—
But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious
As is a tired horſe, a railing wife;

[3] *(I'll haſte the writer)*——] He means the writer of the articles. POPE.

[4] ——*of the moldwarp and the ant*,] This alludes to an old prophecy, which is ſaid to have induced Owen Glendower to take arms againſt king Henry. See *Hall's Chronicle*, fo. 20. POPE.

So, in *The Mirror of Magiſtrates*, written by Phaer, the old tranſlator of *Virgil*, Owen Glendower is introduced ſpeakin of himſelf,

" And for to ſet us hereon more agog,
" A prophet came (a vengeance take them all!)
" Affirming Henry to be Gogmagog,
" Whom Merlin doth a *mould-warpe* ever call,
" Accurs'd of God, that muſt be brought in thrall,
" By a wolfe, a dragon, and a lion ſtrong,
" Which ſhould divide his kingdom them among."
STEEVENS.

Wor

Worſe than a ſmoaky houſe. I had rather live
With cheeſe and garlick, in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,
In any ſummer-houſe in Chriſtendom.

Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;
Exceedingly well read, and [5] profited
In ſtrange concealments; valiant as a lion,
And wond'rous affable; and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you, couſin?
He holds your temper in a high reſpect,
And curbs himſelf, even of his natural ſcope,
When you do croſs his humour; 'faith, he does:
I warrant you, that man is not alive
Might ſo have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taſte of danger and reproof.
But do not uſe it oft, let me intreat you.

Wor. In faith, my lord, you are [6] too wilful-blame;
And, ſince your coming hither, have done enough
To put him quite beſide his patience.
You muſt needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:
Though ſometimes it ſhews greatneſs, courage, blood,
(And that's the deareſt grace it renders you)
Yet oftentimes it doth preſent harſh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtineſs, opinion, and diſdain:
The leaſt of which, haunting a nobleman,
Loſeth mens' hearts; and leaves behind a ſtain
Upon the beauty of all parts beſides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am ſchool'd: good manners be your ſpeed!
Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

[5] ——— *profited*
In ſtrange concealments;——] Skilled in wonderful ſecrets. JOHNSON.

[6] ——*too wilful-blame;*] This is a mode of ſpeech with which I am not acquainted. Perhaps it might be read *too wilful-blunt*, or *too wilful-bent*; or thus,
Indeed, my lord, you are to blame, too wilful. JOHNS.

Re-enter

Re-enter Glendower, with the ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly ſpight that angers me—
My wife can ſpeak no Engliſh, I no Welſh.
Glend. My daughter weeps; ſhe will not part wit you,
She'll be a ſoldier too, ſhe'll to the wars.
Mort. Good father, tell her, ſhe and my aun Percy
Shall follow in your conduct ſpeedily.
[*Glendower ſpeaks to her in Welſh, and ſhe an ſwers him in the ſame.*
Glend. She's deſperate here; a peeviſh ſelf-will' harlotry,
That no perſuaſion can do good upon.
[*Lady ſpeaks in Welſ*
Mort. I underſtand thy looks: that pretty Welſh,
Which thou poureſt down from theſe ſwelling heaven
I am too perfect in; and, but for ſhame,
In ſuch a parly ſhould I anſwer thee.
[*The lady again in Welſ*
I underſtand thy kiſſes, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling diſputation:
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue
Makes Welſh as ſweet as ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair queen in a ſummer's bower,
With raviſhing diviſion, to her lute.
Glend. Nay, if thou melt, then will ſhe run mad.
[*The lady ſpeaks again in Welſ*
Mort. O, I am ignorance itſelf in this.
Glend. She bids you,
[7] Upon the wanton ruſhes lay you down,
And reſt your gentle head upon her lap,

[7] *All on the wanton ruſhes lay you down,*] It was the cuſto in this country, for many ages, to ſtrew the floors with ruſh as we now cover them with carpets. JOHNSON.

An

And ſhe will ſing the ſong that pleaſeth you,
[8] And on your eye-lids crown the god of ſleep,
Charming your blood with pleaſing heavineſs;
[9] Making ſuch difference betwixt wake and ſleep,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The hour before the heavenly-harneſs'd team
Begins his golden progreſs in the eaſt.

Mort. With all my heart I'll ſit, and hear her ſing:
By that time will [1] our book, I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do ſo:
[2] And thoſe muſicians, that ſhall play to you,
Hang in the air a thouſand leagues from hence;
Yet ſtrait they ſhall be here. Sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down: come, quick, quick; that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lady. Go, ye giddy gooſe. [*The muſic plays.*

Hot. Now I perceive the devil underſtands Welſh:
And 'tis no marvel he is ſo humorous.
By'rlady, he's a good muſician.

Lady. Then would you be nothing but muſical, for you are altogether govern'd by humours. Lie ſtill, ye thief, and hear the lady ſing in Welſh.

[8] *And on your eye-lids crown the god of ſleep,*] The expreſſion is fine; intimating, that the god of ſleep ſhould not only *ſit* on his eye-lids, but that he ſhould *ſit crown'd*, that is, pleaſed and delighted. WARBURTON.

[9] *Making ſuch difference betwixt wake and ſleep,*] She will lull you by her ſong into ſoft tranquillity, in which you ſhall be ſo near to ſleep as to be free from perturbation, and ſo much awake as to be ſenſible of pleaſure; a ſtate partaking of ſleep and wakefulneſs, as the twilight of night and day. JOHNSON.

[1] ——— *our book,*——] Our paper of conditions. JOHNSON.

[2] *And thoſe muſicians, that ſhall play to you,*
Hang in the air ———
Yet, &c.] The particle *yet* being uſed adverſatively, muſt have a particle of conceſſion preceding it. I read therefore
And tho' th' muſicians ———
WARBURTON.

Hot. I had rather hear Lady, my brach, howl in Iriſh.

Lady. Would'ſt have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady. Then be ſtill.

Hot. [3] Neither. 'Tis a woman's fault.

Lady. Now God help thee!

Hot. To the Welſh lady's bed.

Lady. What's that?

Hot. Peace! ſhe ſings.

[*Here the lady ſings a Welſh ſong*

Come, I'll have your ſong too.

Lady. Not mine, in good ſooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good ſooth! you ſwear like comfit-maker's wife: not you, *in good ſooth*; and, *as true as I live*; and, *as God ſhall mend me*; and, *as ſure as day*: and giveſt ſuch ſarcenet ſurety for thy oaths, as if thou never walk'd'ſt further than Finſbury.

Swear me, Kate, like a lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath; and leave *in ſooth*,
And ſuch proteſt of pepper-ginger-bread,
To [4] velvet guards, and Sunday-citizens.
Come, ſing.

Lady. I will not ſing.

[3] *Neither. 'Tis a woman's fault.*] I do not plainly ſee what is a woman's fault. JOHNSON.

[4] —— *velvet guards,*——] To ſuch as have their cloaths adorned with ſhreds of velvet, which was, I ſuppoſe, the finery of cockneys. JOHNSON.

"The cloaks, doublets," &c. (ſays Stubbs, in his *Anatomy of Abuſes*) "were guarded with *velvet guards*, or elſe lace "with coſtly lace." Speaking of womens' gowns, he ſays "they muſt be guarded with great *guards of velvet*, every guard "four or ſix fingers broad at the leaſt."

So in a comedy called *Hiſtriomaſtix*, 1610,

"Out on theſe *velvet guards*, and black-lac'd ſleeves,
"Theſe ſimpering faſhions ſimply followed."

STEEVENS.

Hot.

Hot. [5] 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be Robin-red-breaſt teacher. If the indentures be drawn, I'll away within theſe two hours; and ſo come in when ye will. [*Exit.*

Glend. Come, come, lord Mortimer; you are as ſlow
As hot lord Percy is on fire to go.
By this our book is drawn; we will but ſeal,
And then to horſe immediately.

Mort. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to the preſence-chamber in Windſor.

Enter king Henry, prince of Wales, Lords, and others.

K. Henry. Lords, give us leave; the prince of Wales and I
Muſt have ſome private conference: but be near
At hand, for we ſhall preſently have need of you.—
[*Exeunt Lords.*
I know not whether God will have it ſo,
[6] For ſome diſpleaſing ſervice I have done,
That, in his ſecret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a ſcourge for me;
But thou doſt, [7] in thy paſſages of life,
Make me believe, that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven,
To puniſh my miſ-treadings. Tell me elſe,
Could ſuch inordinate, and low deſires,

[5] *'Tis the next way to turn tailor*, &c.] I ſuppoſe Percy means, that ſinging is a mean quality, and therefore he excuſes his lady. JOHNSON.

[6] *For ſome diſpleaſing ſervice*—] *Service* for *action*, ſimply. WARBURTON.

[7] —— *in thy paſſages of life*,] In the paſſages of thy life. STEEVENS.

Such poor, ſuch baſe, [8] ſuch lewd, ſuch mean attempts,
Such barren pleaſures, rude ſociety,
As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,
Accompany the greatneſs of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. Henry. So pleaſe your majeſty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuſe,
As well as, I am doubtleſs, I can purge
Myſelf of many I am charg'd withal.
[9] Yet ſuch extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,
Which oft the ear of greatneſs needs muſt hear,
By ſmiling pick-thanks and baſe news-mongers,
I may, for ſome things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wander'd, and irregular,
Find pardon on my true ſubmiſſion.

K. Henry. Heaven pardon thee. Yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy anceſtors.
Thy place in council thou haſt rudely loſt,
Which by thy younger brother is ſupply'd;
And art almoſt an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood.

[8] —— *ſuch lewd, ſuch mean attempts,*] Shakeſpeare certainly wrote *attaints*, i. e. unlawful actions. WARBURTON.

Mean attempts are *mean, unworthy undertakings. Lewd* does not in this place barely ſignify *wanton*, but *licentious*. So Ben Jonſon, in his *Poetaſter*,

" —— —— —— great action may be ſu'd
" 'Gainſt ſuch as wrong mens' fames with verſes *lewd*."

And again, in *Volpone*,

" —— —— they are moſt *lewd* impoſtors,
" Made all of terms and ſhreds." STEEVENS.

[9] *Yet ſuch extenuation let me beg*, &c.] The conſtruction is ſomewhat obſcure. Let me beg ſo much extenuation, that, *upon confutation of many falſe charges, I may be pardoned ſome that are true.* I ſhould read *on reproof* inſtead of *in reproof*; but concerning Shakeſpeare's particles there is no certainty. JOHNSON.

The

The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd; and the ſoul of every man
Prophetically does fore-think thy fall.
Had I ſo laviſh of my preſence been,
So common hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So ſtale and cheap to vulgar company;
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had ſtill kept [1] loyal to poſſeſſion;
And left me in reputeleſs baniſhment,
A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
By being ſeldom ſeen, I could not ſtir,
But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at;
That men would tell their children, *this is he*;
Others would ſay, *where? which is Bolingbroke?*
[2] And then I ſtole all courteſy from heaven,
And dreſt myſelf in ſuch humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from mens' hearts,
Loud ſhouts and ſalutations from their mouths,
Even in the preſence of the crowned king.
Thus I did keep my perſon freſh and new;
My preſence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er ſeen, but wonder'd at: and ſo my ſtate,
Seldom, but ſumptuous, ſhewed like a feaſt,
And won, by rareneſs, ſuch ſolemnity.
The ſkipping king, he ambled up and down
With ſhallow jeſters, and [3] raſh bavin wits,

[1] ——— *loyal to poſſeſſion*;——] True to him that had then poſſeſſion of the crown. JOHNSON.

[2] *And then I ſtole all courteſy from heaven,*] This is an alluſion to the ſtory of Prometheus's theft, who ſtole *fire* from thence; and as with *this* he made a man, ſo with *that* Bolingbroke made a king. As the gods were ſuppoſed jealous in appropriating *reaſon* to themſelves, the getting *fire* from thence, which lighted it up in the mind, was called a theft; and as power is their prerogative, the getting *courteſy* from thence, by which power is beſt procured, is called a theft. The thought is exquiſitely great and beautiful. WARBURTON.

[3] ——— *raſh, bavin wits,*] *Raſh* is heady, thoughtleſs: *bavin* is bruſhwood, which, fired, burns fiercely, but is ſoon out. JOHNSON.

Soon kindled, and ſoon burnt: [4] carded his ſtate,
Mingled his royalty with carping fools;
Had his great name profaned with their ſcorns;
[5] And gave his countenance, againſt his name,
To laugh at gybing boys, and ſtand the puſh
[6] Of every beardleſs, vain comparative:
Grew a companion to the common ſtreets,
Enfeoff'd himſelf to popularity:
That, being daily ſwallow'd by mens' eyes,
They ſurfeited with honey, and began
To loath the taſte of ſweetneſs; whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So, when he had occaſion to be ſeen,
He was but, as the cuckow is in June,
Heard, not regarded; ſeen, but with ſuch eyes,
As, ſick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on ſun-like majeſty,
When it ſhines ſeldom in admiring eyes:
But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids down,

[4] ——— *carded his ſtate,*] In former copies,
——————— CARDED *his ſtate,*]
Richard is here repreſented as laying aſide his royalty, and mixing himſelf with common jeſters. This will lead us to the true reading, which I ſuppoſe is,
——————— 'SCARDED *his ſtate,*]
i. e. diſcarded, threw off. WARBURTON.

——— *carded his ſtate,*] The metaphor ſeems to be taken from mingling *coarſe* wool with *fine*, and *carding* them together, whereby the value of the latter is diminiſhed. The king means that Richard mingled and *carded* together his royal ſtate with carping fools, *raſh, bavin wits*, &c. STEEVENS.

[5] *And gave his countenance, againſt his name,*] Made his preſence injurious to his reputation. JOHNSON.

[6] *Of every beardleſs, vain comparative:*] Of every boy whoſe vanity incited him to try his wit againſt the king's.

When Lewis XIV. was aſked, why, with ſo much wit, he never attempted raillery, he anſwered, that he who practiſed raillery ought to bear it in his turn, and that to ſtand the butt of raillery was not ſuitable to the dignity of a king. *Scudery's Converſation.* JOHNSON.

Slept

Slept in his face, and render'd ſuch aſpect
As cloudy men uſe to their adverſaries;
Being with his preſence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
And in that very line, Harry, ſtand'ſt thou:
For thou haſt loſt thy princely privilege
With vile participation; not an eye,
But is a-weary of thy common ſight,
Save mine, which hath deſir'd to ſee thee more;
Which now doth, what I would not have it do,
Make blind itſelf with fooliſh tenderneſs. [*Weeping.*

P. Henry I ſhall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,
Be more myſelf.

K. Henry. For all the world,
As thou art at this hour, was Richard then,
When I from France ſet foot at Ravenſpurg;
And even as I was then, is Percy now.
Now by my ſceptre, and my ſoul to boot,
[7] He hath more worthy intereſt to the ſtate,
Than thou, the ſhadow of ſucceſſion:
For, of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harneſs in the realm;
Turns head againſt the lion's armed jaws;
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverend biſhops on
To bloody battles, and to bruiſing arms.
What never-dying honour hath he got
Againſt renowned Douglas; whoſe high deeds,
Whoſe hot incurſions, and great name in arms,
Holds from all ſoldiers chief majority,
And military title capital,
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Chriſt!
Thrice hath this Hotſpur, Mars in ſwathing cloaths,

[7] *He hath more worthy intereſt to the ſtate,*
Than thou, the ſhadow of ſucceſſion:] This is obſcure. I believe the meaning is—Hotſpur hath a right to the kingdom more worthy than thou, who haſt only the *ſhadowy right of lineal ſucceſſion*, while he has real and ſolid power. JOHNSON.

On Wedneſday next, Harry, thou ſhalt ſet forward:
On Thurſday, we ourſelves will march:
Our meeting is Bridgnorth; and, Harry, you
Shall march through Glo'ſterſhire: by which account
Our buſineſs valued, ſome twelve days hence
Our general forces at Bridgnorth ſhall meet.
Our hands are full of buſineſs: let's away;
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to the Boar's-head tavern in Eaſt-cheap.

Enter Falſtaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, am not I fallen away vilely ſince this laſt action? Do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my ſkin hangs about me like an old lady's looſe gown; I am wither'd, like an old apple John. Well, I'll repent, and that ſuddenly, while I am in ſome liking; I ſhall be out of heart ſhortly, and then I ſhall have no ſtrength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inſide of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, [1] a brewer's horſe. The inſide of a church!—Company, villainous company, hath been the ſpoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are ſo fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it:—come, ſing me a bawdy ſong, to make me merry. I was as virtuouſly given, as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough: ſwore little; diced, not above ſeven times a week; went to a

[1] ——— *a brewer's horſe.*] I ſuppoſe a *brewer's horſe* was apt to be lean with hard work. JOHNSON.

A brewer's horſe does not, perhaps, mean a *dray-horſe*, but the croſs-beam on which beer-barrels are carried into cellars, &c. Perhaps the alluſion is to the taper form of this machine. STEEVENS.

bawdy-

h, waſh'd away, ſhall ſcour my ſhame with it.
hat ſhall be the day, whene'er it lights,
this ſame child of honour and renown,
gallant Hotſpur, this all-praiſed knight,
our unthought-of Harry, chance to meet.
very honour ſitting on his helm,
ld they were multitudes; and on my head
ames redoubled! for the time will come,
ſhall make this northern youth exchange
lorious deeds for my indignities.
is but my factor, good my lord,
groſs up glorious deeds on my behalf;
will call him to ſo ſtrict account,
he ſhall render every glory up,
even the ſlighteſt worſhip of his time,
ill tear the reckoning from his heart.
in the name of God, I promiſe here:
hich, if he be pleas'd, I ſhall perform,
eſeech your majeſty, may ſalve
ng-grown wounds of my intemperance:
, the end of life cancels all bonds;
will die an hundred thouſand deaths,
eak the ſmalleſt parcel of this vow.
Henry. A hundred thouſand rebels die in this:
ſhalt have charge, and ſovereign truſt, herein.

Enter Blunt.

ow, good Blunt? thy looks are full of ſpeed.
nt. So is the buſineſs that I come to ſpeak of.
Mortimer of Scotland hath ſent word,
Douglas and the Engliſh rebels met
leventh of this month at Shrewſbury:
hty and a fearful head they are,
niſes be kept on every hand,
r offer'd foul play in a ſtate.
Henry. The earl of Weſtmorland ſet forth to-day;
him my ſon, lord John of Lancaſter;
is advertiſement is five days old:—

On

Europe. I have maintained that ſalamander of yo with fire, any time this two-and-thirty years; hea reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in y belly.

Fal. God-a-mercy! ſo ſhould I be ſure to be hea burn'd.

Enter Hoſteſs.

How now, [4] dame Partlet the hen, have you enqui yet who pick'd my pocket?

Hoſt. Why, Sir John! what do you think, Sir Joh Do you think I keep thieves in my houſe? I h ſearch'd, I have enquired, ſo has my huſband, man man, boy by boy, ſervant by ſervant. The tithe a hair was never loſt in my houſe before.

Fal. You lie, hoſteſs; Bardolph was ſhav'd, and l many a hair; and I'll be ſworn my pocket was pick' go to, you are a woman, go.

Hoſt. Who I? I defy thee; I was never call'd ſo mine own houſe before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Hoſt. No, Sir John; you do not know me, John: I know you, Sir John: you owe me mon Sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile of it: I bought you a dozen of ſhirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given th away to bakers' wives, and they have made boult of them.

This expreſſion is uſed by Sir Thomas North in his tranſ tion of *Plutarch*. Speaking of the ſcarcity of corn in the ti of Coriolanus, he ſays, "that they perſuaded themſelves t "the corn they had bought, ſhould be ſold *good cheap*."

And again in theſe two proverbs,

"They buy *good cheap* that bring nothing home."

"He'll ne'er have thing *good cheap* that's afraid to aſk "price." STEEVENS.

[4] ——— *dame Partlet*—] Dame Partlet is the name of t hen in the old ſtory-book of *Reynard the Fox*. STEEVENS.

Ho

Hoſt. Now as I am a true woman, Holland of eight ſhillings an ell. You owe money here beſides, Sir John, for your diet and by-drinkings; and money lent you, four-and-twenty pounds.

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Hoſt. He? alas! he is poor; he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face: [5] what call you rich? let them coin his noſe, let them coin his cheeks: I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make [6] a younker of me? [7] Shall I not take mine eaſe in mine inn, but I ſhall have my pocket pick'd? I have

[5] ——— *what call you rich?*] A face ſet with carbuncles is called a *rich* face. *Legend of Capt. Jones.* JOHNSON.

[6] ——— *a younker of me?*] This contemptuous diſtinction is very common in the old plays. So in B. and Fletcher's *Elder Brother:*

"I fear he'll make an aſs of me, a *younker.*"

STEEVENS.

[7] *Shall I not take mine eaſe in mine inn, but I ſhall have my pocket pick'd?*] There is a peculiar force in theſe words. *To take mine eaſe in mine inne,* was an ancient proverb, not very different in its application from that maxim, "Every man's "houſe is his caſtle;" for *inne* originally ſignified *a houſe* or *habitation.* [Sax. inne, *domus, domicilium.*] When the word *inne* began to change its meaning, and to be uſed to ſignify *a houſe of entertainment,* the proverb, ſtill continuing in force, was applied in the latter ſenſe, as it is here uſed by Shakeſpeare; or perhaps Falſtaff here humorouſly puns upon the word *inne,* in order to repreſent the wrong done him more ſtrongly.

In John Heywood's *Works,* imprinted at London 1598, 4to, bl. l. is "a dialogue wherein are pleaſantly contrived the "number of all the effectual proverbs in our Engliſh tongue, "&c. together with three hundred epigrams on three hundred "proverbs." In chap. 6, is the following,

"Reſty welth willeth me the widow to winne,
"To let the world wag, and *take mine eaſe in mine inne.*"

And among the epigrams is [26. *Of Eaſe in an Inne.*]

"Thou *takeſt thine eaſe in thine inne* ſo nye thee,
"That no man in his inne can take eaſe by thee."

Otherwiſe,

"Thou *takeſt thine eaſe in thine inne,* but I ſee
"Thine *inne* taketh neither eaſe nor profit by thee."

Now

[illegible] grandfather's, worth forty

[illegible] tell him, I know

[illegible] break-cup; and

[illegible] like a dog, if he

[illegible] *meets him*

[illegible]

[illegible] door, i'faith?

[illegible] Newgate fashion.

[illegible] Quickly? How

[illegible] he is an honeſt

[illegible] me.

[illegible] me.

[illegible]

[illegible] behind the [illegible] This houſe is

[illegible]

[illegible] Jack?

[illegible] three or four

[illegible] which the word *fear* is uſed in its [illegible] being ſpoken by a perſon who is about to [illegible] the loſs of a horſe, &c. In the two laſt [illegible] to be uſed in the ſenſe it bears at preſent.

PERCY.

[illegible] in a MS. note to Speght's *Chaucer*, ſays, [illegible] "epigrams are ſuppoſed to be the conceits [illegible] pleaſant Sir Thomas More."

[illegible] meditation, or receſs, is frequently uſed by Spen-

[illegible] *Vagate fugitivi.*] As priſoners are conveyed to [illegible] fettered two and two together. JOHNSON.

bonds

bonds of forty pound a piece, and a ſeal-ring of my grandfather's.

P. Henry. A trifle, ſome eight-penny matter.

Hoſt. So I told him, my lord; and I ſaid, I heard your grace ſay ſo: and, my lord, he ſpeaks moſt vilely of you, like a foul-mouth'd man as he is; and ſaid, he would cudgel you.

P. Henry. What! he did not?

Hoſt. There's neither faith, truth, nor woman-hood in me elſe.

Fal. [9] There's no more faith in thee than in a ſtew'd prune;

[9] *There's no more faith in thee than in a ſtew'd prune,* &c.] The propriety of theſe ſimilies I am not ſure that I fully underſtand. A *ſtew'd prune* has the appearance of a prune, but has no taſte. A *drawn fox*, that is, an *exenterated fox*, has the form of a fox without his powers. I think Dr. Warburton's explication wrong, which makes a *drawn fox* to mean, a fox *often hunted*; though to *draw* is a hunter's term for purſuit by the track. My interpretation makes the *fox* ſuit better to the *prune*. Theſe are very ſlender diſquiſitions, but ſuch is the taſk of a commentator. JOHNSON.

Dr. Lodge, in his pamphlet called *Wit's Miſerie, or the World's Madneſſe*, 1596, deſcribes a bawd thus: "This is ſhee "that laies wait at all the carriers for wenches new come up "to London; and you ſhall know her dwelling by a *diſh of* "*ſtew'd prunes* in the window, and two or three fleering "wenches ſit knitting or ſowing in her ſhop."

In *Meaſure for Meaſure*, act ii. the male bawd excuſes himſelf for having admitted Elbow's wife into his houſe, by ſaying, "that ſhe came in great with child, and longing for *ſtew'd* "*prunes*, which ſtood in a diſh," &c.

Slender, who apparently wiſhes to recommend himſelf to his miſtreſs by a ſeeming propenſity to love as well as war, talks of having meaſured weapons with a fencing-maſter for a *diſh of ſtew'd prunes*.

In another old dramatic piece, entitled, *If this be not a good Play the Divel is in it*, 1612, a bravo enters with money, and ſays, "This is the penſion of the ſtewes, you need not untie it; "'tis ſtew-money, Sir, *ſtew'd-prune* caſh, Sir."

Among the other ſins laid to the charge of the once celelebrated Gabriel Harvey, by his antagoniſt Naſh, "to be drunk "with the ſirrop or liquor of *ſtew'd prunes*," is not the leaſt inſiſted on.

In

prince; no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox; and for women-hood, Maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

In *The Knave of Harts*, a collection of satyrical poems, 1612, a whoring [illegible] is mentioned as taking

"[illegible] a punk to solace him."

In *The Knave of Clubs*, another collection of the same kind, 1611, is the following description of a wanton inveigling a young man to bed:

"——— Her supper falls,
"[illegible] for cakes,
"[illegible] calls."

So in [illegible], a comedy, 1619,

"——— I have no varlets, no *fleas* [illegible]
"*grass* [illegible]"

The passages here quoted are sufficient to shew that *a drawn fox* was the ancient designation of a bro[illegible] thel. [illegible] appendage to it.

From a [illegible] written by W. Clowes, one of the [illegible], 1550, and other books of the same [illegible] were directed to be boiled in broth [illegible] infected, and that both *fleas* and *grass* [illegible] commonly, though unsuccessfully. So much for the infidelity of [illegible]

"——— A drawn *fox* is a fox drawn [illegible] grounds. So in B. and Fletcher's [illegible]

[illegible] Merofo." STEEVENS.

[illegible] &c.] Maid Marian is a mar[illegible] attends the dancers of the morris.

JOHNSON.

[illegible] frequent mention is made [illegible] to have been his concubine. I [illegible] ages in my old MS. to this purpose, but

[illegible] was living then,
[illegible] quite forgot.
[illegible] *Maid Marian*," &c. PERCY.

[illegible], act iii. sc. 1. is the following

[illegible] a witch in the morrice?
[illegible] woman's part, but *maid Marian* and the [illegible]" STEEVENS.

Fal.

Fal. What thing? why a thing to thank God on.
Hoſt. I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou ſhould'ſt know it. I am an honeſt man's wife; and, ſetting thy knighthood aſide, thou art a knave to call me ſo.
Fal. Setting thy womanhood aſide, thou art a beaſt to ſay otherwiſe.
Hoſt. Say, what beaſt, thou knave, thou?
Fal. What beaſt? why, an otter.
P. Henry. An otter, Sir John! why an otter?
Fal. Why? ſhe's neither fiſh nor fleſh; a man knows not where to have her.
Hoſt. Thou art an unjuſt man in ſaying ſo: thou, or any man knows where to have me, thou knave, thou!
P. Henry. Thou ſay'ſt true, hoſteſs; and he ſlanders thee moſt groſsly.
Hoſt. So he doth you, my lord; and ſaid this other day, you ow'd him a thouſand pound.
P. Henry. Sirrah, do I owe you a thouſand pound?
Fal. A thouſand pound, Hal? a million: thy love is worth a million; thou ow'ſt me thy love.
Hoſt. Nay, my lord, he call'd you Jack, and ſaid he would cudgel you.
Fal. Did I, Bardolph?
Bard. Indeed, Sir John, you ſaid ſo.
Fal. Yea; if he ſaid my ring was copper.
P. Henry. I ſay, 'tis copper. Dar'ſt thou be as good as thy word now?
Fal. Why, Hal, thou know'ſt, as thou art but man, I dare; but as thou art prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.
P. Henry. And why not as the lion?
Fal. The king himſelf is to be fear'd as the lion: doſt thou think I'll fear thee, as I fear thy father? nay, an if I do, let my girdle break!
P. Henry. O, if it ſhould, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, ſirrah, there's no room for faith,

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The camp near Shrewſbury.

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter, and Douglas.

HOTSPUR.

WELL ſaid, my noble Scot. If ſpeaking truth,
In this fine age, were not thought flattery,
Such attribution ſhould the Douglas have,
As not a ſoldier of this ſeaſon's ſtamp
Should go ſo general current through the world.
By heaven, I cannot flatter; I defy
The tongues of ſoothers; but a braver place
In my heart's love hath no man than yourſelf:
Nay, taſk me to my word; approve me, lord.
Doug. Thou art the king of honour:
No man ſo potent breathes upon the ground,
But I will beard him——
Hot. Do ſo, and 'tis well:

Enter a Meſſenger.

What letters haſt thou there?—I can but thank you.
Meſſ. Theſe letters come from your father.
Hot. Letters from him! why comes he not himſelf?
Meſſ. He cannot come, my lord; he's grievous ſick.
Hot. Heavens! how has he the leiſure to be ſick
In ſuch a juſtling time? who leads his powers?
Under whoſe government come they along?
[7] *Meſſ.* His letters bear his mind, not I.

[7] Meſſ. *His letters bear his mind, not I his mind.*] The ſhould be read and divided thus,
Meſſ. *His letters bear his mind, not I.*
Hot. *His mind!*

Hot. His mind!

Wor. I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

Meſſ. He did, my lord, four days ere I ſet forth;
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his phyſicians.

Wor. I would the ſtate of time had firſt been whole,
Ere he by ſickneſs had been viſited;
His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now! droop now! this ſickneſs doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprize;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.
He writes me here, that inward ſickneſs——
And that his friends by deputation could not
So ſoon be drawn; nor did he think it meet
To lay ſo dangerous and dear a truſt
[8] On any ſoul remov'd, but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold advertiſement,
That with our ſmall conjunction we ſhould on,
To ſee how fortune is diſpos'd to us:
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now;
Becauſe the king is certainly poſſeſs'd
Of all our purpoſes. What ſay you to it?

Wor. Your father's ſickneſs is a maim to us.

Hot. A perilous gaſh, a very limb lopt off:—
And yet, in faith, 'tis not:—His preſent want
Seems more than we ſhall find it.—Were it good,
To ſet the exact wealth of all our ſtates
All at one caſt? to ſet ſo rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good: for [9] therein ſhould we read
The

Hotſpur had aſked *who leads his powers?* The Meſſenger anſwers, *His letters bear his mind.* The other replies, *His mind!* As much as to ſay, I inquire not about his mind, I want to know where his powers are. This is natural, and perfectly in character. WARBURTON.

[8] *On any ſoul remov'd,*—] On any *leſs near* to himſelf; on any whoſe intereſt is *remote.* JOHNSON.

[9] ——— *therein ſhould we read*
The very bottom, and the ſoul of hope;] To read *the bottom and*

The very bottom, and the ſoul of hope;
The very liſt, the very utmoſt bound
Of all our fortunes.

Doug. Faith, and ſo we ſhould;
Where now remains a ſweet reverſion.
We may boldly ſpend upon the hope of what
Is to come in:
[1] A comfort of retirement lives in this.

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and miſchance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Wor. But yet, I would your father had been here.
[2] The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no diviſion: it will be thought
By ſome, that know not why he is away,
That wiſdom, loyalty, and mere diſlike
Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence;
And think, how ſuch an apprehenſion

and ſoul of hope, and the bound of fortune, though all the copies and all the editors have received it, ſurely cannot be right. I can think on no other word than *riſque.*

Therein ſhould we riſque
The very bottom, &c.

The *liſt* is the *ſelvage*; figuratively, the utmoſt line of circumference, the utmoſt extent. If we ſhould with leſs change read *rend*, it will only ſuit with *liſt*, not with *ſoul*, or *bottom*. JOHNSON.

[1] *A comfort of retirement*——] A ſupport to which we may have recourſe. JOHNSON.

[2] *The quality and hair of our attempt*] The *hair* ſeems to be the *complexion*, the *character*. The metaphor appears harſh to us, but, perhaps, was familiar in our author's time. We ſtill ſay, ſomething is *againſt the hair*, as *againſt the grain*, that is, againſt the natural tendency. JOHNSON.

In an old comedy call'd *The Family of Love*, I meet with a expreſſion which very well ſupports Dr. Johnſon's firſt explanation.

" ——— They ſay, I am of the right *hair*, and indeed
" they may ſtand to't."

Again, in *The Coxcomb* of B. and Fletcher,

" ——— ſince he will be
" An aſs againſt the *hair*." STEEVENS.

May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of queſtion in our cauſe:
For well you know, [3] we of the offering ſide
Muſt keep aloof from ſtrict arbitrement;
And ſtop all ſight-holes, every loop, from whence
The eye of reaſon may pry in upon us.
This abſence of your father draws a curtain,
That ſhews the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You ſtrain too far;
I rather of his abſence make this uſe;—
It lends a luſtre, and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprize,
Than if the earl were here: for men muſt think,
If we without his help can make a head,
To puſh againſt the kingdom; with his help,
We ſhall o'erturn it topſy-turvy down.
—Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Doug. As heart can think: there is not ſuch a word
Spoke of in Scotland, as this term of fear.

[3] ——*we of the offering ſide*—] All the later editions read *offending*, but all the older copies which I have ſeen, from the firſt quarto to the edition of Rowe, read *we of the off'ring ſide*. Of this reading the ſenſe is obſcure, and therefore the change has been made; but ſince neither *offering* nor *offending* are words likely to be miſtaken, I cannot but ſuſpect that *offering* is right, eſpecially as it is read in the firſt copy of 1599, which is more correctly printed than any ſingle edition, that I have yet ſeen, of a play written by Shakeſpeare.

The *offering ſide* may ſignify that party, which, acting in oppoſition to the law, ſtrengthens itſelf only by *offers*; encreaſes its numbers only by *promiſes*. The king can raiſe an army, and continue it by threats of puniſhment; but thoſe, whom no man is under any obligation to obey, can gather forces only by *offers* of advantage: and it is truly remarked, that they, whoſe influence ariſes from *offers*, muſt keep danger out of ſight.

The *offering ſide* may mean ſimply the *aſſailant*, in oppoſition to the *defendant*; and it is likewiſe true of him that *offers* war, or makes an invaſion, that his cauſe ought to be kept clear from all objections. JOHNSON.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hot. My couſin Vernon! welcome, by my ſoul!
Ver. Pray God, my news be worth a welcome, lo-
The earl of Weſtmorland, ſeven thouſand ſtrong,
Is marching hitherwards; with him prince John.
Hot. No harm: what more?
Ver. And further, I have learn'd,
The king himſelf in perſon hath ſet forth,
Or hitherwards intended ſpeedily,
With ſtrong and mighty preparation.
Hot. He ſhall be welcome too. Where is his for
[4] The nimble-footed mad-cap prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daft the world aſide,
And bid it paſs?
Ver. [5] All furniſh'd, all in arms,

A

[4] *The nimble-footed mad-cap prince of Wales,*] Shakeſpear rarely beſtows his epithets at random. Stowe ſays of the prince "he was paſſing ſwift in running, inſomuch that he with tw "other of his lords, without hounds, bow, or other engin "would take a wild-duck, or doe, in a large park."
STEEVENS.

[5] *All furniſh'd, all in arms,*
All plum'd like eſtridges, that with the wind
Baited like eagles,——] To *bait with the wind* appears t me an improper expreſſion. To *bait* is, in the ſtyle of falconr to *beat the wing*, from the French *battre*, that is, to flutter i preparation for flight.

Beſides, what is the meaning of *eſtridges, that baited with t wind like eagles?* for the relative *that*, in the uſual conſtructio muſt relate to *eſtridges*.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads,

All plum'd like eſtridges, and with the wind
Baiting like eagles.

By which he has eſcaped part of the difficulty, but has yet le impropriety ſufficient to make his reading queſtionable.

I read,

All furniſh'd, all in arms,
All plum'd like eſtridges that wing the wind
Baited like eagles.

This gives a ſtrong image. They were not only plum'd lik eſtridges, but their plumes fluttered like thoſe of an eſtridg beating

[6] All plum'd like eſtridges, that with the wind
Baited like eagles, having lately bath'd:
[7] Glittering in golden coats like images;
As full of ſpirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the ſun at Midſummer;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
[8] I ſaw young Harry, with his beaver on,
[9] His cuiſſes on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,

Riſe

beating the wind with his wings. A more lively repreſentation of young men ardent for enterprize, perhaps no writer has ever given. JOHNSON.

I believe *eſtridges* never mount at all, but only run before the wind, opening their wings to receive its aſſiſtance in urging them forward. They are generally hunted on horſeback, and the art of the hunter is to turn them from the wind, by the help of which they are too fleet for the ſwifteſt horſe to keep up with them. I ſhould have ſuſpected a line to have been omitted, had not all the copies concurred in the ſame reading. STEEVENS.

I have little doubt that inſtead of *with*, ſome verb ought to be ſubſtituted here. Perhaps it ſhould be *whiſk*. The word is uſed by a writer of Shakeſpeare's age. *England's Helicon*, ſign. z.

" This ſaid, he *whiſk'd* his particolour'd wings."

T. T.

[6] *All plum'd like eſtridges*, &c.] All dreſſed like the prince himſelf, the *oſtrich-feather* being the cognizance of the prince of Wales. GRAY.

[7] *Glittering in golden coats like images*;] This alludes to the manner of dreſſing up images in the Romiſh churches on holy-days; where they are bedecked in gilt robes richly laced and embroidered. STEEVENS.

[8] *I ſaw young Harry, with his beaver on*,] We ſhould read *beaver up*. It is an impropriety to ſay *on*: for the beaver is only the viſiere of the helmet, which, let down, covers the face. When the ſoldier was not upon action he wore it *up*, ſo that his face might be ſeen, (hence Vernon ſays he *ſaw young Harry.*) But when upon action, it was let down to cover and ſecure the face. Hence in *The Second Part of Henry IV.* it is ſaid,

Their armed ſtaves in charge, their beavers down.

WARBURTON.

There is no need of all this note; for *beaver* may be a *helmet*; or the prince, trying his armour, might wear his beaver down. JOHNSON.

[9] *His cuiſſes on his thighs*,—] *Cuiſſes*, French, armour for the thighs. POPE.

The

Riſe from the ground like feather'd Mercury;
And vaulted with ſuch eaſe into his ſeat,
As if an angel dropt down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegaſus,
[1] And witch the world with noble horſemanſhip.

Hot. No more, no more; worſe than the ſun in March,
This praiſe doth nouriſh agues. Let them come.
They come like ſacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-ey'd maid of ſmoaky war,
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them.
The mailed Mars ſhall on his altar ſit
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich repriſal is ſo nigh,
And yet not ours. Come, let me take my horſe,
Who is to bear me, like a thunder-bolt,
Againſt the boſom of the prince of Wales.
[2] Harry to Harry ſhall, hot horſe to horſe——
Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corſe.—
O, that Glendower were come!

Ver. There is more news:
I learn'd in Worceſter, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

The reaſon why his *cuiſſes* are ſo particularly mentioned, I conceive to be, that his horſemanſhip is here praiſed, and the *cuiſſes* are that part of armour which moſt hinders a horſeman's activity. JOHNSON.

[1] *And witch the world*——] For bewitch, charm. POPE.

[2] *Harry to Harry ſhall, hot horſe to horſe,*
Meet and ne'er part,—] This reading I have reſtored from the firſt edition. The edition in 1623, reads

Harry to Harry ſhall, not horſe to horſe,
Meet, and ne'er part.

Which has been followed by all the critics except Sir Thomas Hanmer, who, juſtly remarking the impertinence of the negative, reads,

Harry to Harry ſhall, and horſe to horſe,
Meet, and ne'er part.

But the unexampled expreſſion of *meeting to* for *meeting with*, or ſimply *meeting*, is yet left. The ancient reading is ſurely right. JOHNSON.

Doug.

Doug. That's the worſt tidings that I hear of yet.
Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty ſound.
Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach unto?
Ver. To thirty thouſand.
Hot. Forty let it be;
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may ſerve ſo great a day.
Come, let us take a muſter ſpeedily:
Dooms-day is near; die all, die merrily.
Doug. Talk not of dying; I am out of fear
Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to a public road near Coventry.

Enter Falſtaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of ſack. Our ſoldiers ſhall march through: we'll to Sutton-Colfield to-night.
Bard. Will you give me money, captain?
Fal. Lay out, lay out.
Bard. This bottle makes an angel.
Fal. And if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll anſwer the coinage. Bid my [3] lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.
Bard. I will, captain: farewell. [*Exit.*
Fal. If I be not aſham'd of my ſoldiers, I am a [4] ſouc'd gurnet. I have miſ-us'd the king's preſs damnably.

[3] ——— *lieutenant Peto*——] This paſſage proves that Peto did not go with the prince. JOHNSON.

[4] ——*ſouc'd gurnet.*] This is a diſh mentioned in that very laughable poem call'd *The Counter-ſcuffle*, 1658,

" Stuck thick with cloves upon the back,
" Well ſtuff'd with ſage, and for the ſmack
" Daintily ſtrew'd with pepper black,
" *Souc'd gurnet.*"

Souc'd

damnably. I have got, in exchange of an hundred and fifty ſoldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I preſs me none but good houſholders, yeomens ſons: enquire me out contracted batchelors, ſuch as had been aſk'd twice on the bans; ſuch a commodity of warm ſlaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; ſuch as fear the report of a caliver, [5] worſe than a ſtruck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck. I preſt me none but ſuch toaſts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their ſervices. And now my whole charge conſiſts of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, ſlaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his ſores: and ſuch as indeed were never ſoldiers; but diſcarded unjuſt ſervingmen, [6] younger ſons to younger brothers, revolted tapſters, and oſtlers trade-fallen; the cankers

Souc'd gurnet is an appellation of contempt very frequently employed in the old comedies. So in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, 1635,

"Punk! you *ſouc'd gurnet!*" STEEVENS.

[5] —— *worſe than a ſtruck fowl, or a hurt wild duck.*] The repetition of the ſame image diſpoſed Sir Thomas Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, to read, in oppoſition to all the copies a *ſtruck deer*, which is indeed a proper expreſſion, but not likely to have been corrupted. Shakeſpeare, perhaps, wrote *ſtruck forel*, which, being negligently read by a man not ſkilled in hunter's language, was eaſily changed to *ſtruck fowl*. *Sore* is uſed in *Love's Labour loſt* for a young *deer*; and the terms of the chaſe were, in our author's time, familiar to the ears of every gentleman. JOHNSON.

Both the quarto's and folio's read *ſtruck fool*. This may mean a fool who had been hurt by the recoil of an over-loaded gun which he had inadvertently diſcharged. *Fowl*, however ſeems to have been the word deſigned by the poet, who might have thought an oppoſition between *fowl*, i. e. domeſtic birds, and *wild-fowl*, ſufficient on this occaſion. STEEVENS.

[6] —— *younger ſons to younger brothers,*—] Raleigh, in his *Diſcourſe on War*, uſes this very expreſſion for men of deſperate fortune and wild adventure. Which borrowed it from the other I know not, but I think the play was printed before the diſcourſe. JOHNSON.

of a calm world and a long peace; [7] ten times more diſhonourably ragged, than an old, fac'd ancient; and ſuch have I to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their ſervices; that you would think, I had a hundred and fifty tatter'd prodigals, lately come from ſwine-keeping, from eating draff and huſks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had

[7] ——*ten times more diſhonourably ragged, than an old, fac'd ancient*;——] Shakeſpeare uſes this word ſo promiſcuouſly, to ſignify an enſign or ſtandard-bearer, and alſo the colours or ſtandard borne, that I cannot be at a certainty for his alluſion here. If the text be genuine, I think the meaning muſt be, as diſhonourably ragged as one that has been an enſign all his days; that has let age creep upon him, and never had merit enough to gain preferment. Mr. Warburton, who underſtands it in the ſecond conſtruction, has ſuſpected the text, and given the following ingenious emendation. —— "How is an old-"fac'd *ancient*, or *enſign*, diſhonourably ragged? on the con-"trary, nothing is eſteemed more honourable than a ragged "pair of colours. A very little alteration will reſtore it to its "original ſenſe, which contains a touch of the ſtrongeſt and "moſt fine-turn'd ſatire in the world;

Ten times more diſhonourably ragged than an old feaſt ancient:

"i. e. the *colours* uſed by the city-companies in their feaſts "and proceſſions: for each company had one with its peculiar "device, which was uſually diſplayed and borne about on "ſuch occaſions. Now nothing could be more witty or ſar-"caſtical than this compariſon: for as Falſtaff's raggamuffins "were reduced to their tatter'd condition through their riotous "exceſſes; ſo this old *feaſt ancient* became torn and ſhatter'd, "not in any manly exerciſe of arms, but amidſt the revels of "drunken bacchanals." THEOBALD.

Dr. Warburton's emendation is very acute and judicious; but I know not whether the licentiouſneſs of our author's diction may not allow us to ſuppoſe that he meant to repreſent his ſoldiers, as *more ragged*, though leſs honourably ragged, *than an old ancient*. JOHNSON.

An old, fac'd ancient, is an old ſtandard mended with a different colour. It ſhould not be written in one word, as *old* and *fac'd* are two diſtinct epithets. To *face* a gown is to *trim it*; an expreſſion at preſent in uſe. In our author's time the *facings* of gowns were always of a colour different from the ſtuff itſelf. So in this play,

To face the garment of rebellion
With ſome fine colour. STEEVENS.

mounted all the gibbets, and preſs'd the dead bodies. No eye hath ſeen ſuch ſcare-crows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat. Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had [8] gyves on; for, indeed, I had the moſt of them out of priſon. There's but a ſhirt and a half in all my company: and the half ſhirt is two napkins tack'd together, and thrown over the ſhoulders like a herald's coat without ſleeves; and the ſhirt, to ſay the truth, ſtolen from my hoſt of St. Albans, or the red-nos'd inn-keeper of Daintry. But that's all one, they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter prince Henry and Weſtmorland.

P. Henry. How now, blown Jack? how now, quilt?

Fal. What, Hal?—How now, mad wag, what a devil doſt thou in Warwickſhire?—My good lord of Weſtmorland, I cry you mercy; I thought your honour had already been at Shrewſbury.

Weſt. 'Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already. The king, I can tell you, looks for us all; we muſt away all to-night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me; I am as vigilant as a cat to ſteal cream.

P. Henry. I think, to ſteal cream, indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack; whoſe fellows are theſe that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

P. Henry. I did never ſee ſuch pitiful raſcals.

Fal. Tut, tut; [9] good enough to toſs: food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit, as well as better: tuſh, man, mortal men, mortal men.

[8] ——— *gyves on*;—] i. e. ſhackles. Pope.

[9] ——— *good enough to toſs*:—] That is, to toſs upon a pike. Johnson.

Weſt.

Weſt. Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare; too beggarly.

Fal. Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that: and for their bareneſs, I am ſure, they never learn'd that of me.

P. Henry. No, I'll be ſworn; unleſs you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, ſirrah, make haſte. Percy is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the king encamp'd?

Weſt. He is, Sir John; I fear we ſhall ſtay too long.

Fal. Well,

To the latter end of a fray, and beginning of a feaſt,
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen gueſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to Shrewſbury.

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter, Douglas, and Vernon.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why ſay you ſo? looks he not for ſupply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good couſin, be advis'd; ſtir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my lord.

Doug. You do not counſel well;
You ſpeak it out of fear, and cold heart.

Ver. Do me no ſlander, Douglas: by my life,
(And I dare well maintain it with my life)
If well-reſpected honour bid me on,
I hold as little counſel with weak fear,
As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives.

Let

Let it be ſeen to-morrow in the battle
Which of us fears.
Doug. Yea, or to-night.
Ver. Content.
Hot. To-night, ſay I.
Ver. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,
Being men of [1] ſuch great leading as you are,
That you foreſee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition: certain horſe
Of my couſin Vernon's are not yet come up:
Your uncle Worceſter's horſe came but to-day;
And now their pride and mettle is aſleep,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horſe is half the half of himſelf.
Hot. So are the horſes of the enemy,
In general, journey-bated, and brought low;
The better part of ours are full of reſt.
Wor. The number of the king's exceedeth ours:
For God's ſake, couſin, ſtay till all come in.
[*The trumpets ſound a parley.*

Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchſafe me hearing, and reſpect.
Hot. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; and would to God,
You were of our determination!
Some of us love you well; and even thoſe ſome
Envy your great deſervings, and good name;
Becauſe you are not of our quality,
But ſtand againſt us like an enemy.
Blunt. And heaven defend, but ſtill I ſhould ſtand ſo,
So long, as out of limit, and true rule,
You ſtand againſt anointed majeſty!

[1] ——*ſuch great leading*——] Such conduct, ſuch experience in martial buſineſs. JOHNSON.

But,

But, to my charge.—The king hath ſent to know
The nature of your griefs; and whereupon
You conjure from the breaſt of civil peace
Such bold hoſtility, teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty: if that the king
Have any way your good deſerts forgot,—
Which he confeſſeth to be manifold,—
He bids you name your griefs, and with all ſpeed
You ſhall have your deſires, with intereſt;
And pardon abſolute for yourſelf, and theſe,
Herein miſ-led by your ſuggeſtion.

Hot. The king is kind, and well we know the king
Knows at what time to promiſe, when to pay.
My father, and my uncle, and myſelf,
Did give him that ſame royalty he wears:
And, when he was not ſix-and-twenty ſtrong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded out-law, ſneaking home,
My father gave him welcome to the ſhore:
And, when we heard him ſwear, and vow to God,
He came to be but duke of Lancaſter,
To ſue his livery, and beg his peace,
With tears of innocence and terms of zeal,
My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,
Swore him aſſiſtance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,
They, more and leſs, came in with cap and knee;
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages:
Attended him on bridges, ſtood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
Gave him their heirs; as pages following him,
Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
He preſently, as greatneſs knows itſelf,
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,

[2] Upon the naked ſhore at Ravenſpurg.
And now, forſooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain edicts, and ſome ſtrait decrees,
That lay too heavy on the commonwealth:
Cries out upon abuſes, ſeems to weep
Over his country's wrongs; and, by this face,
This ſeeming brow of juſtice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for.
Proceeded further; cut me off the heads
Of all the favourites, that the abſent king
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was perſonal in the Iriſh war.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.

Hot. Then to the point.——
In ſhort time after he depos'd the king;
Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life;
And, in the neck of that, [3] taſk'd the whole ſtate.
To make that worſe, ſuffer'd his kinſman March,
(Who is, if every owner were right plac'd,
Indeed his king,) to be incag'd in Wales,
There without ranſom to lie forfeited:
Diſgrac'd me in my happy victories;
Sought to entrap me by intelligence;
Rated my uncle from the council-board;
In rage diſmiſs'd my father from the court;
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong:
And in concluſion, drove us to ſeek out
[4] This head of ſafety; and, withal, to pry
Into his title, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.

[2] *Upon the naked ſhore*, &c.] In this whole ſpeech he alludes again to ſome paſſages in *Richard the Second*. JOHNSON.

[3] ——— *taſk'd the whole ſtate.*] I ſuppoſe it ſhould be *tax'd* the whole ſtate. JOHNSON.

Taſk'd is here uſed for *tax'd*; it was common anciently to employ theſe words indiſcriminately. *Memoirs of P. de Commines*, by Danert, folio, 4th edit. 1674, p. 136, "Duke "Philip by the ſpace of many years levied neither ſubſidies "nor *taſks*." STEVENS.

[4] *This head of ſafety*;——] This army, from which I hope for protection. JOHNSON.

Blunt.

Blunt. Shall I return this anſwer to the king?
Hot. Not ſo, Sir Walter; we'll withdraw awhile.
Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd
ne ſurety for a ſafe return again,
d in the morning early ſhall my uncle
ng him our purpoſes. And ſo farewell.
Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and love!
Hot. It may be ſo we ſhall.
Blunt. Pray heaven, you do! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

YORK. The archbiſhop's palace.

Enter the archbiſhop of York, and Sir Michael.

ork. Hie, good Sir Michael; bear this [5] ſealed brief
h winged haſte to the lord Mareſhal;
s to my couſin Scroop; and all the reſt
whom they are directed.—If you knew
v much they do import, you would make haſte.
r Mich. My good lord,
eſs their tenor.
rk. Like enough, you do.
norrow, good Sir Michael, is a day
rein the fortune of ten thouſand men
t bide the touch: for, Sir, at Shrewſbury,
am truly given to underſtand,
king, with mighty and quick-raiſed power,
s with lord Harry: and I fear, Sir Michael,—
t with the ſickneſs of Northumberland,
oſe power was [6] in the firſt proportion)
what with Owen Glendower's abſence thence,
o with them was [7] a rated ſinew too,

——*ſealed brief*] A brief is ſimply a letter. JOHNS.
——*in the firſt proportion*] Whoſe quota was larger than f any other man in the confederacy. JOHNSON.
——*a rated ſinew too,*] So the firſt edition, *i. e.* ac- :d a ſtrong aid. POPE.
ated ſinew ſignifies a ſtrength on which we reckoned; a *f* which we made account. JOHNSON.

And comes not in, o'er-rul'd by prophecies)—
I fear, the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an inſtant trial with the king.

Sir Mich. Why, my good lord, you need not fear;
There's Douglas and lord Mortimer.

York. No, Mortimer is not there.

Sir Mich. But there is Mordake, Vernon, lord Harry Percy,
And there's my lord of Worceſter; and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

York. And ſo there is: but yet the king hath drawn
The ſpecial head of all the land together;—
The prince of Wales, lord John of Lancaſter,
The noble Weſtmorland, and warlike Blunt;
And many more corrivals, and dear men
Of eſtimation and command in arms.

Sir Mich. Doubt not, my lord, they ſhall be well oppos'd.

York. I hope no leſs; yet, needful 'tis to fear.
And to prevent the worſt, Sir Michael, ſpeed:
For, if lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
Diſmiſs his power, he means to viſit us:—
For he hath heard of our confederacy,—
And 'tis but wiſdom to make ſtrong againſt him;
Therefore make haſte: I muſt go write again
To other friends; and ſo farewell, Sir Michael.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The camp at Shrewſbury.

ing Henry, prince of Wales, lord John of Lan-, earl of Weſtmorland, Sir Walter Blunt, and aff.

K. HENRY.

W bloodily the ſun begins to peer
Above yon buſky hill! the day looks pale
diſtemperature.
'enry. The ſouthern wind
lay the trumpet [9] to his purpoſes;
y his hollow whiſtling in the leaves,
s a tempeſt, and a bluſtering day.
enry. Then with the loſers let it ſympathize;
hing can ſeem foul to thoſe that win.
[*The trumpet ſounds.*

Enter Worceſter and Sir Richard Vernon.

:nry. How now, my lord of Worceſter? 'tis
not well
ıu and I ſhould meet upon ſuch terms
we meet. You have deceiv'd our truſt;
ıde us doff our eaſy robes of peace,
h our old limbs in ungentle ſteel:

'.] It ſeems proper to be remarked, that in the edi-ated while the author lived, this play is not broken The diviſion which was made by the players in the ſeems commodious enough, but, being without autho-be changed by any editor who thinks himſelf able to :tter. JOHNSON.

—*to his purpoſes*;] That is, to the ſun's, to that ſun portends by his unuſual appearance. JOHNS.

This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What ſay you to't? will you again unknit
This churliſh knot of all-abhorred war,
And move in that obedient orb again,
Where you did give a fair and natural light;
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broached miſchief, to the unborn times?

Wor. Hear me, my liege.——
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag end of my life
With quiet hours; for, I do proteſt,
I have not ſought the day of this diſlike.

K. Henry. You have not ſought it! how comes it then?

[1] *Fal.* Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

P. Henry. Peace, chewet, peace.

[1] Fal. *Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.*

Prince. *Peace, chewet, peace.*] This, I take to be an arbitrary refinement of Mr. Pope's; nor can I eaſily agree, that *chewet* is Shakeſpeare's word here. Why ſhould prince Henry call Falſtaff *bolſter*, for interpoſing in the diſcourſe betwixt the king and Worceſter? With ſubmiſſion, he does not take him up here for his unreaſonable ſize, but for his ill-tim'd and unſeaſonable chattering. I therefore have preſerved the reading of the old books. A *chewet*, or *chuet*, is a noiſy chattering bird, a pie. This carries a proper reproach to Falſtaff for his medling and impertinent jeſt. And beſides, if the poet had intended that the prince ſhould fleer at Falſtaff on account of his corpulency, I doubt not but he would have called him *bolſter* in plain Engliſh, and not have wrapp'd up the abuſe in the French word *chewet*. In another paſſage of this play, the prince honeſtly calls him *quilt*. As to prince Henry, his ſtock in this language was ſo ſmall, that when he comes to be king he hammers out one ſmall ſentence of it to princeſs Catherine, and tells her, *It is as eaſy for him to conquer the kingdom as to ſpeak ſo much more French.* THEOBALD.

Peace, chewet, peace.] In an old book of cookery, printed in 1596, I find a receipt to make *chewets*, which from their ingredients ſeem to have been fat greaſy puddings; and to theſe it is as probable that the prince alludes. Both the quarto's and folio ſpell the word as it now ſtands in the text, and as I found it in the book already mentioned, STEEVENS.

Wor.

Wor. It pleas'd your majeſty, to turn your looks
Of favour, from myſelf, and all our houſe;
And yet I muſt remember you, my lord,
We were the firſt and deareſt of your friends.
For you, [2] my ſtaff of office I did break
In Richard's time; and poſted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiſs your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing ſo ſtrong and fortunate as I.
It was myſelf, my brother, and his ſon,
That brought you home, and boldly did out-dare
The dangers of the time. You ſwore to us,
And you did ſwear that oath at Doncaſter,
That you did nothing purpoſe 'gainſt the ſtate;
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
The ſeat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaſter.
To this, we ſwore our aid: but in ſhort ſpace
It rain'd down fortune ſhowering on your head;
And ſuch a flood of greatneſs fell on you—
What with our help, what with the abſent king;
What with the injuries of a wanton time;
The ſeeming ſufferances that you had borne;
And the contrarious winds that held the king
So long in the unlucky Iriſh wars,
That all in England did repute him dead;—
And, from this ſwarm of fair advantages
You took occaſion to be quickly woo'd,
To gripe the general ſway into your hand;
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaſter;
And, being fed by us, you us'd us ſo,
[3] As that ungentle gull, the cuckow's bird,
Uſeth the ſparrow: did oppreſs our neſt;
Grew by our feeding to ſo great a bulk,

[2] ——— *my ſtaff of office*——] See *Richard the Second.* JOHNSON.

[3] *As that ungentle gull, the cuckow's bird,*] The cuckow's chicken, who, being hatched and fed by the ſparrow, in whoſe neſt the cuckow's egg was laid, grows in time able to devour her nurſe. JOHNSON.

That even our love durſt not come near your ſight
For fear of ſwallowing: but with nimble wing
We were inforc'd, for ſafety's ſake, to fly
Out of your ſight, and raiſe this preſent head,
Whereby [4] we ſtand oppoſed by ſuch means
As you yourſelf have forg'd againſt yourſelf
By unkind uſage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth,
Sworn to us in your younger enterprize.

K. Henry. Theſe things, indeed, you have [5] articulated,
Proclaim'd at market-croſſes, read in churches,
To face the garment of rebellion
With ſome fine colour, that may pleaſe the eye
Of fickle changelings and poor diſcontents,
Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news
Of hurly-burly innovation.
And never yet did inſurrection want
Such water-colours to impaint his cauſe;
Nor moody beggars, ſtarving for a time
Of pell-mell havock and confuſion.

P. Henry. In both our armies there is many a ſoul
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praiſe of Henry Percy.—By my hopes,
This preſent enterprize ſet off his head,
I do not think, a braver gentleman,
[6] More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may ſpeak it to my ſhame,

[4] ——— *we ſtand oppoſed,* &c.] We ſtand in oppoſition to you. JOHNSON.

[5] ——— *articulated,*] i. e. Drawn out, article by article. STEEVENS.

[6] *More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,*] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads *more valued young.* I think the preſent gingle has more of Shakeſpeare. JOHNSON.

I have

I have a truant been to chivalry;
And ſo, I hear, he doth account me too.
Yet this before my father's majeſty——
I am content that he ſhall take the odds
Of his great name and eſtimation,
And will, to ſave the blood on either ſide,
Try fortune with him in a ſingle fight.

K. Henry. And, prince of Wales, ſo dare we venture thee,
Albeit, conſiderations infinite
Do make againſt it. No, good Worceſter, no,
We love our people well; even thoſe we love,
That are miſled upon your couſin's part:
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man,
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his.
So tell your couſin, and bring me word
What he will do. But if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
And they ſhall do their office. So, be gone;
We will not now be troubled with reply:
We offer fair, take it adviſedly.

[*Exit Worceſter, with Vernon.*

P. Henry. It will not be accepted, on my life.
The Douglas and the Hotſpur both together
Are confident againſt the world in arms.

K. Henry. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge:
For on their anſwer, we will ſet on them:
And God befriend us, as our cauſe is juſt! [*Exeunt.*

Manent prince Henry and Falſtaff.

F. Hal, if thou ſee me down in the battle, [7] and beſtride me, ſo; 'tis a point of friendſhip.

[7] ——— *and beſtride me,*——] In the battle of Agincourt, Henry when king, did this act of friendſhip for his brother the duke of Glouceſter. STEEVENS.

P. Henry.

[illegible] but a coloſſus can do thee that [illegible] ſay prayers, and farewell.

[illegible] were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

[illegible] Why, thou oweſt heaven a death.

[8] [*Exit prince Henry.*

[illegible] not due yet: I would be loth to pay him [illegible]. What need I be ſo forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter, honour [illegible] on. But how if honour prick me off, when [illegible]? how then? Can honour ſet to a leg? no: [illegible]? no: or take away the grief of a wound? [illegible] honour hath no ſkill in ſurgery then? no. What [illegible]? a word. What is that word, honour? air. [illegible] reckoning!—Who hath it? He that dy'd a [illegible]day. Doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? [illegible]. Is it inſenſible then? yea, to the dead; but will [illegible] live with the living? no: why? detraction will [illegible] ſuffer it. Therefore I'll none of it; [9] honour is [illegible] ſcutcheon, and ſo ends my catechiſm. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Hotſpur's camp.

Enter Worceſter and Sir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O, no, my nephew muſt not know, Sir Richard,
The liberal kind offer of the king.

Ver. 'Twere beſt he did.

[8] *Exit prince Henry.*] This *exit* is remarked by Mr. Jpton. JOHNSON.

[9] —— *honour is a mere ſcutcheon,*—] This is very fin. The reward of brave actions formerly was only ſome honourable bearing in the ſhields of arms beſtowed upon deſerve. But Falſtaff having ſaid that *honour* often came not till afr death, he calls it very wittily a *ſcutcheon*, which is the painted heraldry borne in funeral proceſſions: and by *mere ſcutcheon* is inuated, that whether alive or dead, honour was but a name. WARBURTON.

Wor.

Wor. Then we are all undone.
It is not poſſible, it cannot be,
The king ſhould keep his word in loving us;
He will ſuſpect us ſtill, and find a time
To puniſh this offence in other faults.
[1] Suſpicion, all our lives, ſhall be ſtuck full of eyes:
For treaſon is but truſted like the fox,
Who ne'er ſo tame, ſo cheriſh'd, and lock'd up,
Will have a wild trick of his anceſtors.
Look how we can, or ſad, or merrily,
Interpretation will miſquote our looks;
And we ſhall feed like oxen at a ſtall,
The better cheriſh'd, ſtill the nearer death.
My nephew's treſpaſs may be well forgot,
It hath the excuſe of youth, and heat of blood;
And [2] an adopted name of privilege—
A hare-brain'd Hotſpur, govern'd by a ſpleen:
All his offences live upon my head,
And on his father's; we did train him on;
And, his corruption, being ta'en from us,
We, as the ſpring of all, ſhall pay for all.
Therefore, good couſin, let not Harry know,
In any caſe, the offer of the king.
Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll ſay, 'tis ſo.
Here comes your couſin.

Enter Hotſpur and Douglas.

Hot. My uncle is return'd.—Deliver up
My lord of Weſtmorland.—Uncle, what news?
Wor. The king will bid you battle preſently.
Doug. Defy him by the lord of Weſtmorland.

[1] *Suſpicion, all our lives, ſhall be ſtuck full of eyes:*] The ſame image of *ſuſpicion* is exhibited in a Latin tragedy, called *Roxana*, written about the ſame time by Dr. William Alablaſter, JOHNSON.

[2] ——— *an adopted name of privilege,*
A hare-brain'd Hotſpur,——] The name of Hotſpur will privilege him from cenſure. JOHNSON.

Hot.

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him ſo.

Doug. Marry, and ſhall; and very willingly.

[*Exit Douglas.*

Wor. There is no ſeeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,
By now forſwearing that he is forſworn.
He calls us rebels, traitors; and will ſcourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter Douglas.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen, to arms! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in king Henry's teeth,
[3] And Weſtmorland, that was engag'd, did bear it;
Which cannot chooſe but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The prince of Wales ſtept forth before the king,
And, nephew, challeng'd you to ſingle fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrel lay upon our heads;
And that no man might draw ſhort breath to-day,
But I, and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me,
How ſhew'd his talking? ſeem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my ſoul: I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modeſtly,
Unleſs a brother ſhould a brother dare,
To gentle exerciſe and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man;
Trimm'd up your praiſes with a princely tongue;
Spoke your deſervings like a chronicle;
Making you ever better than his praiſe
[4] By ſtill diſpraiſing praiſe, valu'd with you.

And,

[3] *And Weſtmorland, that was engag'd,*—] Engag'd is delivered as an hoſtage. A few lines before, upon the return of Worceſter, he orders Weſtmorland to be diſmiſſed. JOHNSON.

[4] *By ſtill diſpraiſing praiſe, valu'd with you.*] This fooliſh line is indeed in the folio of 1623, but it is evidently the player's nonſenſe. WARBURTON.

This

And, which became him like a prince indeed,
[5] He made a bluſhing cital of himſelf,
And chid his truant youth with ſuch a grace,
As if he maſter'd there a double ſpirit,
Of teaching, and of learning, inſtantly.
There did he pauſe: but let me tell the world,
If he out-live the envy of this day,
England did never owe ſo ſweet a hope,
So much miſconſtrued in his wantonneſs.

Hot. Couſin, I think, thou art enamoured
Upon his follies; never did I hear
[6] Of any prince, ſo wild, at liberty.
But, be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a ſoldier's arm,
That he ſhall ſhrink under my courteſy.
Arm, arm with ſpeed. And fellows, ſoldiers, friends,
Better conſider what you have to do,
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with perſuaſion.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My lord, here are letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now.—
O gentlemen, the time of life is ſhort;

This line is not only in the firſt folio, but in all the editions before it that I have ſeen. Why it ſhould be cenſured as nonſenſe I know not. To vilify praiſe, compared or *valued* with merit ſuperior to praiſe, is no harſh expreſſion. There is another objection to be made. Prince Henry, in his challenge of Percy, had indeed commended him, but with no ſuch hyperboles as might repreſent him above praiſe; and there ſeems to be no reaſon why Vernon ſhould magnify the prince's candor beyond the truth. Did then Shakeſpeare forget the foregoing ſcene? or are ſome lines loſt from the prince's ſpeech?

JOHNSON.

[5] *He made a bluſhing cital of himſelf,*] *Cital* for taxation.

POPE.

[6] *Of any prince, ſo wild, at liberty.*] Of any prince that played ſuch pranks, and was not confined as a madman.

JOHNSON.

To

To ſpend that ſhortneſs baſely, 'twere too long,
Tho' life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
And if we live, we live to tread on kings;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us!
Now for our conſciences, the arms are fair,
When the intent for bearing them is juſt.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My lord, prepare; the king comes on apace.

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profeſs not talking; only this—
Let each man do his beſt.—And here draw I
A ſword, whoſe temper I intend to ſtain
With the beſt blood that I can meet withal,
In the adventure of this perilous day.
[7] Now—Eſperance!—Percy!—and ſet on;
Sound all the lofty inſtruments of war,
And by that muſic let us all embrace:
[8] For, heaven to earth, ſome of us never ſhall
A ſecond time do ſuch a courteſy.

[*They embrace, then exeunt. The trumpets ſound.*

SCENE III.

The King entereth with his power. Alarm to the battle. Then enter Douglas and Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle thus
Thou croſſeſt me? what honour doſt thou ſeek
Upon my head?

[7] *Now—Eſperance!—*] This was the word of battle on Percy's ſide. See *Hall's Chronicle*, folio 22. POPE.

Eſperance, or *Eſperanza*, has always been the motto of the Percy family. *Eſperance in Dieu* is the preſent motto of the earl of Northumberland, and has been long uſed by his predeceſſors. Sometimes it was expreſſed *Eſperance ma Comforte*, which is ſtill legible at Alnwick caſtle over the great gate. PERCY.

[8] *For, heaven to earth,—*] i. e. One might wager heaven to earth. WARBURTON.

Doug. Know, then, my name is Douglas;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
Becauſe ſome tell me that thou art a king.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Doug. The lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought
Thy likeneſs; for inſtead of thee, king Harry,
This ſword hath ended him: ſo ſhall it thee,
Unleſs thou yield thee as my priſoner.

Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot,
And thou ſhalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death.

Fight, Blunt is ſlain; then enter Hotſpur.

Hot. O Douglas, hadſt thou fought at Holmedon thus,
I never had triumph'd over a Scot.

Doug. All's done, all's won; here breathleſs lies the king.

Hot. Where?

Doug. Here.

Hot. This, Douglas! no. I know his face full well:
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;
Semblably furniſh'd like the king himſelf.

Doug. Ah! fool, go with thy ſoul whither it goes!
A borrow'd title haſt thou bought too dear.
Why didſt thou tell me that thou wert a king?

Hot. The king hath many marching in his coats.

Doug. Now by my ſword, I will kill all his coats;
I'll murder all his wardrobe piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.

Hot. Up, and away;
Our ſoldiers ſtand full fairly for the day. [*Exeunt.*

Other alarms, enter Falſtaff.

Fal. Though I could 'ſcape [9] ſhot-free at London,
I fear the ſhot here; here's no ſcoring, but upon the pate.—

[9] ——— *ſhot-free at London,*—] A play upon *ſhot*, as it means the part of a reckoning, and a miſſive weapon diſcharged from artillery. JOHNSON.

pate.——Soft! who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt? there's honour for you; [1] here's no vanity!—I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: heaven keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels.—I have led my raggamuffins where they are pepper'd: there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter prince Henry.

P. Henry. What, ſtand'ſt thou idle here? lend me thy ſword:
Many a nobleman lies ſtark and ſtiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whoſe deaths are unreveng'd. Lend me thy ſword.

Fal. O Hal, I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe a while. [2] Turk Gregory never did ſuch deeds in arms, as

So Heywood, in his *Epigrams on Proverbs*,

" And it is yll commynge, I have heard ſay,
" To the end of a *ſhot*, and beginnyng of a fray."

STEEVENS.

[1] ——— *here's no vanity!*—] In our author's time the negative, in a common ſpeech, was uſed to deſign, ironically, the exceſs of a thing. Thus Ben Jonſon, in *Every Man in his Humour*, ſays,

" O here's no foppery!
" 'Death, I can endure the ſtocks better."

Meaning, as the paſſage ſhews, that the *foppery* was exceſſive. And ſo in many other places. But the Oxford Editor not apprehending this, has altered it to *there's vanity!* WARB.

I am in doubt whether this interpretation, though ingenious and well ſupported, is true. The words may mean, here is real honour, *no vanity*, or *no empty appearance*. JOHNSON.

I believe Dr. Warburton is right: the ſame ironical kind of expreſſion occurs in *The Mad Lover* of B. and Fletcher,

" ——————— Here's *no villainy!*
" I am glad I came to the hearing."

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Tale of a Tub*,

" Here was no ſubtle device to get a wench!"

STEEVENS.

[2] *Turk Gregory never did ſuch deeds in arms*,—] Meaning Gregory the Seventh, called Hildebrand. This furious frier ſurmounted

as I have done this day. [3] I have paid Percy, I have made him ſure.

P. Henry. He is, indeed, and living to kill thee: I pr'ythee, lend me thy ſword.

Fal. Nay, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'ſt not my ſword; but take my piſtol, if thou wilt.

P. Henry. Give it me. What, is it in the caſe?

Fal. Ay, Hal, 'tis hot. There's that will [4] ſack a city.

[*The prince draws it out, and finds it a bottle of ſack.*

P. Henry. What, is it a time to jeſt and dally now?

[*Throws it at him, and exit.*

Fal. [5] If Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, ſo; if he do not, if I come in his, willingly, let him make [6] a carbonado of me. I like not ſuch grinning honour as Sir Walter hath: give

ſurmounted almoſt invincible obſtacles to deprive the emperor of his right of inveſtiture of biſhops, which his predeceſſors had long attempted in vain. Fox, in his hiſtory, had made this Gregory ſo odious, that I don't doubt but the good Proteſtants of that time were well pleaſed to hear him thus characterized, as uniting the attributes of their two great enemies, the Turk and Pope, in one. WARBURTON.

[3] *I have paid Percy, I have made him ſure.*

P. Henry. *He is, indeed, and,* &c.] The prince's anſwer, which is apparently connected with Falſtaff's laſt words, does not cohere ſo well as if the knight had ſaid,

I have made him ſure; Percy's ſafe enough.

Perhaps a word or two like theſe may be loſt. JOHNSON.

[4] ——— *ſack a city.*] A quibble on the word *ſack.* JOHNSON.

[5] *If Percy be alive, I'll pierce him.*] Certainly, *he'll pierce him,* i. e. Prince Henry will, who is juſt gone out to ſeek him. Beſides, *I'll pierce him,* contradicts the whole turn and humour of the ſpeech. WARBURTON.

I rather take the conceit to be this. To *pierce* a veſſel is to *tap* it. Falſtaff takes up his bottle which the prince had toſſed at his head, and being about to animate himſelf with a draught, cries, *if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him,* and ſo draws the cork. I do not propoſe this with much confidence. JOHNSON.

[6] ——— *a carbonado of me.*] A *carbonado* is a piece of meat cut croſs-wiſe for the gridiron. JOHNSON.

me life, which if I can ſave, ſo: if not, honour comes unlook'd for, and there's an end. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Alarm, excurſions. Enter the king, the prince, lord John of Lancaſter, and the earl of Weſtmorland.

K. Henry. Harry, withdraw thyſelf; thou bleed'ſt too much:—
Lord John of Lancaſter, go you with him.
Lan. Not I, my lord, unleſs I did bleed too.
P. Henry. I beſeech your majeſty, make up,
Leſt your retirement do amaze your friends.
K. Henry. I will do ſo.——
My lord of Weſtmorland, lead him to his tent.
Weſt. Come, my lord, I will lead you to your tent.
P. Henry. Lead me, my lord! I do not need your help;
And heaven forbid, a ſhallow ſcratch ſhould drive
The prince of Wales from ſuch a field as this,
Where ſtain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels arms triumph in maſſacres!
Lan. We breathe too long. Come, couſin Weſtmorland,
Our duty this way lies; for heaven's ſake, come.
[*Exeunt P. John and Weſt.*——
P. Henry. By heaven, thou haſt deceiv'd me, Lancaſter;
I did not think thee lord of ſuch a ſpirit:
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John;
But now, I do reſpect thee as my ſoul.
K. Henry. I ſaw him hold lord Percy at the point,
With luſtier maintenance than I did look for
Of ſuch an ungrown warrior.
P. Henry. Oh, this boy
Lends mettle to us all! [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Douglas.

Doug. Another king!—they grow, like Hydra's heads.
I am the Douglas, fatal to all thoſe
That wear thoſe colours on them.—What art thou,
That counterfeit'ſt the perſon of a king?
K. Henry. The king himſelf; who, Douglas, grieves at heart,
So many of his ſhadows thou haſt met,
And not the very king. I have two boys
Seek Percy and thyſelf about the field:
But, ſeeing thou fall'ſt on me ſo luckily,
I will aſſay thee; ſo defend thyſelf.
Doug. I fear, thou art another counterfeit:
And yet, in faith, thou bear'ſt thee like a king:
But mine, I am ſure, thou art, whoe'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.
[*They fight, the king being in danger.*

Enter prince Henry.

P. Henry. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again! the ſpirits
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms.
It is the prince of Wales, that threatens thee;
Who never promiſeth, but he means to pay.
[*They fight, Douglas flyeth.*
Chearly, my lord; how fares your grace?
Sir Nicholas Gawſey hath for ſuccour ſent,
And ſo hath Clifton: I'll to Clifton ſtrait.
K. Henry. Stay, and breathe a-while:—
Thou haſt redeem'd thy loſt opinion;
And ſhew'd, thou mak'ſt ſome tender of my life,
In this fair reſcue thou haſt brought to me.
P. Henry. O heaven! they did me too much injury,
That ever ſaid, I hearken'd for your death.

If it were ſo, I might have let alone
The inſulting hand of Douglas over you;
Which would have been as ſpeedy in your end,
As all the poiſonous potions in the world,
And ſav'd the treacherous labour of your ſon.

K. Henry. Make up to Clifton, I'll to Sir Nicholas Gawſey. [*Exit.*

Enter Hotſpur.

Hot. If I miſtake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

P. Henry. Thou ſpeak'ſt as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

P. Henry. Why, then I ſee
A very valiant rebel of that name.
I am the prince of Wales: and think not, Percy,
To ſhare with me in glory any more.
Two ſtars keep not their motion in one ſphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign
Of Harry Percy, and the prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor ſhall it, Harry; for the hour is come
To end the one of us; and would to heaven,
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

P. Henry. I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee,
And all the budding honours on thy creſt
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities. [*Fight.*

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. Well ſaid, Hal! to it, Hal!—Nay, you ſhall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Enter Douglas, he fights with Falſtaff, who falls down as if he were dead. Percy is wounded, and falls.

Hot. O, Harry, thou haſt robb'd me of my youth:
I better brook the loſs of brittle life,

Than

Than [7] thoſe proud titles thou haſt won of me;
They wound my thoughts, worſe than thy ſword my flesh:—
But thought's the ſlave of life, and life time's fool;
And time, that takes ſurvey of all the world,
Muſt have a ſtop. O, I could propheſy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue:—No, Percy, thou art duſt,
And food for——— [*Dies.*

P. Henry. For worms, brave Percy. Fare thee well, great heart!
[8] Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou ſhrunk!
When that this body did contain a ſpirit,
[9] A kingdom for it was too ſmall a bound:
But now, two paces of the vileſt earth
Is room enough. This earth, that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive ſo ſtout a gentleman.
If thou wert ſenſible of courteſy,
I ſhould not make ſo great a ſhow of zeal:—
[1] But let my favours hide thy mangled face,
And, even in thy behalf, I thank myſelf.

[7] ——— *thoſe proud titles thou haſt won of me;*
They wound my thoughts,———
But thought's the ſlave of life, and life time's fool;
And time———muſt have a ſtop.] Hotſpur in his laſt moments endeavours to conſole himſelf. The glory of the prince *wounds his thoughts*; but *thought*, being dependent on *life*, muſt ceaſe with it, and will ſoon be at an end. *Life*, on which *thought* depends, is itſelf of no great value, being the *fool* and ſport of *time*; of *time*, which, with all its dominion over ſublunary things, *muſt* itſelf at laſt *be ſtopped*. JOHNSON.

[8] *Ill-weav'd ambition*, &c.] A metaphor taken from cloth, which ſhrinks when it is ill-weav'd, when its texture is looſe. JOHNSON.

[9] *A kingdom*, &c.]
Carminibus confide bonis—jacet ecce Tibullus
Vix manet e toto parva quod urna capit. Ovid. JOHNSON.

[1] *But let my favours hide thy mangled face,*] We ſhould read *favour*, face or countenance. He ſtooping down here to kiſs Hotſpur. WARBURTON.

He rather covers his face with a ſcarf, to hide the ghaſtlineſs of death. JOHNSON.

For doing theſe fair rites of tenderneſs.
Adieu, and take thy praiſe with thee to heaven!
Thy ignominy ſleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph!
[*He ſees Falſtaff on the ground.*
—What! old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack! farewell!
I could have better ſpar'd a better man.
O, I ſhould have a heavy miſs of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity.
Death hath not ſtruck [2] ſo fair a deer to-day,
Though [3] many a dearer in this bloody fray:—
Imbowell'd will I ſee thee by and by;
Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie. [*Exit.*

Falſtaff, riſing ſlowly.

Fal. Imbowell'd!—if thou imbowel me to-day, I'll give you leave [4] to powder me, and eat me too to-morrow! 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me ſcot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit. To die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life, indeed. The better part of valour is diſcretion; in the which better part, I have ſaved my life. I am afraid of this gun-powder Percy, though he be dead. How if he ſhould counterfeit too, and riſe? I am afraid, he

[2] ——— *ſo fair a deer*——] This is the reading of the firſt edition, and of the other quartos. The firſt folio has *fat*, which was followed by all the editors.

There is in theſe lines a very natural mixture of the ſerious and ludicrous, produced by the view of Percy and Falſtaff. I wiſh all play on words had been forborn. JOHNSON.

[3] ——— *many a dearer*——] Many of greater value. JOHNSON.

[4] ——— *to powder me,*—] To powder is to ſalt. JOHNSON.

would

would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him ſure; yea, and I'll ſwear, I kill'd him. Why may he not riſe as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body ſees me. Therefore, ſirrah, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me. [*Takes Hotſpur on his back.*

Enter prince Henry, and John of Lancaſter.

P. Henry. Come, brother John, full bravely haſt thou fleſh'd
Thy maiden ſword.

Lan. But ſoft! whom have we here?
Did you not tell me, this fat man was dead?

P. Henry. I did; I ſaw him dead, breathleſs and bleeding
Upon the ground.——
Art thou alive? or is it fantaſy
That plays upon our eye-ſight? I pr'ythee, ſpeak;
We will not truſt our eyes without our ears:
Thou art not what thou ſeem'ſt.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not [5] a double man; but if I am not Jack Falſtaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy [*throwing the body down*]; if your father will do me any honour, ſo; if not, let him kill the next Percy himſelf. I look either to be earl or duke, I can aſſure you.

P. Henry. Why, Percy I kill'd myſelf, and ſaw thee dead.

Fal. Didſt thou? Lord, lord, how the world is given to lying! I grant you, I was down, and out of breath, and ſo was he: but we roſe both at an inſtant, and fought a long hour by Shrewſbury clock. If I may be believed, ſo; if not, let them that ſhould reward valour, bear the ſin upon their own heads. I'll take it on my death, I gave him this wound in the

[5] ——— *a double man*;—] That is, I am not Falſtaff and Percy together, though having Percy on my back, I ſeem double. JOHNSON.

thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my ſword.

Lan. This is the ſtrangeſt tale that e'er I heard.

P. Henry. This is the ſtrangeſt fellow, brother John.—

Come bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happieſt terms I have.

[*A retreat is ſounded.*

The trumpets ſound retreat, the day is ours.
Come, brother, let's to the higheſt of the field,
To ſee what friends are living, who are dead. [*Exeunt.*

Fal. I'll follow, as they ſay, for reward. He that rewards me, heaven reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow leſs; for I'll purge, and leave ſack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman ſhould do. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

The trumpets ſound. Enter king Henry, prince of Wales, lord John of Lancaſter, earl of Weſtmorland, with Worceſter and Vernon priſoners.

K. Henry. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.—
Ill-ſpirited Worceſter! did we not ſend grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And would'ſt thou turn our offers contrary?
Miſuſe the tenor of thy kinſman's truſt?
Three knights upon our party ſlain to-day,
A noble earl, and many a creature elſe,
Had been alive this hour,
If, like a chriſtian, thou hadſt truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my ſafety urg'd me to;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. Henry. Bear Worceſter to the death, and Vernon too.

Other

)ther offenders we will pauſe upon.—
[*Exeunt Worceſter and Vernon, guarded.*
Iow goes the field?

P. Henry. The gallant Scot, lord Douglas, when he ſaw
Fhe fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
Fhe noble Percy ſlain, and all his men
Jpon the foot of fear, fled with the reſt;
And, falling from a hill, he was ſo bruis'd,
Fhat the purſuers took him. At my tent
Fhe Douglas is; and, I beſeech your grace,
I may diſpoſe of him.

K. Henry. With all my heart.

P. Henry. Then, brother John of Lancaſter, to you
Fhis honourable bounty ſhall belong.
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Jp to his pleaſure, ranſomleſs and free.
His valour, ſhewn upon our creſts to-day,
Hath taught us how to cheriſh ſuch high deeds,
Even in the boſom of our adverſaries.

Lan. [6] I thank your grace for this high courteſy,
Which I ſhall give away immediately.

K. Henry. Then this remains, that we divide our power.——
You, ſon John, and my couſin Weſtmorland,
Towards York ſhall bend you, with your deareſt ſpeed,
To meet Northumberland, and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are buſily in arms.
Myſelf, and you, ſon Harry, will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower and the earl of March.
Rebellion in this land ſhall loſe his ſway,
Meeting the check of ſuch another day:
And ſince this buſineſs ſo far fair is done,
Let us not leave, till all our own be won. [*Exeunt.*

[6] *I thank your grace*, &c.] Theſe two lines are added from the quarto. POPE.

I ſuſpect that they were rejected by Shakeſpeare himſelf. JOHNSON.

THE SECOND PART OF

HENRY IV.

Containing his DEATH:

AND THE

CORONATION

OF

King HENRY V.

INDUCTION.

[1] *Enter Rumour,* [2] *painted full of tongues.*

OPEN your ears; for which of you will ſtop
The vent of hearing, when loud Rumour ſpeaks?
I, from the orient to the drooping weſt,

[1] *Enter Rumour.*] This ſpeech of Rumour is not inelegant or unpoetical, but is wholly uſeleſs, ſince we are told nothing which the firſt ſcene does not clearly and naturally diſcover. The only end of ſuch prologues is to inform the audience of ſome facts previous to the action, of which they can have no knowledge from the perſons of the drama. JOHNSON.

Enter Rumour, painted full of tongues.] This the author probably drew from Holinſhed's *Deſcription of a Pageant,* exhibited in the court of Henry VIII. with uncommon coſt and magnificence.

" Then entered a perſon called *Report,* apparalled
" In crimſon ſattin, *full of toongs,* or chronicles."

Vol. 3. p. 805. This however might be the common way of repreſenting this perſonage in maſques, which were frequent in his own times. WARTON.

Stephen Hawes, in his *Paſtime of Pleaſure,* had long ago exhibited her (*Rumour*) in the ſame manner:

" A goodly lady, envyroned about
" With *tongues* of fyre."———

And ſo had Sir Thomas Moore, in one of his Pageants,

" *Fame* I am called, mervayle you nothing
" Thoughe with *tonges* I am compaſſed all arounde."

Not to mention her elaborate portrait by Chaucer, in *The Booke of Fame*; and by John Higgins, one of the aſſiſtants in *The Mirror for Magiſtrates,* in his *Legend of King Albanacte.* FARMER.

In a maſque preſented on St. Stephen's night, 1614, by Thomas Campion, *Rumour* comes on in a ſkin-coat *full of* winged *tongues.* STEEVENS.

[2] ——— *painted full of tongues.*] This direction, which is only to be found in the firſt edition in quarto of 1600, explains a paſſage in what follows, otherwiſe obſcure. POPE.

Perſons Repreſented.

King HENRY the Fourth.
Prince Henry.
Prince John of Lancaſter.
Humphry of Glouceſter.
Thomas of Clarence.
Northumberland,
The Archbiſhop of York,
Mowbray,
Haſtings,
Lord Bardolph,
Travers,
Morton,
Colevile,
} *againſt the king.*
Warwick,
Weſtmorland,
Surrey,
Gower,
Harcourt,
Lord Chief Juſtice,
} *of the king's party.*
Falſtaff, Poins, Bardolph, Piſtol, Peto, and Page.
Shallow and Silence, *country juſtices.*
Davy, *ſervant to Shallow.*
Phang and Snare, *two ſerjeants.*
Mouldy,
Shadow,
Wart,
Feeble,
Bullcalf,
} *country ſoldiers.*

Lady Northumberland.
Lady Percy.
Hoſteſs Quickly.
Doll Tear-ſheet.

Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.

[5] THE SECOND PART OF

HENRY IV.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Northumberland's caſtle.

Enter lord Bardolph; the Porter at the door.

BARDOLPH.

WHO keeps the gate here, ho? Where is the earl?

Port. What ſhall I ſay you are?

Bard. Tell thou the earl,
hat the lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

[5] *The Second Part of Henry IV.*] The tranſactions comprized in is hiſtory take up about nine years. The action commences th the account of Hotſpur's being defeated and killed; and ɔſes with the death of king Henry IV. and the coronation of ng Henry V. THEOBALD.

Mr. Upton thinks theſe two plays improperly called *The Firſt* d *Second Parts of Henry the Fourth.* The firſt play ends, he ys, with the peaceful ſettlement of Henry in the kingdom by e defeat of the rebels. This is hardly true; for the rebels e not yet finally ſuppreſſed. The ſecond, he tells us, ſhews enry the Fifth in the various lights of a good-natured rake, l, on his father's death, he aſſumes a more manly character. his is true; but this repreſentation gives us no idea of a dra- atic action. Theſe two plays will appear to every reader, who all peruſe them without ambition of critical diſcoveries, to be connected, that the ſecond is merely a ſequel to the firſt; to be ɔ only becauſe they are too long to be one. JOHNSON.

Port. His lordſhip is walk'd forth into the orchard:
Pleaſe it your honour, knock but at the gate,
And he himſelf will anſwer.

Enter Northumberland.

Bard. Here comes the earl.
North. What news, lord Bardolph? every minute now
Should be the father of ſome ſtratagem.
The times are wild; contention, like a horſe
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke looſe,
And bears down all before him.
Bard. Noble earl,
I bring you certain news from Shrewſbury.
North. Good, if heaven will!
Bard. As good as heart can wiſh:—
The king is almoſt wounded to the death;
And, in the fortune of my lord your ſon,
Prince Harry ſlain outright; and both the Blunts
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas: young prince John,
And Weſtmorland, and Stafford, fled the field;
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk Sir John,
Is priſoner to your ſon. O, ſuch a day,
So fought, ſo follow'd, and ſo fairly won,
Came not till now, to dignify the times,
Since Cæſar's fortunes!
North. How is this deriv'd?
Saw you the field? came you from Shrewſbury?
Bard. I ſpoke with one, my lord, that came from thence;
A gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me theſe news for true.
North. Here comes my ſervant Travers, whom I ſent
On Tueſday laſt to liſten after news.
Bard. My lord, I over-rode him on the way,
And he is furniſh'd with no certainties,
More than he, haply, may retail from me.

Enter

Enter Travers.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings come with you?

Tra. My lord, Sir John Umfrevile turn'd me back
With joyful tidings; and, being better hors'd,
Out-rode me. After him came, ſpurring hard,
A gentleman, almoſt fore-ſpent with ſpeed,
That ſtopp'd by me, to breathe his bloodied horſe:
He aſk'd the way to Cheſter; and of him
I did demand what news from Shrewſbury.
He told me, that rebellion had bad luck,
And that young Harry Percy's ſpur was cold:
With that he gave his able horſe the head,
And, bending forward, ſtruck his * armed heels
Againſt the panting ſides of his [6] poor jade
Up to the [7] rowel-head; and, ſtarting ſo,
[8] He ſeem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer queſtion.

North. Ha!——again?——
Said he, young Harry Percy's ſpur was cold?
Of Hotſpur, Coldſpur?—that rebellion
Had met ill luck?

Bard. My lord, I'll tell you what——
If my young lord your ſon have not the day,
Upon mine honour, for a [9] ſilken point
I'll give my barony. Never talk of it.

* ——*armed heels*] Thus the quarto 1600. The folio 1623, reads *able heels*; the modern editors, without authority, *agile heels*. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*poor jade*] *Poor jade* is uſed not in contempt, but in compaſſion. *Poor jade* means the horſe wearied with his journey. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*rowel-head*;——] I think that I have obſerved in old prints the *rowel* of thoſe times to have been only a ſingle ſpike. JOHNSON.

[8] *He ſeem'd in running to devour the way*,] So in *The Book of Job*, chap. xxxix. "He *ſwalloweth* the ground in fierceneſs "and rage." STEEVENS.

[9] ——*ſilken point*] A *point* is a ſtring tagged, or lace. JOHNSON.

North. Why ſhould the gentleman, that rode by Travers,
Give then ſuch inſtances of loſs?
Bard. Who he?
He was [1] ſome hilding fellow, that had ſtol'n
The horſe he rode on; and, upon my life,
Spoke at adventure. Look, here comes more news.

Enter Morton.

North. Yea, this man's brow, [2] like to a title-leaf,
Foretels the nature of a tragic volume.
So looks the ſtrond, whereon the imperious flood
Hath left a witneſs'd uſurpation.——
Say, Morton, did'ſt thou come from Shrewſbury?
Mort. I ran from Shrewſbury, my noble lord;
Where hateful death put on his uglieſt maſk
To fright our party.
North. How doth my ſon, and brother?
Thou trembleſt; and the whiteneſs in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even ſuch a man, ſo faint, ſo ſpiritleſs,
So dull, ſo dead in look, [3] ſo woe-be-gone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd:
But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death, ere thou report'ſt it.
This would'ſt thou ſay—Your ſon did thus, and thus;

[1] ——*ſome hilding fellow,*——] For *hilderling*, i. e. baſe, degenerate. POPE.

[2] ——*like to a title-leaf,*——] It may not be amiſs to obſerve, that in the time of our poet, the title-page to an elegy, as well as every intermediate leaf, was totally black. I have ſeveral in my poſſeſſion, written by Chapman, the tranſlator of *Homer*, and ornamented in this manner. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*ſo woe-be-gone,*] The word was common enough amongſt the old Scotiſh and Engliſh poets, as G. Douglas, Chaucer, lord Buckhurſt, Fairfax; and ſignifies, *far gone in woe.* WARBURTON.

Your

our brother, thus; ſo fought the noble Douglas;
opping my greedy ear with their bold deeds:
ut in the end, to ſtop mine ear indeed,
hou haſt a ſigh to blow away this praiſe,
nding with brother, ſon, and all are dead!
Mort. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet:
at for my lord your ſon——
North. Why, he is dead.
e what a ready tongue ſuſpicion hath!
e that but fears the thing he would not know,
ath, by inſtinct, knowledge from other's eyes,
hat what he fear'd is chanc'd. Yet ſpeak, Morton,
ell thou thy earl his divination lies;
nd I will take it as a ſweet diſgrace,
nd make thee rich for doing me ſuch wrong.
Mort. You are too great to be by me gainſaid:
Your ſpirit is too true, your fears too certain.
North. [5] Yet, for all this, ſay not that Percy's dead.
ee a ſtrange confeſſion in thine eye:
Thou

[4] *Your ſpirit*——] The impreſſion upon your mind, by which u conceive the death of your ſon. JOHNSON.

[5] *Yet, for all this, ſay not*, &c.] The contradiction in the firſt t of this ſpeech might be imputed to the diſtraction of Northmberland's mind; but the calmneſs of the reflection, conied in the laſt lines, ſeems not much to countenance ſuch ppoſition. I will venture to diſtribute this paſſage in a manwhich will, I hope, ſeem more commodious; but do not h the reader to forget, that the moſt commodious is not alys the true reading.

Bard. *Yet for all this, ſay not that Percy's dead.*
North. *I ſee a ſtrange confeſſion in thine eye;*
Thou ſhak'ſt thy head, and hold'ſt it fear, or ſin,
To ſpeak a truth. If he be ſlain, ſay ſo.
The tongue offends not, that reports his death;
And he doth ſin, that doth belie the dead,
Not he that ſaith the dead is not alive.
Morton. *Yet the firſt bringer of unwelcome news*
Hath but a loſing office, and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a ſullen bell,
Remember'd, tolling a departing friend.

Thou ſhak'ſt thy head; and [6] hold'ſt it fear, or ſin,
To ſpeak a truth. [7] If he be ſlain, ſay ſo.
The tongue offends not that reports his death;
And he doth ſin that doth belie the dead,
Not he which ſays the dead is not alive.
Yet the firſt bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a loſing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a ſullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departing friend.

Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your ſon is dead.

Mort. I am ſorry I ſhould force you to believe
That which I would to heaven I had not ſeen:
But theſe mine eyes ſaw him in bloody ſtate,
Rend'ring faint quittance, wearied and out-breath'd,
To Henry Monmouth; whoſe ſwift wrath beat down
The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence, with life, he never more ſprung up.
In few; his death, whoſe ſpirit lent a fire
Even to the dulleſt peaſant in his camp,
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the beſt-temper'd courage in his troops;
[8] For from his metal was his party ſteel'd;
Which once in him abated, all the reſt
Turn'd on themſelves, like dull and heavy lead.

And

Here is a natural interpoſition of Bardolph at the beginning, who is not pleaſed to hear his news confuted, and a proper preparation of Morton for the tale which he is unwilling to tell. JOHNSON.

[6] ——— *hold'ſt it in fear, or ſin,*] *Fear* for danger. WARBURTON.

[7] *If he be ſlain, ſay ſo.*] The words *ſay ſo* are in the firſt folio, but not in the quarto: they are neceſſary to the verſe, but the ſenſe proceeds as well without them. JOHNSON.

[8] *For from his metal was his party ſteel'd;*
Which once in him abated,——] The word *metal* is one of the hackneied metaphorical terms, which reſumes ſo much of a literal ſenſe as not to need the idea (from whence the figure is taken) to be kept up. So that it may with elegance enough be ſaid, *his metal was abated,* as well as *his courage was abated.*

See

ıd as the thing that's heavy in itſelf,
pon enforcement, flies with greateſt ſpeed;
did our men, heavy in Hotſpur's loſs,
ınd to this weight ſuch lightneſs with their fear,
ıat arrows fled not ſwifter toward their aim,
ıan did our ſoldiers, aiming at their ſafety,
y from the field. Then was that noble Worceſter
ıo ſoon ta'en priſoner: and that furious Scot,
ıe bloody Douglas, whoſe well-labouring ſword
ıd three times ſlain the appearance of the king,
Gan vail his ſtomach, and did grace the ſhame
thoſe that turn'd their backs; and in his flight,
ımbling in fear, was took. The ſum of all
that the king hath won; and hath ſent out
ſpeedy power, to encounter you, my lord,
ıder the conduct of young Lancaſter
ıd Weſtmorland. This is the news at full.
North. For this I ſhall have time enough to mourn.
poiſon there is phyſic; and theſe news
ıat would, had I been well, have made me ſick,
ing ſick, have in ſome meaſure made me well.
ıd as the wretch, whoſe fever-weaken'd joints,

: what is ſaid on this ſubject in *Love's Labour loſt*, act v.
t when the writer ſhews, as here, both before and after,

——*his party ſteel'd*——
Turn'd on themſelves like dull and heavy lead,

ıt his intention was not to drop the idea from whence he took
ı metaphor, then he cannot ſay with propriety and elegance,
metal was abated; becauſe what he predicates of *metal*, muſt
then conveyed in a term conformable to the metaphor.
ınce I conclude that Shakeſpeare wrote,

Which once in him rebated—] i. e. blunted.
WARBURTON.

Here is a great effort to produce little effect. The commen-
or does not ſeem fully to underſtand the word *abated*, which
not here put for the general idea of *diminiſhed*, nor for the
tion of *blunted*, as applied to a ſingle edge. *Abated* means
duced to a lower temper, or, as the workmen call it, *let down*.
JOHNSON.

9 *'Gan vail his ſtomach*,——] Began to fall his courage, to
: his ſpirits ſink under his fortune. JOHNSON.

Like ſtrengthleſs hinges, [1] buckle under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms; even ſo my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,
Are thrice themſelves. Hence, therefore, thou nice crutch;
A ſcaly gauntlet now, with joints of ſteel,
Muſt glove this hand: and hence, thou ſickly quoif;
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which princes, fleſh'd with conqueſt, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron; and approach
[2] The rugged'ſt hour that time and ſpight dare bring
To frown upon the enrag'd Northumberland!
Let heaven kiſs earth! Now let not nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confin'd! let order die!
And let this world no longer be a ſtage
To feed contention in a lingering act;
But let one ſpirit of the firſt-born Cain
Reign in all boſoms, that, each heart being ſet
On bloody courſes, the rude ſcene may end,
[3] And darkneſs be the burier of the dead!

Bard. [4] This ſtrained paſſion doth you wrong, my lord!
Sweet earl, divorce not wiſdom from your honour.

Mort.

[1] —— *buckle*——] Bend; yield to preſſure. JOHNSON.

[2] *The rugged'ſt hour*, &c.] The old edition,

The ragged'ſt hour that time and ſpight dare bring
To frown, &c.] There is no conſonance of metaphors betwixt *ragged* and *frown*; nor, indeed, any dignity in the image. On both accounts, therefore, I ſuſpect our author wrote, as I have reformed the text,

The rugged'ſt hour, &c. THEOBALD.

[3] *And darkneſs*, &c.] The concluſion of this noble ſpeech is extremely ſtriking. There is no need to ſuppoſe it exactly philoſophical; *darkneſs*, in poetry, may be abſence of eyes, as well as privation of light. Yet we may remark, that by an ancient opinion it has been held, that if the human race, for whom the world was made, were extirpated, the whole ſyſtem of ſublunary nature would ceaſe. JOHNSON.

[4] *This ſtrained paſſion*, &c.] This line is only in the firſt edition,

Mort. The lives of all your loving complices
Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er
To ſtormy paſſion, muſt perforce decay.
You caſt the event of war, my noble lord,
And ſumm'd the account of chance, before you ſaid,
Let us make head. It was your preſurmiſe,
That, in the dole of blows, your ſon might drop:
You knew, he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge
More likely to fall in, than to get o'er:
You were advis'd, his fleſh was capable
Of wounds and ſcars; and that his forward ſpirit
Would lift him where moſt trade of danger rang'd;
Yet did you ſay, *Go forth:* and none of this,
Though ſtrongly apprehended, could reſtrain
The ſtiff-borne action. What hath then befall'n,
Or what hath this bold enterprize brought forth,
More than that being which was like to be?

Bard. We all, that are engaged to this loſs,
Knew, that we ventur'd on ſuch dangerous ſeas,
That, if we wrought out life, 'twas ten to one:
And yet we ventur'd for the gain propos'd,
Choak'd the reſpect of likely peril fear'd;
And, ſince we are o'erſet, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth, body and goods.

dition, where it is ſpoken by Umfrevile, who ſpeaks no where elſe. It ſeems neceſſary to the connection. POPE.

Umfrevile is ſpoken of in this very ſcene as abſent; the line was therefore properly given to Bardolph, or perhaps might yet more properly be given to Travers, who is preſent, and yet is made to ſay nothing on this very intereſting occaſion.

STEEVENS.

[5] *You caſt the event of war*, &c.] The fourteen lines from hence to Bardolph's next ſpeech, are not to be found in the firſt editions till that in folio of 1623. A very great number of other lines in this play are inſerted after the firſt edition in like manner, but of ſuch ſpirit and maſtery generally, that the inſertions are plainly by Shakeſpeare himſelf. POPE.

To this note I have nothing to add, but that the editor ſpeaks of more editions than I believe him to have ſeen, there having been but one edition yet diſcovered by me that precedes the firſt folio. JOHNSON.

Mort.

Mort. 'Tis more than time: and my moſt noble lord,
I hear for certain, and do ſpeak the truth:
[6] The gentle archbiſhop of York is up,
With well-appointed powers. He is a man,
Who with a double ſurety binds his followers.
My lord, your ſon, had only but the corps,
But ſhadows, and the ſhews of men, to fight:
For that ſame word, rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their ſouls;
And they did fight with queaſineſs, conſtrain'd,
As men drink potions; that their weapons only
Seem'd on our ſide; but, for their ſpirits and ſouls,
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fiſh are in a pond. But now, the biſhop
Turns inſurrection to religion:
Suppos'd ſincere and holy in his thoughts,
He's follow'd both with body and with mind;
And doth enlarge his riſing with the blood
Of fair king Richard, ſcrap'd from Pomfret ſtones:
Derives from heaven his quarrel, and his cauſe;
[7] Tells them, he doth beſtride a bleeding land,
Gaſping for life under great Bolingbroke;
[8] And more, and leſs, do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before; but, to ſpeak truth,
This preſent grief had wip'd it from my mind.
Go in with me; and counſel every man
The apteſt way for ſafety, and revenge:
Get poſts, and letters, and make friends with ſpeed;
Never ſo few, and never yet more need. [*Exeunt.*

[6] *The gentle*, &c.] Theſe one-and-twenty lines were added ſince the firſt edition. JOHNSON.

[7] *Tells them, he doth beſtride a bleeding land,*] That is, ſtands over his country to defend her as ſhe lies bleeding on the ground. So Falſtaff before ſays to the prince, *If thou ſee me down, Hal, and beſtride me, ſo; it is an office of friendſhip.* JOHNSON.

[8] *And more, and leſs,*—] *More* and *leſs* mean *greater* and *leſs.* STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Changes to a ſtreet in London.

Enter Sir John Falſtaff, with his page bearing his ſword and buckler.

Fal. Sirrah, you, giant! [9] what ſays the doctor to my water?

Page. He ſaid, Sir, the water itſelf was a good healthy water. But, for the party that owed it, he might have more diſeaſes than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all ſorts take a pride to gird at me. The brain of this fooliſh-compounded-clay, man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me. I am not only witty in myſelf, but the cauſe that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a ſow that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my ſervice for any other reaſon than to ſet me off, why then I have no judgment. Thou whor-

[9] ——— *what ſays the doctor to my water?*] The method of inveſtigating diſeaſes by the inſpection of urine only, was once ſo much the faſhion, that Caius, the founder of the college in Warwick-lane, formed a ſtatute to reſtrain apothecaries from carrying the *water* of their patients to a phyſician, and afterwards giving medicines in conſequence of the opinions they received concerning it. This ſtatute was, ſoon after, followed by another, which forbade the doctors themſelves to pronounce on any diſorder from ſuch an uncertain diagnoſtic.

John Day, the author of a comedy called *Law Tricks, or Who would have thought it?* 1608, deſcribes an apothecary thus:

" ——— his houſe is ſet round with patients twice or thrice " a day, and becauſe they'll be ſure not to want drink, every " one brings *his own water* in an urinal with him."

Again, in B. and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady:*

" I'll make her cry ſo much, that the phyſician,
" If ſhe fall ſick upon it, ſhall want *urine*
" To find the cauſe by." STEEVENS.

ſon

ſon [1] mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. [2] I was never mann'd with an agate till now: but I will neither ſet you in gold nor ſilver, but in vile apparel, and ſend you back again to your maſter, for a jewel; [3] the Juvenal, the prince your maſter! whoſe chin is not yet fledg'd. I will ſooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand, than he ſhall get one on his cheek; yet he will not ſtick to ſay, his face is a face-royal. Heaven may finiſh it when it will, it is not a hair amiſs yet: [4] he may keep it ſtill as a face-royal, for a barber ſhall never earn ſixpence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever ſince his father was a batchelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is

[1] ——— *mandrake,*—] Mandrake is a root ſuppoſed to have the ſhape of a man; it is now counterfeited with the root of briony. JOHNSON.

[2] *I was never mann'd*——] That is, I never before had an agate for my *man.* JOHNSON.

I was never mann'd with an agate till now:—] Alluding to the little figures cut in *agates*, and other hard ſtones, for ſeals: and therefore he ſays, *I will ſet you neither in gold nor ſilver.* The Oxford Editor alters this to *aglet*, a tag to the points then in uſe (a word indeed which our author uſes to expreſs the ſame thought): but *aglets*, though they were ſometimes of gold or ſilver, were never *ſet* in thoſe metals. WARBURTON.

It appears from a paſſage in B. and Fletcher's *Coxcomb*, that it was uſual for juſtices of peace either to wear an *agate* in a ring, or as an appendage to their gold chain:

" ——Thou wilt ſpit as formally, and ſhew thy *agate* and " hatch'd chain, as well as the beſt of them." STEEVENS.

[3] —— *the Juvenal*, &c.] This word, which has already occurred in *The Midſummer Night's Dream*, and *Love's Labour loſt*, is uſed in many places by Chaucer, and always ſignifies a young man. STEEVENS.

[4] —— *he may keep it ſtill as a face-royal,*—] That is, a face exempt from the touch of vulgar hands. So a *ſtag-royal* is not to be hunted, a *mine-royal* is not to be dug. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the poet meant to quibble. A *royal* (or *real*) is a Spaniſh coin valued at ſix-pence. The jeſt intended muſt conſiſt in the alluſion to the ſmallneſs of the piece of money. STEEVENS.

almoſt

almoſt out of mine, I can aſſure him.——What ſaid maſter Dombledon about the ſattin for my ſhort cloak, and ſlops?

Page. He ſaid, Sir, you ſhould procure him better aſſurance than Bardolph: he would not take his bond and yours; he lik'd not the ſecurity.

Fal. Let him be damn'd like the glutton! may his tongue be hotter! A whorſon Achitophel! a raſcally yea-forſooth-knave! [5] to bear a gentleman in hand, and then ſtand up on *ſecurity!*—The whorſon ſmooth-pates do now wear nothing but high ſhoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and [6] if a man is thorough with them in honeſt taking up, then they muſt ſtand for *ſecurity*. I had as lief they would put ratſbane in my mouth, as offer to ſtop it with ſecurity. I looked he ſhould have ſent me two-and-twenty yards of ſattin, as I am a true knight, and he ſends me *ſecurity*. Well, he may ſleep in ſecurity; for he hath the horn of abundance, and [7] the lightneſs of his wife ſhines through it: and yet can he not ſee, though

[5] ——— *to bear in hand,*—] Is, to keep in expectation. JOHNSON.

[6] —— *if a man is thorough with them in honeſt taking up,*—] That is, *if a man by taking up goods* is in their debt. To be *thorough* ſeems to be the ſame with the preſent phraſe to be *in with* a tradeſman. JOHNSON.

So in *Every Man out of his Humour*,

" I will *take up*, and bring myſelf into credit."

So again, in *Northward Hoe*, by Decker and Webſter, 1607,

" They will *take up*, I warrant you, where they may " be truſted." STEEVENS.

[7] —— *the lightneſs of his wife ſhines through it, and yet cannot he ſee, though he have his own lanthorn to light him.*] This joke ſeems evidently to have been taken from that of Plautus: *Quò ambulas tu, qui Vulcanum in cornu concluſum geris.* Amph. act i. ſcene 1. and much improved. We need not doubt that a joke was here intended by Plautus; for the proverbial term of *horns for cuckoldom*, is very ancient, as appears by Artemidorus, who ſays, Προσημῆν αὐτῷ ὅτι ἡ γυνή σου πορνεύσει, καὶ τὸ λεγόμενον, κέρατα αὐτῷ ποιήσει, καὶ δυτως ἀνίβη. Ὀνειρ. lib. 2. cap. 12. And he copied from thoſe before him. WARBURTON.

he

he have his own lanthorn to light him.——Where's Bardolph?

Page. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worſhip a horſe.

Fal. [8] I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horſe in Smithfield. If I could get me but a wife in the ſtews, I were mann'd, hors'd, and wiv'd.

Enter Chief Juſtice and Servants.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for ſtriking him about Bardolph.

Fal. Wait cloſe, I will not ſee him.

Ch. Juſt. What's he that goes there?

Serv. Falſtaff, an't pleaſe your lordſhip.

Ch. Juſt. He that was in queſtion for the robbery?

Serv. He, my lord. But he hath ſince done good ſervice at Shrewſbury: and, as I hear, is now going with ſome charge to the lord John of Lancaſter.

Ch. Juſt. What, to York? call him back again.

Serv. Sir John Falſtaff!——

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

[8] *I bought him in Paul's,*—] At that time the reſort of idle people, cheats, and knights of the poſt. WARBURTON.

In an old *Collection of Proverbs*, I find the following:

"Who goes to Weſtminſter for a wife, to *St. Paul's* for a "man, and to Smithfield for a horſe, may meet with a whore, "a knave, and a jade."

In a pamphlet by Dr. Lodge, called *Wit's Miſerie, and the World's Madneſſe*, 1596, the devil is deſcribed thus:

"In *Powls* hee walketh like a gallant courtier, where if he "meet ſome rich chuffes worth the gulling, at every word he "ſpeaketh, he makes a mouſe an elephant, and telleth them "of wonders done in Spaine by his anceſtors," *&c. &c.*

I ſhould not have troubled the reader with this quotation, but that it in ſome meaſure familiarizes the character of Piſtol, which (from other paſſages in the ſame pamphlet) appears to have been no uncommon one in the time of Shakeſpeare. Dr. Lodge concludes his deſcription thus: —— "His courage is "boaſting, his learning ignorance, his ability weakneſs, and "his end beggary." STEEVENS.

Page.

Page. You muſt ſpeak louder, my maſter is deaf.

Ch. Juſt. I am ſure, he is, to the hearing of any thing good.——Go, pluck him by the elbow: I muſt ſpeak with him.

Serv. Sir John!——

Fal. What! a young knave, and beg! are there not wars? is there not employment? doth not the king lack ſubjects? do not the rebels need ſoldiers? Though it be a ſhame to be on any ſide but one, it is worſe ſhame to beg than to be on the worſt ſide, were it worſe than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Serv. You miſtake me, Sir.

Fal. Why, Sir, did I ſay you were an honeſt man? ſetting my knighthood and my ſoldierſhip aſide, I had lied in my throat if I had ſaid ſo.

Serv. I pray you, Sir, then ſet your knighthood and your ſoldierſhip aſide; and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you ſay I am any other than an honeſt man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me ſo? I lay aſide that, which grows to me? If thou gett'ſt any leave of me, hang me; if thou tak'ſt leave, thou wert better be hang'd. You [9] hunt-counter, hence! avaunt!

Serv. Sir, my lord would ſpeak with you.

Ch. Juſt. Sir John Falſtaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord! God give your lordſhip good time of day. I am glad to ſee your lordſhip abroad: I heard ſay, your lordſhip was ſick. I hope your lordſhip goes abroad by advice. Your lordſhip, though

[9] ——— *hunt-counter,*—] That is, blunderer. He does not, I think, allude to any relation between the judge's ſervant and the counter-priſon. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon's explanation may be ſupported by the following paſſage in B. Jonſon's *Tale of a Tub:*

" ——— Do you mean to make a hare
" Of me, *to hunt counter* thus, and make theſe doubles,
" And you mean no ſuch thing as you ſend about."

STEEVENS.

not

not clean paſt your youth, hath yet ſome ſmack of age in you; ſome reliſh of the ſaltneſs of time; and I moſt humbly beſeech your lordſhip to have a reverend care of your health.

Ch. Juſt. Sir John, I ſent for you before your expedition to Shrewſbury.——

Fal. If it pleaſe your lordſhip, I hear his majeſty is return'd with ſome diſcomfort from Wales.

Ch. Juſt. I talk not of his majeſty.—You would not come when I ſent for you.——

Fal. And I hear moreover, his highneſs is fallen into this ſame whorſon apoplexy.

Ch. Juſt. Well, heaven mend him! I pray, let me ſpeak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't pleaſe your lordſhip; a kind of ſleeping in the blood, a whorſon tingling.

Ch. Juſt. What, tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief; from ſtudy and perturbation of the brain. I have read the cauſe of its effects in Galen: it is a kind of deafneſs.

Ch. Juſt. I think you are fallen into the diſeaſe: for you hear not what I ſay to you.

[1] *Fal.* Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an't pleaſe you, it is the diſeaſe of not liſtening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Juſt. To puniſh you by the heels, would amend

[1] Fal. *Very well, my lord, very well:*—] In the quarto edition, printed in 1600, this ſpeech ſtands thus:

Old. *Very well, my lord, very well:*——

I had not obſerved this, when I wrote my note to *The Firſt Part of Henry IV.* concerning the tradition of Falſtaff's character having been firſt called Oldcaſtle. This almoſt amounts to a ſelf-evident proof of the thing being ſo: and that the play being printed from the ſtage manuſcript, Oldcaſtle had been all along altered into Falſtaff, except in this ſingle place by an overſight; of which the printers not being aware, continued theſe initial traces of the original name. THEOBALD.

the attention of your ears; and I care not if I do become your phyſician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord; but not ſo patient. Your lordſhip may miniſter the potion of impriſonment to me, in reſpect of poverty; but how I ſhould be your patient to follow your preſcriptions, the wiſe may make ſome drachm of a ſcruple, or, indeed, a ſcruple itſelf.

Ch. Juſt. I ſent for you, when there were matters againſt you for your life, to come ſpeak with me.

Fal. As I was then advis'd by my counſel learned in the laws of this land-ſervice, I did not come.

Ch. Juſt. Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt, cannot live in leſs.

Ch. Juſt. Your means are very ſlender, and your waſte is great.

Fal. I would it were otherwiſe; I would my means were greater, and my waiſt ſlenderer.

Ch. Juſt. You have miſ-led the youthful prince.

Fal. The young prince hath miſ-led me. I am the fellow with the great belly, and [a] he my dog.

Ch. Juſt. Well, I am loth to gall a new-heal'd wound: your day's ſervice at Shrewſbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gads-hill. You may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-poſting that action.

Fal. My lord!———

Ch. Juſt. But ſince all is well, keep it ſo: wake not a ſleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf is as bad as to ſmell a fox.

Ch. Juſt. What? you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

[a] ——— *he my dog.*] I do not underſtand this joke. Dogs lead the blind, but why does a dog lead the fat? JOHNSON.

Fal. [3] A waſſel candle, my lord; all tallow: but if I did ſay of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Juſt. There is not a white hair on your face, but ſhould have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.——

Ch. Juſt. [4] You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Fal. Not ſo, my lord; your ill angel is light; but, I hope, he that looks upon me, will take me without weighing: and yet, in ſome reſpects, I grant, I cannot go. [5] I cannot tell: virtue is of ſo little regard [6] in theſe coſter-monger times, that true valour is turned bear-herd: pregnancy is made a tapſter, and hath his quick wit waſted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this

[3] *A waſſel candle*, &c.] A *waſſel candle* is a large candle lighted up at a feaſt. There is a poor quibble upon the word *wax*, which ſignifies increaſe as well as the matter of the honey-comb. JOHNSON.

[4] *You follow the young prince up and down like his ill angel.*] What a precious collator has Mr. Pope approved himſelf in this paſſage! Beſides, if this were the true reading, Falſtaff could not have made the witty and humorous evaſion he has done in his reply. I have reſtored the reading of the oldeſt quarto. The Lord Chief Juſtice calls Falſtaff the prince's *ill angel* or genius: which Falſtaff turns off by ſaying, an *ill angel* (meaning the coin called an *angel*) *is light*; but, ſurely, it cannot be ſaid that he wants weight: *ergo*—the inference is obvious. Now money may be called *ill*, or *bad*; but it is never called *evil*, with regard to its being under weight. This Mr. Pope will facetiouſly call reſtoring loſt puns: but if the author wrote a pun, and it happens to be loſt in an editor's indolence, I ſhall, in ſpite of his grimace, venture at bringing it back to light. THEOBALD.

"As *light* as a clipt angel," is a compariſon frequently uſed in the old comedies. STEEVENS.

[5] *I cannot tell:*—] I cannot be taken in a reckoning; I cannot paſs current. JOHNSON.

[6] ——— *in theſe coſter-monger times,*——] In theſe times when the prevalence of trade has produced that meanneſs that rates the merit of every thing by money. JOHNSON.

age ſhapes them, are not worth a gooſeberry. You, that are old, conſider not the capacities of us that are young: you meaſure the heat of our livers with the bitterneſs of your galls: and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I muſt confeſs, are wags too.

Ch. Juſt. Do you ſet down your name in the ſcrowl of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moiſt eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreaſing leg? an increaſing belly? Is not your voice broken? your wind ſhort? your chin double? [7] your wit ſingle? and every part about you blaſted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourſelf young? fie, fie, fie, Sir John!

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and ſomething a round belly. For my voice, I have loſt it with hallowing and ſinging of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not. The truth is, I am only old in judgment and underſtanding; and he that will caper with me for a thouſand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box o' the ear that the prince gave you, he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a ſenſible lord. I have check'd him for it; and the young lion repents: marry, not in aſhes and ſack-cloth, but in new ſilk and old ſack.

Ch. Juſt. Well, heaven ſend the prince a better companion!

[7] ——— *your wit ſingle?*—] We call a man ſingle-witted, who attains but one ſpecies of knowledge. This ſenſe I know not how to apply to Falſtaff, and rather think that the Chief Juſtice hints at a calamity always incident to a grey-hair'd wit, whoſe misfortune is, that his merriment is unfaſhionable. His alluſions are to forgotten facts; his illuſtrations are drawn from notions obſcured by time; his *wit* is therefore *ſingle*, ſuch as none has any part in but himſelf. JOHNSON.

I believe all that Shakeſpeare meant was, that he had more *fat* than *wit*; and that though his body was bloated by intemperance to twice its original ſize, yet his wit was not increaſed in proportion to it. STEEVENS.

Fal. Heaven ſend the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Juſt. Well, the king hath ſever'd you and prince Harry. I hear you are going with lord John of Lancaſter, againſt the archbiſhop and the earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yea; I thank your pretty ſweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiſs my lady Peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day: for, by the lord, I take but two ſhirts out with me, and I mean not to ſweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, if I brandiſh any thing but my bottle, [8] would I might never ſpit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thruſt upon it. Well, I cannot laſt for ever— [9] But it was always yet the trick of our Engliſh nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If you will needs ſay, I am an old man, you ſhould give me reſt. I would to God my name were not ſo terrible to the enemy as it is! I were better to be eaten to death with a ruſt, than to be ſcour'd to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Juſt. Well, be honeſt, be honeſt; and heaven bleſs your expedition!

Fal. Will your lordſhip lend me a thouſand pound, to furniſh me forth?

Ch. Juſt. Not a penny, nor a penny; [1] you are too impatient

[8] ——— *would I might never ſpit white again.*] i. e. May I never have my ſtomach heated again with liquor; for, to *ſpit white* is the conſequence of inward heat.

So in *Mother Bombie*, a comedy, 1594,

"They have ſod their livers in ſack theſe forty years; that "makes them *ſpit white broth* as they do." STEEVENS.

[9] *But it was always*, &c.] This ſpeech in the folio concludes at *I cannot laſt for ever*. All the reſt is reſtored from the quarto's. A clear proof of the ſuperior value of thoſe editions, when compared with the publication of the players. STEEVENS.

[1] ——— *you are too impatient to bear croſſes.*] I believe a quibble was here intended. Falſtaff has juſt aſked his lordſhip to

impatient to bear croſſes. Fare you well. Commend me to my couſin Weſtmorland. [*Exit.*

Fal. If I do, fillip me with [2] a three-man beetle.—A man can no more ſeparate age and covetouſneſs, than he can part young limbs and letchery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other, and ſo both the degrees prevent my curſes. Boy!——

Page. Sir!——

Fal. What money is in my purſe?

Page. Seven groats and two-pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy againſt this conſumption of the purſe. Borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the diſeaſe is incurable. Go bear this letter to my lord of Lancaſter; this to the prince; this to the earl of Weſtmorland; and this to old Mrs. Urſula, whom I have weekly ſworn to marry ſince I perceived the firſt white hair on my chin. About it; you know where to find me. A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one or the other plays the rogue with my great toe. It is no matter, if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my penſion ſhall ſeem the more reaſonable. A good wit will make uſe of any thing: I will turn diſeaſes to commodity.

[*Exeunt.*

to lend him *a thouſand pound*, and he tells him in return, that he is not to be entruſted with money. A *croſs* is coin ſo called, becauſe ſtamped with a croſs.

So in *Love's Labour loſt*, act i. ſcene 3.

" ——— *croſſes* love him not."

So in *As you like it*,

" If I ſhould bear you, I ſhould bear no *croſs*."

And in Heywood's *Epigrams upon Proverbs*, 1562.

" *Of makyng a Croſſe.*

" I wyll make a *croſſe* upon this gate, ye *croſſe* on

" Thy *croſſes* be on gates all, in thy purſe none."

STEEVENS.

[2] ——— *a three-man beetle,*—] A beetle wielded by three men. POPE.

SCENE III.

Changes to the archbiſhop of York's palace.

Enter archbiſhop of York, Haſtings, Thomas Mowbray (earl marſhal) and lord Bardolph.

York. Thus have you heard our cauſe, and know our means;
And, my moſt noble friends, I pray you all,
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes.—
And firſt, lord marſhal, what ſay you to it?

Mowb. I well allow the occaſion of our arms;
But gladly would be better ſatisfied
How, in our means, we ſhould advance ourſelves,
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the power and puiſſance of the king?

Haſt. Our preſent muſters grow upon the file
To five-and-twenty thouſand men of choice;
And our ſupplies live largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whoſe boſom burns
With an incenſed fire of injuries.

Bard. The queſtion then, lord Haſtings, ſtandeth thus—
Whether our preſent five-and-twenty thouſand
May hold up head without Northumberland?

Haſt. With him we may.

Bard. Ay, marry, there's the point:
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgment is, we ſhould not [3] ſtep too far
Till we had his aſſiſtance by the hand.
For in a theme ſo bloody-fac'd as this,
Conjecture, expectation, and ſurmiſe
Of aids uncertain, ſhould not be admitted.

York. 'Tis very true, lord Bardolph; for, indeed,
It was young Hotſpur's caſe at Shrewſbury.

[3] ——— *ſtep too far*] The four following lines were added in the ſecond edition. JOHNSON.

Bard.

Bard. It was, my lord; who lin'd himſelf with hope,
ating the air on promiſe of ſupply;
lattering himſelf with project of a power
ſuch ſmaller than the ſmalleſt of his thoughts:
nd ſo, with great imagination,
roper to madmen, led his powers to death,
nd, winking, leap'd into deſtruction.

Haſt. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt
o lay down likelihoods, and forms of hope.

Bard. † Yes, in this preſent quality of war,
ideed of inſtant action; a cauſe on foot

† *Yes, in this preſent quality of war,*
Indeed the inſtant action;] Theſe firſt twenty lines were ſt inſerted in the folio of 1623.

The firſt clauſe of this paſſage is evidently corrupted. All the lio editions and Mr. Rowe's concur in the ſame reading, which r. Pope altered thus,

Yes, if this preſent quality of war
Impede the inſtant act.

his has been ſilently followed by Mr. Theobald, Sir Thomas nmer, and Dr. Warburton; but the corruption is certainly eper; for in the preſent reading Bardolph makes the incon-nience of *hope* to be that it may cauſe delay, when indeed the ole tenor of his argument is to recommend delay to the reſt it are too forward. I know not what to propoſe, and am aid that ſomething is omitted, and that the injury is irreme-ble. Yet, perhaps, the alteration requiſite is no more than s:

Yes, in this preſent quality of war,
Indeed of inſtant action.

never, ſays Haſtings, *did harm to lay down likelihoods of hope.* r, ſays Bardolph, it has done harm *in this preſent quality of ar*, in a ſtate of things ſuch as is now before us, *of war, in-d of inſtant action.* This is obſcure, but Mr. Pope's reading ſtill leſs reaſonable. JOHNSON.

I have adopted Dr. Johnſon's emendation, though I think might read,

—— if the preſent quality of war
Impel the inſtant action.

aſtings ſays, it never yet did hurt to lay down likelihoods and ms of hope. Yes, ſays Bardolph, it has in every caſe like rs, where an army inferior in number, and waiting for ſup-es, has, without that reinforcement, *impell'd* or haſtily brought an immediate action. STEEVENS.

Lives ſo in hope, as in an early ſpring
We ſee the appearing buds; which, to prove fruit,
Hope gives not ſo much warrant, as deſpair
That froſts will bite them. When we mean to build,
We firſt ſurvey the plot, then draw the model;
And when we ſee the figure of the houſe,
Then muſt we rate the coſt of the erection:
Which, if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then but draw a-new the model
In fewer offices? or, at leaſt, deſiſt
To build at all? Much more, in this great work,
(Which is almoſt to pluck a kingdom down,
And ſet another up) ſhould we ſurvey
The plot of ſituation, and the model;
Conſent upon a ſure foundation;
Queſtion ſurveyors; know our own eſtate,
How able ſuch a work to undergo,
To weigh againſt his oppoſite; or elſe,
We fortify in paper, and in figures,
Uſing the names of men inſtead of men:
Like one that draws the model of a houſe
Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,
Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created coſt
A naked ſubject to the weeping clouds,
And waſte for churliſh winter's tyranny.

Haſt. Grant, that our hopes, yet likely of fair birth,
Should be ſtill-born, and that we now poſſeſs'd
The utmoſt man of expectation,
I think we are a body ſtrong enough,
Even as we are, to equal with the king.

Bard. What! is the king but five-and-twenty thouſand?

Haſt. To us, no more; nay, not ſo much, lord Bardolph.
For his diviſions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three heads: one power againſt the French,
And one againſt Glendower; perforce a third
Muſt take up us: ſo is the unfirm king

In

In three divided; and his coffers ſound
With hollow poverty and emptineſs.

York. That he ſhould draw his ſeveral ſtrengths together,
And come againſt us in full puiſſance,
Need not be dreaded.

Haſt. [5] If he ſhould do ſo,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welſh
Baying him at the heels: never fear that.

Bard. Who, is it like, ſhould lead his forces hither?

Haſt. The duke of Lancaſter and Weſtmorland:
Againſt the Welſh, himſelf and Harry Monmouth:
But who is ſubſtituted 'gainſt the French
I have no certain notice.

York. [6] Let us on;
And publiſh the occaſion of our arms.
The commonwealth is ſick of their own choice;
Their over-greedy love hath ſurfeited.——
An habitation giddy and unſure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond many! with what loud applauſe
Didſt thou beat heaven with bleſſing Bolingbroke,
Before he was what thou would'ſt have him be?
And now, being trimm'd up in thine own deſires,
Thou, beaſtly feeder, art ſo full of him,
That thou provok'ſt thyſelf to caſt him up.
So, ſo, thou common dog, didſt thou diſgorge
Thy glutton boſom of the royal Richard;
And now thou would'ſt eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'ſt to find it. What truſt is in theſe times?

[5] *If he ſhould do ſo,*] This paſſage is read in the firſt edition thus: *If he ſhould do ſo, French and Welſh he leaves his back unarm'd, they baying him at the heels, never fear that.* Theſe lines, which were evidently printed from an interlined copy not underſtood, are properly regulated in the next edition, and are here only mentioned to ſhew what errors may be ſuſpected to remain. JOHNSON.

[6] *Let us on,* &c.] This excellent ſpeech of York was one of the paſſages added by Shakeſpeare after his firſt edition. POPE.

They,

They, that when Richard liv'd, would have him die,
Are now become enamour'd on his grave:
Thou, that threw'ſt duſt upon his goodly head,
When through proud London he came ſighing on
After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,
Cry'ſt now, *O earth, give us that king again,*
And take thou this! O thoughts of men accurſt!
Paſt and to come ſeem beſt; things preſent worſt.

Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers, and ſet on?

Haſt. We are time's ſubjects, and time bids be gone.

[*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A ſtreet in London.

Enter Hoſteſs, with two officers, Phang, his boy, and Snare following.

HOSTESS.

MASTER Phang, have you enter'd the action?

Phang. It is enter'd.

Hoſt. Where is your yeoman? Is it a luſty yeoman? Will a' ſtand to it?

Phang. Sirrah, where's Snare?

Hoſt. O lord, ay, good maſter Snare.

Snare. Here, here.

Phang. Snare, we muſt arreſt Sir John Falſtaff.

Hoſt. Ay, good maſter Snare; I have enter'd him and all.

Snare. It may chance coſt ſome of us our lives, for he will ſtab.

Hoſt. Alas the day! take heed of him; he ſtabb'd me in mine own houſe, and that moſt beaſtly: he cares not

not what miſchief he doth, if his weapon be out. He will foin like any devil; he will ſpare neither man, woman, nor child.

Phang. If I can cloſe with him, I care not for his thruſt.

Hoſt. No, nor I neither:—I'll be at your elbow.

Phang. If I but fiſt him once; [7] if he come but within my vice.

Hoſt. I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he is an infinitive thing upon my ſcore. Good maſter Phang, hold him ſure; good maſter Snare, let him not 'ſcape. He comes continuantly to Pye-corner, ſaving your manhoods, to buy a ſaddle; and he is indited to dinner to the [8] Lubbar's-head in Lumbart-ſtreet, to Mr. Smooth's the ſilkman. I pray ye, ſince my exion is enter'd, and my caſe ſo openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his anſwer. [9] A hundred mark is a long lone for a poor lone woman to bear: and I have borne, and borne, and borne; and have been fub'd off, and fub'd off, from this day to that day, that it is a ſhame to be thought on. There is no honeſty in ſuch dealing; unleſs a woman ſhould be made an aſs, and a beaſt, to bear every knave's wrong.

[7] ——*if he come but within my vice.*] Vice or graſp; a metaphor taken from a ſmith's vice: there is another reading in the old edition, *view*, which I think not ſo good. POPE.

[8] ——*Lubbar's-head*——] This is, I ſuppoſe, a colloquial corruption of the Libbard's-head. JOHNSON.

[9] *A hundred mark is a long one*——] A long *one?* a long what? It is almoſt needleſs to obſerve, how familiar it is with our poet to play the chimes upon words ſimilar in ſound, and differing in ſignification; and therefore I make no queſtion but he wrote,

A hundred mark is a long lone *for a poor* lone *woman to bear:* i. e. 100 mark is a good round ſum for a poor widow to venture on truſt. THEOBALD.

Enter

Enter Falſtaff, Bardolph, and the boy.

Yonder he comes, and that arrant [1] malmſey-noſe knave Bardolph with him. Do your offices, do your offices, maſter Phang and maſter Snare; do me, do me, do me your offices.

Fal. How now? who's mare's dead? what's the matter?

Phang. Sir John, I arreſt you at the ſuit of Mrs. Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets! Draw, Bardolph; cut me off the villain's head; throw the quean in the kennel.

Hoſt. Throw me in the kennel? I'll throw thee in the kennel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou baſtardly rogue!—Murder, murder! O thou [2] honey-ſuckle villain, wilt thou kill God's officers and the king's? O thou honey-ſeed rogue! thou art a honey-ſeed, [3] a man-queller, and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Phang. A reſcue! a reſcue!

Hoſt. Good people, bring a reſcue or two; [4] thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't thou? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-ſeed!

[1] ——*malmſey-noſe*——] That is, red noſe, from the effect of malmſey wine. JOHNSON.

In the old ſong of *Sir Simon the King* the burthen of each ſtanza is this:

"Says old Sir Simon the king,
"Says old Sir Simon the king,
"With his ale-dropt hoſe,
"And his *malmſey-noſe*,
"Sing hey ding, ding a ding." PERCY.

[2] ——*honey-ſuckle villain*——*honey-ſeed rogue!*——] The landlady's corruption of homicidal and homicide. THEOBALD.

[3] ——*a man-queller*,——] Wiclif, in his *Tranſlation of the New Teſtament*, uſes this word for *carnifex*, Mark vi. 27. "Herod ſent a *man-queller*, and commanded his head to be "brought." STEEVENS.

[4] ——*thou wo't, wo't thou?* &c.] The firſt folio reads, I think, leſs properly, *thou wilt not? thou wilt not?* JOHNSON.

Fal.

[5] *Fal.* Away, you ſcullion, you rampallion, you fuſtilarian! I'll tickle your cataſtrophe.

Enter Chief Juſtice attended.

Ch. Juſt. What's the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

Hoſt. Good my lord, be good to me! I beſeech you, ſtand to me!

Ch. Juſt. How now, Sir John? what, are you brawling here?
Doth this become your place, your time, and buſineſs? You ſhould have been well on your way to York.
—Stand from him, fellow; wherefore hang'ſt thou on him?

Hoſt. O my moſt worſhipful lord, an't pleaſe your grace, I am a poor widow of Eaſt-cheap, and he is arreſted at my ſuit.

Ch. Juſt. For what ſum?

Hoſt. It is more than for ſome, my lord; it is for all, all I have: he hath eaten me out of houſe and home; he hath put all my ſubſtance into that fat belly of his.
—But I will have ſome of it out again, or I'll ride thee o'nights, like the mare.

Fal. I think I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any 'vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Juſt. How comes this, Sir John? Fie, what man of good temper would endure this tempeſt of exclamation? Are you not aſham'd to inforce a poor widow to ſo rough a courſe to come by her own?

Fal. What is the groſs ſum that I owe thee?

Hoſt. Marry, if thou wert an honeſt man, thyſelf, and the money too. Thou didſt ſwear to me on

[5] Fal. *Away, you ſcullion,*—] This ſpeech is given to the Page in all the editions to the folio of 1664. It is more proper for Falſtaff, but that the boy muſt not ſtand quite ſilent and uſeleſs on the ſtage. JOHNSON.

a parcel-

[6] a parcel-gilt goblet, ſitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a ſea-coal fire, on Wedneſday in Whitſun-week, when the prince broke thy head [7] for likening his father to a ſinging-man of Windſor; thou didſt ſwear to me then, as I was waſhing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canſt thou deny it? Did not good-wife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me goſſip Quickly? coming in to borrow a meſs of vinegar; telling us, ſhe had a good diſh of prawns; whereby thou didſt deſire to eat ſome; whereby I told thee, they were ill for a green wound? And didſt not thou, when ſhe was gone down ſtairs, deſire me to be no more ſo familiarity with ſuch poor people; ſaying, that ere long they ſhould call me madam? and didſt thou not kiſs me, and bid me fetch thee thirty ſhillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath; deny it, if thou canſt.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad ſoul; and ſhe ſays up and down the town, that her eldeſt ſon is like

[6] ——— *a parcel-gilt goblet,*—] A parcel-gilt goblet is a goblet only gilt over, not of ſolid gold.

So in B. Jonſon's *Alchemiſt*,

" ——— ——— or changing
" His *parcel-gilt* to maſſy gold."

The ſame expreſſion occurs in many other old plays.

So in *Humour out of Breath*, a comedy, by John Day, 1608,

" She's *parcel* poet, *parcel* fidler already, and they com-
" monly ſing three parts in one."

Again, in Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613,

" I am little better than a *parcel-gilt* bawd."

Again, in *A Chriſtian turn'd Turk*, 1612,

" You *parcel* bawd, all uſher, anſwer me."

Holinſhed, deſcribing the arrangement of Wolſey's plate, ſays—" and in the council-chamber was all white, and *parcel-*
" *gilt* plate." STEEVENS.

[7] ——— *for likening his father to a ſinging-man*——] Such is the reading of the firſt edition; all the reſt have *for likening him to a ſinging-man*. The original edition is right; the prince might allow familiarities with himſelf, and yet very properly break the knight's head when he ridiculed his father.

JOHNSON.

you.

you. She hath been in good caſe, and the truth is, poverty hath diſtracted her. But for theſe fooliſh officers, I beſeech you I may have redreſs againſt them.

Ch. Juſt. Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cauſe the falſe way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with ſuch more than impudent ſawcineſs from you, can thruſt me from a level conſideration. [8] I know you have practiſed upon the eaſy-yielding ſpirit of this woman, and made her ſerve your uſes both in purſe and perſon.

Hoſt. Yes, in troth, my lord.

Ch. Juſt. Pr'ythee, peace.—Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done her; the one you may do with ſterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo [9] this ſneap without reply. You call honourable boldneſs impudent ſawcineſs: if a man will court'ſy and ſay nothing, he is virtuous. No, my lord, my humble duty remember'd, I will not be your ſuitor; I ſay to you, I deſire deliverance from theſe officers, being upon haſty employment in the king's affairs.

Ch. Juſt. You ſpeak as having power to do wrong: but [1] anſwer in the effect of your reputation, and ſatisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hoſteſs. [*Taking her aſide.*

[8] *I know you have practiſed*—] In the firſt quarto it is read thus—*You have, as it appears to me, practiſed upon the eaſy yielding ſpirit of this woman, and made her ſerve your uſes both in purſe and perſon.* Without this the following exhortation of the chief juſtice is leſs proper. JOHNSON.

[9] ——— *this ſneap*——] A Yorkſhire word for *rebuke.* POPE.

Sneap ſignifies to *check*; as children eaſily *ſneaped*; herbs and fruits *ſneaped* with cold weather. See *Ray's Collection.* STEEVENS.

[1] ——— *anſwer in the effect of your reputation,*—] That is, anſwer in a manner ſuitable to your character. JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter a Meſſenger.

Ch. Juſt. Now, maſter Gower; what news?

Gower. The king, my lord, and Henry prince of Wales

Are near at hand: the reſt the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman——

Hoſt. Nay, you ſaid ſo before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman.——Come, no more words of it.

Hoſt. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I muſt be fain to pawn both my plate, and the tapeſtry of my dining-chambers.

Fal. Glaſſes, glaſſes is the only drinking: and for thy walls, a pretty ſlight drollery, or the ſtory of the prodigal, or the [a] German hunting in water-work, is worth a thouſand of [b] theſe bed-hangings, and theſe fly-bitten tapeſtries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canſt. Come, if it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in England. Go, waſh thy face, and draw thy action. Come, thou muſt not be in this humour with me: do'ſt not know me? Come, come, I know thou waſt ſet on to this.

Hoſt. Pray thee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles; I am loth to pawn my plate, in good earneſt, la.

Fal. Let it alone; I'll make another ſhift: you'll be a fool ſtill.

Hoſt. Well, you ſhall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope you'll come to ſupper. You'll pay me all together?

[a] *German hunting in water-work,*——] i. e. In water-colours. WARBURTON.

[b] ——— *theſe bed-hangings,*—] We ſhould read dead-hangings, *i. e.* faded. WARBURTON.

I think the preſent reading may well ſtand. He recommends painted canvas inſtead of tapeſtry, which he calls *bed-hangings*, in contempt, as fitter to make curtains than to hang walls. JOHNSON.

Fal.

Fal. Will I live?—Go with her, with her: hook on, hook on. [4] [*to the officers.*

Hoſt. Will you have Doll Tear-ſheet meet you at ſupper?

Fal. No more words: let's have her.

[*Exeunt Hoſteſs, Bardolph, and Serjeant.*

Ch. Juſt. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my good lord?

Ch. Juſt. Where lay the king laſt night?

Gower. [5] At Baſingſtoke, my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well. What is the news, my lord?

Ch. Juſt. Come all his forces back?

Gower. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horſe
Are march'd up to my lord of Lancaſter,
Againſt Northumberland and the archbiſhop.

Fal. Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

Ch. Juſt. You ſhall have letters of me preſently:
Come, go along with me, good maſter Gower.

Fal. My lord!——

Ch. Juſt. What's the matter?

Fal. Maſter Gower, ſhall I intreat you with me to dinner?

Gower. I muſt wait upon my good lord here, I thank you, good Sir John.

Ch. Juſt. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take ſoldiers up in counties as you go.

Fal. Will you ſup with me, maſter Gower?

Ch. Juſt. What fooliſh maſter taught you theſe manners, Sir John?

[4] [*to the officers.*] I rather ſuſpect that the words *hook on, hook on,* are addreſſed to Bardolph, and mean, go you with her, hang upon her, and keep her in the ſame humour. In this ſenſe the ſame expreſſion is uſed in *The Guardian,* by Maſſenger,

"*Hook on,* follow him, harpies." STEEVENS.

[5] *At Baſingſtoke,*——] The quarto reads, at Billingſgate. STEEVENS.

Fal. Maſter Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me. This is the right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, and ſo part fair.

Ch. Juſt. Now the Lord lighten thee, thou art a great fool! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Continues in London.

Enter prince Henry and Poins.

P. Henry. Truſt me, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is it come to that? I had thought wearineſs durſt not have attach'd one of ſo high blood.

P. Henry. It doth me, though it diſcolours the complexion of my greatneſs to acknowledge it. Doth it not ſhew vilely in me to deſire ſmall beer?

Poins. Why, a prince ſhould not be ſo loofely ſtudied, as to remember ſo weak a compoſition.

P. Henry. Belike then my appetite was not princely got; for, in troth, I do now remember the poor creature, ſmall beer. But, indeed, theſe humble conſiderations make me out of love with my greatneſs. What a diſgrace is it to me, to remember thy name? or to know thy face to-morrow? or to take note how many pair of ſilk ſtockings thou haſt? (*viz.* theſe, and thoſe that were the peach-colour'd ones) or to bear the inventory of thy ſhirts; as, one for ſuperfluity, and one other for uſe? But that the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee, when thou keepeſt not racket there; as thou haſt not done a great while, becauſe the reſt of thy low countries have made a ſhift to eat up thy holland: [6] and God knows whether thoſe that

[6] —— *and God knows*, &c.] This paſſage Mr. Pope reſtored from the firſt edition. I think it may as well be omitted. It is omitted in the firſt folio, and in all ſubſequent editions before

that bawl out of the ruins of thy linen ſhall inherit his kingdom: but the midwives ſay the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increaſes, and kindreds are mightily ſtrengthened.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have labour'd ſo hard, you ſhould talk ſo idly? Tell me how many good young princes would do ſo, their fathers lying ſo ſick as yours at this time is?

P. Henry. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

Poins. Yes; and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. Henry. It ſhall ſerve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I ſtand the puſh of your one thing, that you'll tell.

P. Henry. Why, I tell thee it is not meet that I ſhould be ſad, now my father is ſick: albeit I could tell to thee (as to one it pleaſes me, for fault of a better, to call my friend) I could be ſad, and ſad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly upon ſuch a ſubject.

P. Henry. By this hand, thou think'ſt me as far in

fore Mr. Pope's, and was perhaps expunged by the author. The editors, unwilling to loſe any thing of Shakeſpeare's, not only inſert what he has added, but recall what he has rejected.

JOHNSON.

I have not met with poſitive evidence that Shakeſpeare rejected any paſſages at all. Such proof may indeed be inferred from thoſe of the quarto's which were publiſhed in his life-time, and are declared (in their titles) to have been enlarged and corrected by his own hand. Theſe I would follow, in preference to the folio, and ſhould at all times be cautious of oppoſing its authority to that of the elder copies. Of the play in queſtion, there is no quarto extant but that in 1600, and therefore we have no colour for ſuppoſing a ſingle paſſage was omitted by conſent of the poet himſelf. When the folio (as it often does) will ſupport me in the omiſſion of a ſacred name, I am happy to avail myſelf of the choice it offers; but otherwiſe do not think I have a right to omit what Shakeſpeare ſhould ſeem to have written, on the bare authority of the player editors. I have therefore reſtored the paſſage in queſtion, to the text.

STEEVENS.

the devil's book as thou and Falſtaff, for obduracy and perſiſtency. Let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is ſo ſick: and keeping ſuch vile company as thou art, hath in reaſon taken from me [7] all oſtentation of ſorrow.

Poins. The reaſon?

P. Henry. What would'ſt thou think of me, if I ſhould weep?

Poins. I would think thee a moſt princely hypocrite.

P. Henry. It would be every man's thought: and thou art a bleſſed fellow to think as every man thinks. Never a man's thought in the world keeps the roadway better than thine. Every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your moſt worſhipful thought to think ſo?

Poins. Why, becauſe you have ſeemed ſo lewd, and ſo much engraffed to Falſtaff.

P. Henry. And to thee.

Poins. Nay, by this light, I am well ſpoken of, I can hear it with mine own ears. The worſt they can ſay of me is, that I am a ſecond brother, and that I am a [8] proper fellow of my hands; and thoſe two things, I confeſs, I cannot help. Look, look, here comes Bardolph.

P. Henry. And the boy that I gave Falſtaff: he had him from me chriſtian; and, ſee, if the fat villain have not transform'd him ape.

Enter Bardolph and Page.

Bard. Save your grace!

P. Henry. And yours, moſt noble Bardolph!

[7] ——— *all oſtentation of ſorrow.*] Oſtentation is here not boaſtful ſhew, but ſimply ſhew. *Merchant of Venice,*

" ——— one well ſtudied in a ſad *oſtent*

" To pleaſe his grandame." JOHNSON.

[8] ——— *proper fellow of my hands*;——] A tall or proper fellow of his hands was a ſtout fighting man. JOHNSON.

Bard.

[9] *Bard.* [*to the boy.*] Come, you virtuous aſs, you baſhful fool, muſt you be bluſhing? wherefore bluſh you now? What a maidenly man at arms are you become? Is it ſuch a matter to get a pottle-pot's maidenhead?

Page. He call'd me even now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could diſcern no part of his face from the window: at laſt I ſpy'd his eyes, and methought he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat, and peep'd through.

P. Henry. Hath not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whorſon upright rabbet, away!

Page. Away, you raſcally Althea's dream, away!

P. Henry. Inſtruct us, boy: what dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my lord, [1] Althea dream'd ſhe was deliver'd of a firebrand; and therefore I call him her dream.

P. Henry. A crown's-worth of good interpretation. —There it is, boy. [*Gives him money.*

Poins. O that this good bloſſom could be kept from cankers! Well, there is ſix-pence to preſerve thee.

Bard. An you do not make him be hang'd among you, the gallows ſhall have wrong.

P. Henry. And how doth thy maſter, Bardolph?

Bard. Well, my good lord; he heard of your grace's coming to town. There's a letter for you.

[9] Poins. *Come, you virtuous aſs,* &c.] Though all editions give this ſpeech to Poins, it ſeems evident, by the page's immediate reply, that it muſt be placed to Bardolph: for Bardolph had called to the boy from an ale-houſe, and, 'tis likely, made him half-drunk; and, the boy being aſhamed of it, it is natural for Bardolph, a bold unbred fellow, to banter him on his aukward baſhfulneſs. THEOBALD.

[1] — *Althea dream'd,* &c.] Shakeſpeare is here miſtaken in his mythology, and has confounded Althea's firebrand with Hecuba's. The firebrand of Althea was real: but Hecuba, when ſhe was big with Paris, dreamed that ſhe was delivered of a firebrand that conſumed the kingdom. JOHNSON.

P. Hen. I pray thee, leave me with your reſpect.—And how doth the Martlemas, your maſter?

Bard. In bodily health, Sir.

P. Hen. Marry, the immortal part needs a phyſician: but that moves not him; though that be ſick, it dies not.

P. Hen. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog: and he holds his place; for, look you, how he writes.

Enter Sir John Falſtaff, ſinging.——Every man muſt know that, as oft as he has occaſion to name himſelf. Even like thoſe that are kin to the king; for they never prick their finger, but they ſay, *there is ſome of the king's blood ſpilt.* How comes that? ſays he that takes upon him not to conceive: [4] the anſwer is as ready as a borrow'd cap; *I am the king's poor couſin, Sir.*

P. Hen. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But to the letter.

P. Hen. Sir *John Falſtaff, knight, to the ſon of the king, nearſt his father, Harry prince of Wales, greeting.* Why, this is a certificate.

[2] ——— *the Martlemas, your maſter?*] That is, the autumn, or rather the latter ſpring. The old fellow with juvenile paſſions. JOHNSON.

[3] ——— *this wen*—] This ſwoln excreſcence of a man. JOHNSON.

[4] ——— *the anſwer is as ready as a borrow'd cap;*—] But how is a borrow'd cap ſo ready? Read *a borrower's cap*, and then there is ſome humour in it: for a man that goes to borrow money, is of all others the moſt complaiſant; his cap is always at hand. WARBURTON.

A borrow'd cap;—] What is borrowed is ready to be returned when the owner calls for it; or when we conſider that the ſpeaker is a thief, by his own confeſſion, and that to *borrow* was the common cant term for the act of ſtealing, it may mean, that the anſwer was as ready at hand as any thing that lay in the way of a thief. I ſee no need of alteration. STEEVENS.

P. Henry.

[5] *P. Henry.* Peace!

Poins. [6] *I will imitate the honourable Roman in brevity.* Sure he means brevity in breath; ſhort-winded. *I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins; for he miſuſes thy favours ſo much, that he ſwears thou art to marry his ſiſter Nell. Repent at idle times as thou may'ſt, and ſo farewell. Thine, by yea and no; which is as much as to ſay, as thou uſeſt him. Jack Falſtaff with my familiars; John with my brothers and ſiſters; and Sir John with all Europe.*

My lord, I will ſteep this letter in ſack, and make him eat it.

P. Henry. [7] That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you uſe me thus, Ned? muſt I marry your ſiſter?

Poins. May the wench have no worſe fortune! But I never ſaid ſo.

P. Henry. Well, thus we play the fool with the time, and the ſpirits of the wiſe ſit in the clouds and mock us. Is your maſter here in London?

Bard. Yes, my lord.

[5] *P. Henry.*] All the editors, except Sir Thomas Hanmer, have left this letter in confuſion, making the prince read part, and Poins part. I have followed his correction. JOHNSON.

[6] *I will imitate the honourable Roman in brevity.*] The old copy reads *Romans*, which Dr. Warburton very properly corrected, though he is wrong when he appropriates the character to M. Brutus, who affected great brevity of ſtile. I ſuppoſe by the *honourable Roman* is intended Julius Cæſar, whoſe *veni, vidi, vici* ſeems to be alluded to in the beginning of the letter. *I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee.* The very words of Cæſar are afterwards quoted by Falſtaff. REVISAL.

[7] *That's to make him eat twenty of his words.*] Why juſt twenty, when the letter contained above eight times twenty? We ſhould read *plenty*; and in this word the joke, as ſlender as it is, conſiſts. WARBURTON.

It is not ſurely uncommon to put a certain number for an uncertain one. STEEVENS.

P. Henry. Where ſups he? doth the old boar feed in the old [8] frank?

Bard. At the old place, my lord; in Eaſt-cheap.

P. Henry. What company?

Page. [9] Epheſians, my lord; of the old church.

P. Henry. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old miſtreſs Quickly and miſtreſs Doll Tear-ſheet.

P. Henry. [1] What Pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, Sir, and a kinſwoman of my maſter's.

P. Henry. Even ſuch kin as the pariſh heifers are to the town bull. Shall we ſteal upon them, Ned, at ſupper?

Poins. I am your ſhadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

P. Henry. Sirrah, you boy, and Bardolph;—no word to your maſter that I am yet come to town. There's for your ſilence.

Bard. I have no tongue, Sir.

Page. And for mine, Sir, I will govern it.

P. Henry. Fare ye well: go. This Doll Tear-ſheet ſhould be ſome road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between St. Albans and London.

P. Henry. How might we ſee Falſtaff beſtow himſelf to-night in his true colours, and not ourſelves be ſeen?

[8] ——— *frank?*] Frank is ſty. POPE.

[9] *Epheſians*, &c.] Epheſian was a term in the cant of theſe times, of which I know not the preciſe notion: it was, perhaps, a toper. So the hoſt in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*,

"It is thine hoſt, thine *Epheſian* calls." JOHNSON.

[1] *What Pagan may that be?*] Pagan ſeems to have been a cant term, implying irregularity either of birth or manners. So in *The Captain*, a comedy, by B. and Fletcher,

"Three little children, one of them was mine
"Upon my conſcience; the other two were *Pagans*."
STEEVENS.

Poins.

Poins. [2] Put on two leather jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

P. Henry. From a god to a bull? [3] a heavy deſcenſion! It was Jove's caſe. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that ſhall be mine: for in every thing the purpoſe muſt weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned, [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Warkworth caſtle.

Enter Northumberland, lady Northumberland, and lady Percy.

North. I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,
Give even way unto my rough affairs:
Put not you on the viſage of the times,
And be, like them, to Percy, troubleſome.

L. North. I have given over, I will ſpeak no more:
Do what you will; your wiſdom be your guide.

[2] *Put on two leather jerkins*—] This was a plot very unlikely to ſucceed where the prince and the drawers were all known. but it produces merriment, which our author found more uſeful than probability. JOHNSON.

[3] ——— *a heavy deſcenſion!*] Other readings have it *declenſion.* Mr. Pope choſe the firſt. On which Mr. Theobald ſays, "But why not declenſion? are not the terms properly "ſynonimous?" If ſo, might not Mr. Pope ſay, in his turn, then why not *deſcenſion?* But it is not ſo; and *deſcenſion* was preferred with judgment: for *deſcenſion* ſignifies a voluntary going down; *declenſion,* a natural and neceſſary. Thus when we ſpeak of the ſun poetically, as a charioteer, we ſhould ſay his *deſcenſion:* if phyſically, as a mere globe of light, his *declenſion.* WARBURTON.

Deſcenſion is the reading of the firſt edition.

Mr. Upton propoſes that we ſhould read thus by tranſpoſition. *From a god to a bull, a low transformation!——from a prince to a prentice, a heavy declenſion!* This reading is elegant, and perhaps right. JOHNSON.

North.

North. Alas, ſweet wife! my honour is at pawn;
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

L. Percy. Oh, yet, for heaven's ſake, go not to theſe wars!
The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it than now;
When your own Percy, when my heart-dear Harry,
Threw many a northward look, to ſee his father
Bring up his powers; [4] but he did long in vain!
Who then perſuaded you to ſtay at home?
There were two honours loſt; yours and your ſon's.
For yours, may heavenly glory brighten it!
For his, it ſtruck upon him, as the ſun
In the grey vault of heaven: and by his light
Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts. He was, indeed, the glaſs
Wherein the noble youths did dreſs themſelves.
[5] He had no legs, that practis'd not his gait:
And ſpeaking thick, which nature made his blemiſh,
Became the accents of the valiant;
For thoſe that could ſpeak low, and tardily,
Would turn their own perfection to abuſe,
To ſeem like him: ſo that, in ſpeech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark and glaſs, copy and book,
That faſhion'd others. And him, O wondrous him!
O miracle of men! him did you leave
(Second to none, unſeconded by you)
To look upon the hideous god of war
In diſadvantage; to abide a field
Where nothing but the ſound of Hotſpur's name
Did ſeem defenſible. So you left him.

[4] ——— *but he did long in vain!*] Theobald very elegantly conjectures that the poet wrote
—— *but he did* look *in vain!* STEEVENS.

[5] *He had no legs*, &c.] The twenty-two following lines are of thoſe added by Shakeſpeare after his firſt edition. POPE.

Never, O never do his ghoſt the wrong,
To hold your honour more preciſe and nice
With others, than with him. Let them alone:
The marſhal and the archbiſhop are ſtrong.
Had my ſweet Harry had but half their numbers,
To-day might I (hanging on Hotſpur's neck)
Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

North. Beſhrew your heart,
Fair daughter, you do draw my ſpirits from me,
With new-lamenting ancient overſights!
But I muſt go and meet with danger there;
Or it will ſeek me in another place,
And find me worſe provided.

L. North. Fly to Scotland,
Till that the nobles and the armed commons
Have of their puiſſance made a little taſte.

L. Percy. If they get ground and 'vantage of the king,
Then join you with them, like a rib of ſteel,
To make ſtrength ſtronger:—But, for all our loves,
Firſt let them try themſelves. So did your ſon;
He was ſo ſuffer'd; ſo came I a widow;
And never ſhall have length of life enough
[6] To rain, upon remembrance, with mine eyes,
That it may grow and ſprout as high as heaven,
For recordation to my noble huſband.

North. Come, come, go in with me. 'Tis with my mind
As with the tide ſwell'd up unto his height,
That makes a ſtill-ſtand, running neither way.

[6] *To rain, upon remembrance,*——] Alluding to the plant, roſemary, ſo called, and uſed in funerals.
Thus in *The Winter's Tale,*
" For you there's *roſemary* and rue, theſe keep
" Seeming and ſavour all the winter long,
" *Grace* and *remembrance* be unto you both," *&c.*
For as rue was called *herb of grace,* from its being uſed in exorciſms; ſo roſemary was called *remembrance,* from its being a cephalic. WARBURTON.

Fain

Fain would I go to meet the archbiſhop,
But many thouſand reaſons hold me back:——
I will reſolve for Scotland; there am I,
Till time and 'vantage crave my company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Boar's-head tavern in Eaſt-cheap.

Enter two Drawers.

1 *Draw.* What the devil haſt thou brought there? Apple-Johns? thou know'ſt Sir John cannot endure an apple-John.

2 *Draw.* Maſs! thou ſayeſt true. The prince once ſet a diſh of apple-Johns before him, and told him there were five more Sir Johns; and, putting off his hat, ſaid, *I will now take my leave of theſe ſix dry, round, old, wither'd knights.* It anger'd him to the heart; but he hath forgot that.

1 *Draw.* Why then, cover, and ſet them down: and ſee if thou can'ſt find out [7] Sneak's noiſe; miſtreſs Tear-ſheet

[7] ——— *Sneak's noiſe*;—] Sneak was a ſtreet minſtrel, and therefore the drawer goes out to liſten if he can hear him in the neighbourhood. JOHNSON.

A *noiſe of muſicians* anciently ſignified a concert or company of them. In the old play of *Henry V.* (not that of Shakeſpeare) there is this paſſage:

" ——— there came the young prince, and two or three " more of his companions, and called for wine good ſtore, and " then they ſent for a *noyſe of muſitians*," &c.

Falſtaff addreſſes them as a company in the tenth ſcene of this play.

So again in *The Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, a comedy, printed 1598, the count ſays,

" Oh that we had a *noiſe of muſicians*, to play to this antick " as we go."

Again in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*,

" Why, Sir George ſend for Spindle's *noiſe* preſently."

Again in the comedy of *All Fools*, by Chapman, 1602,

" ——— you muſt get us muſic too,
" Call in a cleanly *noiſe*, the rogues grow louſy."

Again

Tear-ſheet would fain hear ſome muſic. [8] Diſpatch! —The room where they ſupp'd is too hot; they'll come in ſtraight.

2 *Draw.* Sirrah, here will be the prince and maſter Poins anon: and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons, and Sir John muſt not know of it. Bardolph hath brought word.

1 *Draw.* Then [9] here will be old Utis: it will be an excellent ſtratagem.

2 *Draw.* I'll ſee if I can find out Sneak. [*Exit.*

Enter Hoſteſs and Dol.

Hoſt. Sweet heart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temporality: your pulſidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would deſire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any roſe: but, i'faith, you have drank too much Canaries; and that's a marvellous ſearching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere we can ſay, *what's this?* How do you now?

Dol. Better than I was. Hem!——

Hoſt. Why, that was well ſaid. A good heart's worth gold. Look, here comes Sir John.

Again in *Weſtward Hoe*, by Decker and Webſter, 1607,

"——All the *noiſe* that went with him, poor fellows, have "had their fiddle-caſes pull'd over their ears." STEEVENS.

[8] *Diſpatch!* &c.] This period is from the firſt edition. POPE.

[9] ——*here will be old Utis:*——] *Utis*, an old word yet in uſe in ſome countries, ſignifying a merry feſtival, from the French *huit*, *octo*, ab A. S. ehta. *Octavæ feſti alicujus.*—— Skinner. POPE.

Old, in this place, does not mean ancient, but was formerly a common augmentative in colloquial language. *Old Utis* ſignifies feſtivity in a great degree.

So in *Lingua*, 1607,

"——there's *old* moving among them."

So in Decker's comedy, called, *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it*,

"We ſhall have *old* breaking of necks then."

STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Falſtaff.

Fal. *When Arthur firſt in court*—empty the jordan—*and was a worthy king:* how now, miſtreſs Dol.

[*Exit Drawer.*

Hoſt. [1] Sick of a calm: yea, good ſooth.

Fal. [2] So is all her ſect: if they be once in a calm, they are ſick.

Dol. You muddy raſcal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. [3] You make fat raſcals, miſtreſs Dol.

Dol. I make them! gluttony and diſeaſes make them; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diſeaſes, Dol: we catch of you, Dol, we catch of you: grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

Dol. Ay, marry; our chains and our jewels.

Fal. [4] *Your brooches, pearls, and owches.*—For to ſerve bravely, is to come halting off, you know: to come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to ſurgery

[1] *Sick of a calm:*—] I ſuppoſe ſhe means to ſay *of a qualm.* STEEVENS.

[2] *So is all her ſect:*—] I know not why *ſect* is printed in all the copies: I believe *ſex* is meant. JOHNSON.

Sect is, I believe, right. Falſtaff means all of her profeſſion. In *Mother Bombie*, a comedy, 1594, the word is frequently uſed,

" *Sil.* I am none of that *ſect.*

" *Can.* Thy loving *ſect* is an ancient *ſect*, and an honoura-
" ble," &c. STEEVENS.

[3] *You make fat raſcals,*—] Falſtaff alludes to a phraſe of the foreſt. *Lean* deer are called *raſcal* deer. He tells her ſhe calls him wrong, being *fat* he cannot be a *raſcal.* JOHNSON.

So in B. and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Peſtle,*

" The heavy hart, the blowing buck, the *raſcal*, and
" the pricket." STEEVENS.

[4] *Your brooches, pearls, and owches.*—] *Broaches* were chains of gold that women wore formerly about their necks. *Owches* were boſſes of gold ſet with diamonds. POPE.

I believe

ery bravely; to venture upon [5] the charg'd cham-
bravely——

ol. Hang yourſelf, you muddy conger, hang
ſelf!

oſt. By my troth, this is the old faſhion; you two
r meet, but you fall to ſome diſcord: you are
, in good truth, as [6] rheumatic [7] as two dry toaſts;
cannot bear with one another's confirmities. What
good-jer! one muſt bear, and that muſt be you:
are the weaker veſſel, as they ſay, the emptier
el. [*To Dol.*

ol. Can a weak empty veſſel bear ſuch a huge full
head? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bour-

elieve Falſtaff gives theſe ſplendid names as we give that *rbuncle*, to ſomething very different from gems and orna-s: but the paſſage deſerves not a laborious reſearch.

JOHNSON.

ur brooches, pearls, and ouches,] Is a line in an old ſong, I forget where I met with it. Dr. Johnſon may be ſup-d in his conjecture by a paſſage in *The Widow's Tears*, nedy, by Chapman, 1612,

" —— As many aches in his bones as there are *ouches*
" in his ſkin." STEEVENS.

—— *the charg'd chambers*—] To underſtand this quibble, neceſſary to ſay, that a *chamber* ſignifies not only an apart-t, but a piece of ordnance.

in *The Fleire*, a comedy, 1610,

——— he has taught my ladies to make fireworks; they n deal in *chambers* already, as well as all the gunners that ake them fly off with a train at Lambeth, when the mayor id aldermen land at Weſtminſter." STEEVENS.

—— *rheumatic*—] She would ſay ſplenetic. HANMER.

believe ſhe means what ſhe ſays. So Jonſon's *Every Man in Humour*,

" *Cob.* Why, I have my *rewme*, and can be angry."

in *Henry V.*

" He did in ſome ſort handle women; but then he was
" *rheumatic*," &c.

heumatic, in the cant language of the times, ſignified ca-ous, humourſome. In this ſenſe it appears to be uſed in y of the old plays. STEEVENS.

— *as two dry toaſts*;—] Which cannot meet but they grate another. JOHNSON.

deaux

deaux ſtuff in him; you have not ſeen a hulk better ſtuff'd in the hold. Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack.—Thou art going to the wars, and whether I ſhall ever ſee thee again, or no, there is no body cares.

Re-enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, [7] ancient Piſtol is below, and would ſpeak with you.

Dol. Hang him, ſwaggering raſcal! let him not come hither: it is the foul-mouth'dſt rogue in England.

Hoſt. If he ſwagger, let him not come here. No, by my faith, I muſt live amongſt my neighbours; I'll no ſwaggerers. I am in good name and fame with the very beſt. Shut the door; there comes no ſwaggerers here: I have not liv'd all this while to have ſwaggering now. Shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Doſt thou hear, hoſteſs?——

Hoſt. Pray you pacify yourſelf, Sir John; there comes no ſwaggerers here.

Fal. Doſt thou hear?—it is mine ancient.

Hoſt. Tilly-fally, Sir John, never tell me: your ancient ſwaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before maſter Tiſick, the deputy, the other day: and, as he ſaid to me,—it was no longer ago than Wedneſday laſt,—*Neighbour Quickly*, ſays he;—maſter Dumb, our miniſter, was by then;—*Neighbour Quickly*, ſays he, *receive thoſe that are civil*; *for*, ſaith he, *you are in an ill name*; (now he ſaid ſo, I can tell whereupon) *for*, ſays he, *you are an honeſt woman, and well thought on*; *therefore take heed what gueſts you receive. Receive*, ſays he, *no ſwaggering companions.*——There comes none here. You would bleſs you to hear what he ſaid.—No, I'll no ſwaggerers.

[7] ——*ancient Piſtol*——] Is the ſame as *enſign Piſtol*. Falſtaff was captain, Peto lieutenant, and Piſtol enſign, or *ancient*. JOHNSON.

Fal.

Fal. He's no ſwaggerer, hoſteſs; [8] a tame cheater, he: you may ſtroak him as gently as a puppy-grey-hound: he will not ſwagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any ſhew of reſiſtance. Call him up, drawer.

Hoſt. Cheater, call you him? [9] I will bar no honeſt man my houſe, nor no cheater: but I do not love ſwaggering, by my troth; I am the worſe when one ſays, ſwagger. Feel, maſters, how I ſhake; look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, hoſteſs.

Hoſt. Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an if it were an aſpen leaf. I cannot abide ſwaggerers.

Enter Piſtol, Bardolph, and Page.

Piſt. Save you, Sir John!

Fal. Welcome, Ancient Piſtol. Here, Piſtol, I charge you with a cup of ſack; do you diſcharge upon mine hoſteſs.

Piſt. I will diſcharge upon her, Sir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is piſtol-proof, Sir; you ſhall hardly offend her.

Hoſt. Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets: I will drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleaſure. I——

Piſt. Then to you, miſtreſs Dorothy; I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me! I ſcorn you, ſcurvy companion!

[8] —— *a tame cheater,*—] Gameſter and cheater were, in Shakeſpeare's age, ſynonimous terms. Ben Jonſon has an epigram on Captain Hazard the *cheater*. STEEVENS.

[9] *I will bar no honeſt man my houſe, nor no cheater:*—] The humour of this conſiſts in the woman's miſtaking the title of *cheater* (which our anceſtors gave to him whom we now, with better manners, call a *gameſter*) for that officer of the exchequer called an *eſcheator*, well known to the common people of that time; and named, either corruptly or ſatirically, a *cheater*. WARBURTON.

What, you poor, baſe, raſcally, cheating, lack-l
mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am r
for your maſter!

Piſt. I know you, miſtreſs Dorothy.

Dol. Away, you cut-purſe raſcal! you filthy bı
away! By this wine, I'll thruſt my knife in y
mouldy chaps, [1] if you play the ſaucy cuttle with
Away, you bottle-ale raſcal! you baſket-hilt
jugler, you!—Since when, I pray you, Sir?—[2] w
with two [3] points on your ſhoulder? much!

Piſt. I will murther your ruff for this.

Fal. [4] No more, Piſtol; I would not have yo
of here. Diſcharge yourſelf of our company, Piſ

Hoſt. No, good captain Piſtol; not here, ſi
captain.

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damn'd che
art thou not aſham'd to be-call'd captain? If capt
were of my mind, they would truncheon you ou

[1] —— *if you play the ſaucy cuttle with me.*] It appears
Greene's *Art of Conny-catching*, that *cuttle* and *cuttle-bung*
the cant terms for the knife with which the ſharpers of tha
cut out the bottoms of purſes, which were then worn han
at the girdle. Or the alluſion may be to the foul lang
thrown out by Piſtol, which ſhe means to compare with
filth as the *ſcuttle-fiſh* ejects. STEEVENS.

[2] —— *what, with two points on your ſhoulder? much!*] I
was a common expreſſion of diſdain at that time, of the
ſenſe with that more modern one, *Marry come up.* The O
Editor, not apprehending this, alters it to *march.* WARBUR
I cannot but think the emendation right. This uſe of
I do not remember; nor is it here proved by any example
JOHNS
Dr. Warburton is right. *Much!* is uſed thus in B. Jon
Volpone,

" —— But you ſhall eat it. *Much!*"

Again in *Every Man in his Humour*,

" *Much*, wench! or *much*, ſon!"

Much is frequently uſed as an expreſſion of diſdain.
STEEVE

[3] —— *points*—] As a mark of his commiſſion. JOHNS

[4] *No more, Piſtol*, &c.] This is from the old editio
1600. POPE.

taking their names upon you before you have earn'd them. You a captain! you ſlave! for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-houſe?—He a captain! hang him, rogue! [5] He lives upon mouldy ſtew'd prunes and dry'd cakes. A captain! theſe villains will make the word *captain* [6] as odious as the word *occupy*; which was an excellent good word before it was ill ſorted; therefore captains had need look to it.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good Ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, miſtreſs Dol.

Piſt. Not I. I tell thee what, corporal Bardolph, —I could tear her:—I'll be reveng'd on her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Piſt. I'll ſee her damn'd firſt; to Pluto's damn'd lake, to the infernal deep; where Erebus and tortures vile alſo. [7] Hold hook and line, ſay I; down! down, dogs! down, faitors! [8] have we not Hiren here?

Hoſt.

[5] *He lives upon mouldy ſtew'd prunes and dry'd cakes.*] That is, he lives at other mens coſt, but is not admitted to their tables, and gets only what is too ſtale to be eaten in the houſe.

JOHNSON.

It means rather, that he lives on the refuſe proviſions of bawdy-houſes and paſtry-cooks ſhops. *Stew'd prunes*, when mouldy, were perhaps formerly ſold at a cheap rate, as ſtale pyes and *cakes* are at preſent. The alluſion to *ſtew'd prunes*, and all that is neceſſary to be known on that ſubject, has been already explained in the firſt part of this hiſtorical play.

STEEVENS.

[6] ——— *as odious as the word occupy*;——] So B. Jonſon in his *Diſcoveries*,

"Many out of their own obſcene apprehenſions refuſe proper and fit words; as, *occupy*, nature," &c. STEEVENS.

[7] *Hold hook and line*,——] Theſe words are introduced in ridicule, by B. Jonſon in *The Caſe is alter'd*, 1609. STEEVENS.

[8] ——— *have we not Hiren here?*] I have been told, that the words—*have we not Hiren here*, are taken from a very old play, entitled, *Hiren, or the Fayre Greeke*, and are ſpoken by Mahomet when his Baſſas upbraided him with having loſt ſo many provinces through an attachment to effeminate pleaſures. Piſtol, with ſome humour, is made to repeat them before Fal-

[illegible] be quiet, it is very late;
[illegible] your choler.
[illegible] humours, indeed. Shall pack-
[illegible]
[illegible] Asia,
[illegible]

[illegible] Doll Tear-sheet, in the [illegible] printed to *Hiren the Iron-* [illegible] dramatic piece I have [illegible] in that very useful and [illegible] as the word [illegible] of this play, however, [illegible] later edition.

[illegible] *Tricks; or, Wit* [illegible] is likewise introduced [illegible] the pirate Polymetes says,

"[illegible] can Polymetes daunt?
[illegible]"

[illegible] *Law*,

[illegible] for me, we have Siren here
[illegible] *Hiren* the fair Greek, mar.

STEEVENS.

— *Asia*, &c.] These lines are [illegible] an old absurd fustian play, entitled *The Scythian Shepherd*. THEOBALD.

[illegible] addressed by Tamburlaine to the captive [illegible] his chariot:

"[illegible] pamper'd jades of Asia,
[illegible] can you draw but twenty miles a day?"

This passage is burlesqued by Beaumont and Fletcher in [illegible]

[illegible] to find a simile, much celebrated by the admirers of Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, inserted almost word *for word* [illegible] which enjoyed at once the good fortune of being [illegible] Theobald, and praised by Ben Jonson. The first [illegible] books of *The Fairy Queen*, in which it is to be [illegible] was published in 1590, and *Tamburlaine* made its appearance in the same year. Every one who is acquainted with [illegible] of Spenser's imagination, must suppose the dramatic [illegible] to have been the plagiarist.

"Like to an almond-tree ymounted high
"On top of green Selinis, all alone,
"With blossoms brave bedecked daintily,
"Whose tender locks do tremble every one
"At every little breath that under heaven is blown."

Spenser.

"Like

Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,
Compare with Cæſars, and with [9] Cannibals,
And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with
King Cerberus, and let the welkin roar.
Shall we fall foul for toys?

Hoſt. By my troth, captain, theſe are very bitter words.

Bard. Begone, good Ancient. This will grow to a brawl anon.

Piſt. Die men, like dogs; give crowns like pins; [1] have we not Hiren here?

" Like to an almond-tree ymounted high
" Upon the lofty and celeſtial mount
" Of ever-green Selinis, quaintly deck'd
" With bloom more bright than Erycina's brows;
" Whoſe tender bloſſoms tremble every one
" At every little breath from heaven is blown."
Marloe's Tamerlaine.
STEEVENS.

[9] —— *Cannibals,*] *Cannibal* is uſed by a blunder for *Hannibal.* This was afterwards copied by Congreve's Bluff and Wittol. Bluff is a character apparently taken from this of Ancient Piſtol.
JOHNSON.

Perhaps the character of a bully on the Engliſh ſtage might have been originally taken from Piſtol; but Congreve ſeems to have copied his Nol Bluff more immediately from Jonſon's Captain Bobadil. STEEVENS.

[1] —— *have we not Hiren here?*

Hoſt. *O' my word, captain, there's none ſuch here.*] i. e. Shall I fear, that have this truſty and invincible ſword by my ſide? For, as king Arthur's ſwords were called Caliburne and Ron; as Edward the Confeſſor's, Curtana; as Charlemagne's, Joyeuſe; Orlando's, Durindana; Rinaldo's, Fuſberta; and Rogero's, Baliſarda; ſo Piſtol, in imitation of theſe heroes, calls his ſword Hiren. I have been told, Amadis du Gaul had a ſword of this name. Hirir is to ſtrike: from hence it ſeems probable that Hiren may be derived; and ſo ſignify a ſwaſhing, cutting ſword.——But what wonderful humour is there in the good hoſteſs ſo innocently miſtaking Piſtol's drift, fancying that he meant to fight for a whore in the houſe, and therefore telling him, *O' my word, captain, there's none ſuch here; what the goodjer! do you think, I would deny her?* THEOBALD.

Hoſt. O' my word, captain, there's none ſuch here. What the good-jer? do you think I would deny her? I pray, be quiet.

Piſt. Then [2] *feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis:* come, give me ſome ſack. [3] *Si fortuna me tormenta, ſpero me contenta.*

Fear we broad ſides? no, let the fiend give fire:
Give me ſome ſack; and, ſweet-heart, lye thou there.
[*Laying down his ſword.*

[4] Come we to full points here; and are *&c cætera*'s nothing?

Fal. Piſtol, I would be quiet.

Piſt. [5] Sweet knight, I kiſs thy neif. What! we have ſeen the ſeven ſtars.

Dol-

[2] *—— feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis:*] This is a burleſque on a line in an old play called *The Battel of Alcazar*, &c. printed in 1594, in which Muley Mahomet enters to his wife with lyon's fleſh on his ſword:

"Feed then, and faint not, my faire Calypolis."

And again, in the ſame play,

"Hold thee, Calipolis, feed, and faint no more."

The part of Piſtol is almoſt made up of quotations from old abſurd plays. This line is quoted in ſeveral of the old plays; and Decker, in his *Satiromaſtix*, 1602, has introduced Shakeſpeare's burleſque of it. STEEVENS.

[3] *Si fortuna me tormenta, ſpero me contenta.*] Sir Tho. Hanmer reads, "Si fortuna me tormenta, il ſperare me contenta," which is undoubtedly the true reading, but perhaps it was intended that Piſtol ſhould corrupt it. JOHNSON.

Piſtol is only a copy of Hannibal Gonſaga, who vaunted on yielding himſelf a priſoner, as you may read in an old collection of tales, called *Wits, Fits, and Fancies.*

"Si fortuna me tormenta
"Il ſperanza me contenta."

And Sir Richard Hawkins, in his *Voyage to the South Sea*, 1593, throws out the ſame gingling diſtich on the loſs of his pinnace. FARMER.

[4] *Come we to full points here*, &c.] That is, ſhall we ſtop here, ſhall we have no farther entertainment. JOHNSON.

[5] *Sweet knight, I kiſs thy neif.*] i. e. I kiſs thy fiſt. Mr. Pope will have it, that *neif* here is from *nativa*; i. e. a woman-ſlave that is born in one's houſe; and that Piſtol would kiſs Falſtaff's domeſtic miſtreſs Dol Tear-ſheet. THEOBALD.

Nief,

Dol. Thruſt him down ſtairs! I cannot endure ſuch a fuſtian raſcal.

Piſt. Thruſt him down ſtairs! know we not [6] galloway nags?

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, [7] like a ſhove-groat ſhilling. Nay, if he do nothing but ſpeak nothing, he ſhall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down ſtairs.

Piſt. What, ſhall we have inciſion? ſhall we imbrew? then death
Rock me aſleep, abridge my doleful days!
Why, then let grievous, ghaſtly, gaping wounds
Untwine the ſiſters three! Come, Atropos, I ſay!
[*Snatching up his ſword.*

Hoſt. Here's goodly ſtuff toward!

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

Fal. Get you down ſtairs.
[*Drawing, and driving Piſtol out.*

Hoſt. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forſwear keeping houſe, before I'll be in theſe tirrits and frights. So; murther, I warrant now. Alas, alas, put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons.

Nief, *neif*, and *naf*, are certainly law-terms for a woman-ſlave. So in *Thoroton's Antiq. of Nottinghamſhire*—"Every "*naif* or ſhe-villain, that took a huſband or committed forni-"cation, paid *marchet* for redemption of her blood 5 s. and "4 d."

I believe *neif* is here uſed for *fiſt*. It is ſtill uſed in that ſenſe in the northern counties, and by B. Jonſon in his *Poetaſter*.

"Reach me thy *neif*."

Again, in *The Witch of Edmonton*, by Rowley.

"Oh, ſweet Ningle, thy *neif* once again."

STEEVENS.

[6] —*galloway nags?*] That is, common hackneys. JOHNS.

[7] —*like a ſhove-groat ſhilling.*] This expreſſion occurs in *Every Man in his Humour*, "made it run as ſmooth off the "tongue as a *ſhove-groat ſhilling*." I ſuppoſe it to have been a piece of poliſhed metal made uſe of in the play of ſhovel-board. STEEVENS.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the raſcal is gone. Ah, you whorſon, little valiant villain, you!

Hoſt. Are you not hurt i'the groin? methought he made a ſhrewd thruſt at your belly. [*Re-enter Bard.*

Fal. Have you turn'd him out of doors?

Bard. Yes, Sir, the raſcal's drunk. You have hurt him, Sir, in the ſhoulder.

Fal. A raſcal, to brave me!——

Dol. Ah, you ſweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou ſweat'ſt? Come, let me wipe thy face;—come on, you whorſon chops:—ah, rogue! I love thee—thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon; and ten times better than the nine worthies. Ah, villain!

Fal. A raſcally ſlave! I will toſs the rogue in a blanket.

Dol. Do, if thou dar'ſt for thy heart: if thou do'ſt, I'll canvaſs thee between a pair of ſheets.

Enter muſick.

Page. The muſick is come, Sir.

Fal. Let them play; play, Sirs. Sit on my knee, Doll. A raſcal, bragging ſlave! the rogue fled from me like quickſilver.

Doll. I'faith, and thou follow'd'ſt him like a church. Thou whorſon [8] little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting o' days, and foining o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

[8] ——*little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig,*—] For *tidy* Sir Thomas Hanmer reads *tiny*; but they are both words of endearment, and equally proper. *Bartholomew boar-big* is a little pig made of paſte, ſold at Bartholomew fair, and given to children for a fairing. JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter prince Henry and Poins.

Fal. Peace, good Doll, do not ſpeak [7] like a death's head; do not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrah, what humour is the prince of?

Fal. A good ſhallow young fellow: he would have made a good pantler, he would have chipp'd bread well.

Dol. They ſay, Poins has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon!—his wit is as thick as [8] Tewkſbury muſtard, there is no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet.

Dol. Why doth the prince love him ſo then?

Fal. Becauſe their legs are both of a bigneſs; and he plays at quoits well, and [9] eats conger and fennel; and

[7] —*like a death's head*;] It appears from the following paſſage in Marſton's *Dutch Courtezan*, 1605, that it was the cuſtom for the bawds of that age to wear a *death's head* in a ring, very probably with the common motto, *memento mori*. Cocledemoy, ſpeaking of ſome of theſe, ſays,—"as for their death, how "can it be bad, ſince their wickedneſs is always before their "eyes, and a *death's head* moſt commonly on their middle "finger." Again, in Maſſinger's *Old Law*,—"ſell ſome of "my cloaths to buy thee a *death's head* and put upon thy mid-"dle finger: your leaſt conſidering bawds do ſo much."

STEEVENS.

[8] —*Tewkſbury muſtard*, &c.] Tewkſbury is a market-town in the county of Glouceſter, formerly noted for muſtard-balls made there, and ſent into other parts. Dr. GRAY.

[9] —*eats conger and fennel; and drinks off candles' ends*, &c.] Theſe qualifications I do not underſtand. JOHNSON.

Conger with fennel was formerly regarded as a provocative. It is mentioned by B. Jonſon in his *Bartholomew-Fair*,—"like "a long lac'd *conger* with green *fennel* in the joll of it."

The qualification that follows; viz. that of ſwallowing *candles ends by way of flap-dragons*, ſeems to indicate no more than that the prince loved him, becauſe he was always ready to do any thing for his amuſement, however abſurd or unnatural. Naſh, in *Pierce Pennyleſs his Supplication to the Devil*, adviſes hard drinkers,—"to have ſome ſhooing horne to pull on "their wine, as a raſher on the coals, or a red herring; or to "ſtir it about with a *candle's end* to make it taſte better," &c.

In

... off candles' ends for flap-dragons; and ... wild mare with the boys; and jumps upon ... stools; and swears with a good grace; and wears ... boot very smooth like unto the sign of the leg; ... breeds no bate with telling of [1] discreet stories: ... such other gambol faculties he hath, that shew a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another, the weight of an hair will turn the scales between their averdupois.

P. Henry. Would not this * nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let us beat him before his whore.

P. Henry. Look, if the wither'd elder hath not his poll claw'd like a parrot.

Poins. Is it not strange, that desire should so many years out-live performance?

Fal. Kiss me, Doll.

In Rowley's *Match at Midnight*, 1633, a captain says, that his "corporal was lately choak'd at Delf by swallowing a *flap-*"*dragon.*"

So in Shirley's *Constant Maid*, 1640,—"or he might spit *flap-dragons* from his fire of sack, to light us."

Again, in TEKNOTAMIA; *or, The Marriages of the Arts*, 1618, —"like a *flap-dragon*, or a piece of bread sop'd in aqua vitæ, "and set a fire."

Again, in Marston's *Dutch Courtezan*, 1605,—"have I not "been drunk to your health, swallow'd *flap-dragons*, eat "glasses, drank urine, stab'd arms, and done all the offices of "protested gallantry for your sake?"

So in *The Christian turn'd Turk*, 1612, —"as familiarly as "pikes do gudgeons, and with as much facility as Dutchmen "swallow *flap-dragons*." STEEVENS.

A *flap-dragon* is some small combustible body, fired at one end, and put afloat in a glass of liquor. It is an act of topers' dexterity to toss off the glass in such a manner as to prevent the *flap-dragon* from doing mischief. JOHNSON.

[1] — *discreet stories* :—] We should read *indiscreet*. WARB.

* —— *nave of a wheel*——] *Nave* and *knave* are easily reconciled, but why *nave of a wheel?* I suppose from his roundness. He was called *round man* in contempt before. JOHNSON.

P. Henry.

P. Henry. [2] Saturn and Venus this year in conunction! what ſays the almanack to that?

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not [3] liſping to his maſter's old tables; his note-book, his counſel-keeper?

Fal. Thou doſt give me flattering buſſes.

Dol. By my troth, I kiſs thee with a moſt conſtant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a ſcurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What ſtuff wilt thou have a kirtle of? I ſhall receive money on Thurſday. Thou ſhalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry ſong, come:—it grows late, we will to bed. Thou wilt forget me when I am gone.

Dol. By my troth, thou wilt ſet me a weeping if thou ſay'ſt ſo. Prove, that ever I dreſs myſelf handſome till thy return.——Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some ſack, Francis.

P. Henry. Poins. Anon, anon, Sir.

Fal. [4] Ha! a baſtard ſon of the king's! and art not thou Poins his brother?

P. Henry. Why, thou globe of ſinful continents, what a life doſt thou lead?

[2] *Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction!*] This was indeed a prodigy. The aſtrologers, ſays Ficinus, remark, that Saturn and Venus are never conjoined. JOHNSON.

[3] —— *liſping to his maſter's old tables*, &c.] We ſhould read, *claſping too his maſter's old tables*, &c. i. e. embracing his maſter's caſt-off whore, and now his bawd [*his note-book, his counſel-keeper*]. We have the ſame phraſe again in *Cymbeline*,

"You claſp young Cupid's tables." WARBURTON.

This emendation is very ſpecious. I think it right. JOHNS.

I believe the old reading to be the true one. Bardolph was very probably drunk, and might *liſp* a little in his courtſhip. STEEVENS.

[4] *Ha! a baſtard*, &c.] The improbability of this ſcene is ſcarcely balanced by the humour. JOHNSON.

Fal.

Fal. A better than thou: I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

P. Henry. Very true, Sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Hoſt. Oh, the Lord preſerve thy good grace! Welcome to London.—Now heaven bleſs that ſweet face of thine! What, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whorſon mad compound of majeſty, by this light fleſh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

[*Leaning his hand upon Dol.*

Dol. How! you fat fool, I ſcorn you.

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

P. Henry. You whorſon [5] candle-mine, you; how vilely did you ſpeak of me even now, before this honeſt, virtuous, civil gentlewoman?

Hoſt. Bleſſing on your good heart, and ſo ſhe is, by my troth.

Fal. Didſt thou hear me?

P. Henry. Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gads-hill: you knew I was at your back, and ſpoke it on purpoſe to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not ſo; I did not think thou waſt within hearing.

P. Henry. I ſhall drive you then to confeſs the wilful abuſe, and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuſe, Hal, on my honour; no abuſe.

P. Henry. No! to diſpraiſe me, and call me pantler, and bread chipper, and I know not what!

Fal. No abuſe, Hal.

Poins. No abuſe!

Fal. No abuſe, Ned, in the world; honeſt Ned, none. I diſprais'd him before the wicked, that the

[5] —— *candle-mine,*——] Thou inexhauſtible magazine of tallow. JOHNSON.

wicked

wicked might not fall in love with him: in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend, and a true ſubject.—And thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuſe, Hal; none, Ned, none; no, boys, none.

P. Henry. See now, whether pure fear and entire cowardice doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman, to cloſe with us? Is ſhe of the wicked? is thine hoſteſs here of the wicked? or is the boy of the wicked? or honeſt Bardolph, whoſe zeal burns in his noſe, of the wicked?

Poins. Anſwer, thou dead elm, anſwer.

Fal. The fiend hath prick'd down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy kitchen, where he doth nothing but roaſt malt worms. For the boy, there is a good angel about him, but the devil out-bids him too.

P. Henry. For the women——

Fal. For one of them, ſhe is in hell already, [6] and burns, poor ſoul! For the other, I owe her money; and whether ſhe be damn'd for that, I know not.

Hoſt. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for ſuffering fleſh to be eaten in thy houſe contrary to the law; for the which, I think, thou wilt howl.

Hoſt. All victuallers do ſo. What is a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

P. Henry. You, gentlewoman——

Dol. What ſays your grace?

Fal. His grace ſays that which his fleſh rebels againſt.

[6] —— *and burns, poor ſoul!*] This is Sir T. Hanmer's reading. Undoubtedly right. The other editions had, *ſhe is in hell already, and burns poor ſouls.* The venereal diſeaſe was called in theſe times *brennynge* or *burning.* JOHNSON.

Hoſt.

Hoſt. Who knocks ſo loud at door? Look to the door there, Francis.

Enter Peto.

P. Henry. Peto, how now? what news?

Peto. The king your father is at Weſtminſter;
And there are twenty weak and wearied poſts
Come from the north: and, as I came along,
I met and overtook a dozen captains,
Bare-headed, ſweating, knocking at the taverns,
And aſking every one for Sir John Falſtaff.

P. Henry. By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,
So idly to profane the precious time;
When tempeſt of commotion, like the ſouth
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my ſword and cloak. Falſtaff, good night.

[*Exeunt Prince and Poins.*

Fal. Now comes in the ſweeteſt morſel of the night, and we muſt hence, and leave it unpluck'd. More knocking at the door?—How how? what's the matter?

Bard. You muſt away to court, Sir, preſently; a dozen captains ſtay at door for you.

Fal. Pay the muſicians, Sirrah. Farewell, hoſteſs; farewell, Doll. You ſee, my good wenches, how men of merit are ſought after: the undeſerver may ſleep, when the man of action is call'd. Farewell, good wenches: if I be not ſent away poſt, I will ſee you again ere I go.

Dol. I cannot ſpeak; if my heart be not ready to burſt:——well, ſweet Jack, have a care of thyſelf.

Fal. Farewell, farewell. [*Exit.*

Hoſt. Well, fare thee well. I have known thee theſe twenty-nine years, come peaſcod-time; but an honeſter and truer-hearted man—Well, fare thee well.

Bard. Miſtreſs Tear-ſheet——

Hoſt.

Hoſt. What's the matter?
Bard. Bid Miſtreſs Tear-ſheet come to my maſter.
Hoſt. [7] O run, Doll, run; run, good Doll. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. [1] SCENE I.

The palace in London.

Enter king Henry in his night-gown, with a Page.

K. HENRY.

GO, call the earls of Surrey and of Warwick;
But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read theſe letters,
And well conſider of them. Make good ſpeed.
[*Exit page.*
How many thouſands of my pooreſt ſubjects
Are at this hour aſleep! O gentle ſleep,
Nature's ſoft nurſe, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
And ſteep my ſenſes in forgetfulneſs?
Why rather, Sleep, ly'ſt thou in ſmoaky cribs,
Upon uneaſy pallets ſtretching thee,
And huſh'd with buzzing night-flies to thy ſlumber;
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of coſtly ſtate,
And lull'd with ſounds of ſweeteſt melody?
O thou dull god, why ly'ſt thou with the vile
In loathſome beds; and leav'ſt the kingly couch

[7] *O run, Doll, run; run good, good Doll.*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads, *O run, Doll run, run good Doll, come: ſhe comes blubber'd. Yea will you come, Doll?* STEEVENS.

[1] This firſt ſcene is not in my copy of the firſt edition. JOHNSON.

A watch-

[2] A watch-caſe, or a common larum bell?
Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy maſt,
Seal up the ſhip-boy's eyes, and rock his brains,
In cradle of the rude imperious ſurge;
And in the viſitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monſtrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the [3] ſlippery ſhrouds,
That, with the hurly, death itſelf awakes?
Can'ſt thou, O partial Sleep! give thy repoſe
To the wet ſea-boy in an hour ſo rude;
And in the calmeſt and the ſtilleſt night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? [4] then, happy low, lie down!
Uneaſy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter Warwick and Surrey.

War. Many good morrows to your majeſty!
K. Henry. Is it good morrow, lords?

[2] *A watch-caſe*, &c.] This alludes to the watchmen ſet in garriſon-towns upon ſome eminence attending upon an alarum-bell, which he was to ring out in caſe of fire, or any approaching danger. He had a caſe or box to ſhelter him from the weather, but at his utmoſt peril he was not to ſleep whilſt he was upon duty. Theſe alarum-bells are mentioned in ſeveral other places of Shakeſpeare. HANMER.

[3] ——— *ſlippery ſhrouds*,] Thus the modern editors. The old copy reads, ——— *in the ſlippery* clouds. STEEVENS.

[4] —— *then, happy low, lie down!*] Evidently corrupted from *happy lowly clown*. Theſe two lines making the juſt concluſion from what preceded. "If ſleep will fly a king and conſort it-"ſelf with beggars, then happy the *lowly clown*, and uneaſy "the crown'd head." WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton has not admitted this emendation into his text: I am glad to do it the juſtice which its author has neglected. JOHNSON.

The ſenſe of the old reading ſeems to be this, "You, who "are happy in your humble ſituations, lay down your heads to "reſt: the head that wears a crown lies too uneaſy to expect "ſuch a bleſſing." Had not Shakeſpeare thought it neceſſary to ſubject himſelf to the tyranny of rhime, he would probably have ſaid, —— "then happy low, ſleep on! STEEVENS.

War.

War. 'Tis one o'clock, and paſt.

K. Henry. [9] Why, then, good morrow to you. Well, my lords,
Have you read o'er the letters that I ſent you?

War. We have, my liege.

K. Henry. Then you perceive the body of our kingdom,
How foul it is; what rank diſeaſes grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.

War. [1] It is but as a body, yet, diſtemper'd,
Which to its former ſtrength may be reſtor'd,
With good advice and little medicine:
[2] My lord Northumberland will ſoon be cool'd.

K. Henry. O heaven, that one might read the book of fate;
And ſee the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent
(Weary of ſolid firmneſs) melt itſelf
Into the ſea! and, other times, to ſee

[9] In the old edition:
Why then good morrow to you all, my lords:
Have you read o'er, &c.] The king ſends letters to Surrey and Warwick, with charge that they ſhould read them and attend him. Accordingly here Surrey and Warwick come, and no body elſe. The king would hardly have ſaid, "Good mor-"row to you all," to two peers. THEOBALD.

Sir Thomas Hanmer and Dr. Warburton have received this emendation, and read *well* for *all*. The reading either way is of no importance. JOHNSON.

[1] *It is but as a body, yet, diſtemper'd,*] What would he have more? We ſhould read,

It is but as a body ſlight *diſtemper'd.* WARBURTON.

The preſent reading is right. *Diſtemper*, that is, according to the old phyſic, a diſproportionate mixture of humours, or inequality of innate heat and radical humidity, is leſs than actual *diſeaſe*, being only the ſtate which foreruns or produces diſeaſes. The difference between *diſtemper* and *diſeaſe* ſeems to be much the ſame as between *diſpoſition* and *habit*. JOHNSON.

[2] *My lord Northumberland will ſoon be cool'd.*] I believe Shakeſpeare wrote *ſchool'd*; tutor'd, and brought to ſubmiſſion. WARBURTON.

Cool'd is certainly right. JOHNSON.

The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips! how chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! [3] O, if this were ſeen,
The happieſt youth, viewing his progreſs through
What perils paſt, what croſſes to enſue,
Would ſhut the book, and ſit him down and die.
'Tis not ten years gone
Since Richard and Northumberland, great friends,
Did feaſt together; and in two years after
Were they at wars. It is but eight years ſince
This Percy was the man neareſt my ſoul;
Who, like a brother, toil'd in my affairs,
And laid his love and life under my foot;
Yea, for my ſake, even to the eyes of Richard
Gave him defiance. [4] But which of you was by
(You, couſin Nevil, as I may remember) [*To War.*
When Richard, with his eye brim-full of tears,
Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,
Did ſpeak theſe words, now prov'd a prophecy?
Northumberland, thou ladder by the which
My couſin Bolingbroke aſcends my throne:
Though then, heaven knows, I had no ſuch intent;
But that neceſſity ſo bow'd the ſtate,
That I and greatneſs were compell'd to kiſs:
The time will come, thus did he follow it,
The time will come, that foul ſin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption: ſo went on,

[3] ——O, *if this were ſeen,* &c.] Theſe four lines are ſupplied from the edition of 1600. WARBURTON.

My copy wants the whole ſcene, and therefore theſe lines.

There is ſome difficulty in the line,

What perils paſt, what croſſes to enſue;

becauſe it ſeems to make paſt perils equally terrible with enſuing croſſes. JOHNSON.

[4] *But which of you was by,* &c.] He refers to *King Richard,* act v. ſcene [illegible]. But whether the king's or the author's memory fails him, ſ[illegible] it was, that Warwick was not preſent at that converſation. JOHNSON.

Fore-

:lling this ſame time's condition,
he diviſion of our amity.
r. There is a hiſtory in all mens' lives,
ng the nature of the times deceas'd;
/hich obſerv'd, a man may propheſy,
a near aim, of the main chance of things
t not come to life; which in their ſeeds,
veak beginnings, lie intreaſured.
:hings become the hatch and brood of time;
, by the neceſſary form of this,
Richard might create a perfect gueſs,
great Northumberland, then falſe to him,
d, of that ſeed, grow to a greater falſeneſs;
ı ſhould not find a ground to root upon,
; on you.
Henry. [6] Are theſe things then neceſſities?
let us meet them like neceſſities:—
hat ſame word even now cries out on us.
ſay, the biſhop and Northumberland
fty thouſand ſtrong.
r. It cannot be, my lord:
ur doth double, like the voice and echo,
umbers of the fear'd. Pleaſe it your grace
ı to bed. Upon my life, my lord,
owers that you already have ſent forth
ɔring this prize in very eaſily.
mfort you the more, I have receiv'd
ain inſtance that Glendower is dead.

d, by the neceſſary form of this,] I think we might better

The neceſſary form of things.
ɪrd *this* has no very evident antecedent. JOHNSON.
e theſe things then neceſſities?
en let us meet them like neceſſities:—] I am inclined to

Then let us meet them like neceſſity.
, with the reſiſtleſs violence of neceſſity; then comes
ɔtly the following line:
And that ſame word even now cries out on us.
, the word *neceſſity.* JOHNSON.

Your majeſty hath been this fortnight ill;
And theſe unſeaſon'd hours, perforce, muſt add
Unto your ſickneſs.

K. Henry. I will take your counſel:
And were theſe inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, [7] unto the Holy Land. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to juſtice Shallow's ſeat in Glouceſterſhire.

Enter Shallow and Silence, juſtices; with Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, and Bull-calf, Servants, &c.

Shal. Come on, come on, come on; give me your hand, Sir: an early ſtirrer, [8] by the rood. And how doth my good couſin Silence?

Sil. Good morrow, good couſin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my couſin, your bed-fellow? and your faireſt daughter, and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas, a black ouzel, couſin Shallow.

Shal. By yea and nay, Sir, I dare ſay, my couſin William is become a good ſcholar. He is at Oxford ſtill, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, Sir; to my coſt.

Shal. He muſt then to the inns of court ſhortly. I was once of Clement's Inn; where, I think, they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

[7] ——— *unto the Holy Land.*] This play, like the former, proceeds in one unbroken tenor through the firſt edition, and there is therefore no evidence that the diviſion of the acts was made by the author. Since, then, every editor has the ſame right to mark the intervals of action as the players, who made the preſent diſtribution, I ſhould propoſe that this ſcene may be added to the foregoing act, and the remove from London to Glouceſterſhire be made in the intermediate time, but that it would ſhorten the next act too much, which has not even now its due proportion to the reſt. JOHNSON.

[8] ——— *by the rood.*] i. e. The croſs. POPE.

Sil.

Sil. You were call'd lusty Shallow then, cousin.

Shal. I was call'd any thing; and I would have done any thing, indeed, too, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black [9] George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and [1] Will Squele a Cotswold man, you had not four such [2] swinge-bucklers in all the inns of court again: and, I may say to you, we knew where the Bona-roba's were; and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk.

Sil. This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers?

Shal. The same Sir John, the very same. I saw him break Skogan's head at the court-gate, when he was a crack, not thus high: and the very same day I did fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's-Inn. O the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead?

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure. Death (as the Psalmist saith) is certain to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

[9] —— *George Bare,*——] The quarto reads *George Barnes.* STEEVENS.

[1] —— *Will Squele a Cotswold man,*——] The games at Cotswold were, in the time of our author, very famous. Of these I have seen accounts in several old pamphlets; and Shallow, by distinguishing Will Squele as a Cotswold man, meant to have him understood to be one who was well versed in those exercises, and consequently of a daring spirit, and an athletic constitution. STEEVENS.

[2] —— *swinge-bucklers*—] *Swinge-bucklers* and *swash-bucklers* were words implying rakes or rioters in the time of Shakespeare.

Nash, addressing himself to his old opponent Gabriel Harvey, 1598, says, "*Turpe senex miles*, 'tis time for such an olde "foole to leave playing the *swash-buckler*."

So in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607, Caraffa says, "——when "I was a scholar in Padua, faith, then I could have *swing'd a* "*sword and buckler*," &c. STEEVENS.

Sil. Truly, couſin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain. Is old Double of your town living yet?

Sil. Dead, Sir.

Shal. Dead!—ſee, ſee!—he drew a good bow:—and dead!—he ſhot a fine ſhoot. John of Gaunt lov'd him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead!—he would have [3] clapp'd in the clout at twelve ſcore, and carried you a fore-hand ſhaft a [4] fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to ſee.———How a ſcore of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be. A ſcore of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead?

Enter Bardolph and Page.

Sil. Here come two of Sir John Falſtaff's men, as I think.

Bard. [5] Good morrow, honeſt gentlemen:
I beſeech you, which is juſtice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, Sir; a poor eſquire of this county, and one of the king's juſtices of the peace. What is your good pleaſure with me?

Bard. My captain, Sir, commends him to you; my captain Sir John Falſtaff: a tall gentleman, by heaven! and a moſt gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well, Sir: I knew him a good back-ſword man. How doth the good knight? may I aſk how my lady his wife doth?

[3] ——— *clapp'd in the clout*—] i. e. Hit the white mark. WARBURTON.

[4] ——— *fourteen and fourteen and a half*,—] That is, fourteen ſcore of yards. JOHNSON.

[5] *Good morrow*, &c.] The quarto gives this as well as the following line to Bardolph. The folio divides them between Shallow and Bardolph. I have followed the quarto. STEEVENS.

Bard.

Bard. Sir, pardon; a ſoldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

Shal. It is well ſaid, Sir; and it is well ſaid indeed too. *Better accommodated!*——it is good; yea, indeed, is it: good phraſes, ſurely, are, and ever were, very commendable. *Accommodated!*——it comes of *accommodo:* [6] very good, a good phraſe.

Bard. Pardon me, Sir; I have heard the word. Phraſe, call you it? By this day, I know not the phraſe: but I will maintain the word with my ſword, to be a ſoldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command. *Accommodated*; that is, when a man is, as they ſay, accommodated: or, when a man is, being whereby he may be thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

Enter Falſtaff.

Shal. It is very juſt.—Look, here comes good Sir John. Give me your good hand, give me your worſhip's good hand. By my troth, you look well, and bear your years very well. Welcome, good Sir John.

Fal. I am glad to ſee you well, good maſter Robert Shallow.—Maſter Sure-card, as I think——

Shal. No, Sir John; it is my couſin Silence, in commiſſion with me.

[6] ——*very good, a good phraſe.*] *Accommodate* was a modiſh term of that time, as Ben Jonſon informs us: "You are not "to caſt or wring for the perfumed terms of the time, as *ac-* "*commodation*, complement, ſpirit, *&c.* but uſe them properly "in their places as others." Diſcoveries. Hence Bardolph calls it a word of *exceeding good command.* His definition of it is admirable, and highly ſatirical: nothing being more common than for inaccurate ſpeakers or writers, when they ſhould define, to put their hearers off with a ſynonimous term; or, for want of that, even with the ſame term differently *accommodated*; as in the inſtance before us. WARBURTON.

The ſame word occurs in Jonſon's *Every Man in his Humour*,

"Hoſteſs, *accommodate* us with another bed-ſtaff:
"The woman does not underſtand *the words of action.*"

Fal. Good maſter Silence, it well befits you ſhould be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worſhip is welcome.

Fal. Fie! this is hot weather.—Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen ſufficient men?

Shal. Marry, have we, Sir. Will you ſit?

Fal. Let me ſee them, I beſeech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll? Let me ſee, let me ſee, let me ſee. So, ſo, ſo, ſo. Yea, marry, Sir. Ralph Mouldy!—let them appear as I call. Let them do ſo, let them do ſo. Let me ſee; where is Mouldy?

Moul. Here, an't pleaſe you.

Shal. What think you, Sir John? a good limb'd fellow: young, ſtrong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?

Moul. Yea, an't pleaſe you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert us'd.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! moſt excellent, i'faith! Things that are mouldy lack uſe. Very ſingular good! Well ſaid, Sir John; very well ſaid.

Fal. Prick him.

Moul. I was prick'd well enough before, an you could have let me alone. My old dame will be undone now for one to do her huſbandry, and her drudgery: you need not to have prick'd me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to: peace, Mouldy, you ſhall go. Mouldy, it is time you were ſpent.

Moul. Spent!

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace. Stand aſide. Know you where you are? For the other, Sir John:—Let me ſee—Simon Shadow!

Fal. Ay marry, let me have him to ſit under: he's like to be a cold ſoldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow?

Shad. Here, Sir.

Fal. Shadow, whoſe ſon art thou?

Shad.

Shad. My mother's ſon, Sir.

Fal. Thy mother's ſon! like enough; and thy father's ſhadow: ſo the ſon of the female is the ſhadow of the male: it is often ſo, indeed; but not much of the father's ſubſtance.

Shal. Do you like him, Sir John?

Fal. Shadow will ſerve for ſummer; prick him; for [7] we have a number of ſhadows do fill up the muſter-book.

Shal. Thomas Wart!

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, Sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea, Sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him down, Sir John?

Fal. It were ſuperfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame ſtands upon pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha!—You can do it, Sir; you can do it: I commend you well. Francis Feeble!

Feeble. Here, Sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble?

Feeble. A woman's taylor, Sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, Sir?

Fal. You may: but if he had been a man's taylor, he would have prick'd you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle, as thou haſt done in a woman's petticoat?

Feeble. I will do my good will, Sir; you can have no more.

Fal. Well ſaid, good woman's taylor! well ſaid, courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or moſt magnanimous mouſe. Prick

[7] ——— *we have a number of ſhadows do fill up the muſter-book.*] That is, we have in the muſter-book many names for which we receive pay, though we have not the men.

JOHNSON.

the

the woman's taylor well, maſter Shallow; deep, maſter Shallow.

Feeble. I would Wart might have gone, Sir.

Fal. I would thou wert a man's taylor, that thou might'ſt mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to be a private ſoldier, that is the leader of ſo many thouſands. Let that ſuffice, moſt forcible Feeble.

Feeble. It ſhall ſuffice.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble. Who is next?

Shal. Peter Bull-calf of the green!

Fal. Yea, marry, let us ſee Bull-calf.

Bull. Here, Sir.

Fal. Truſt me, a likely fellow. Come, prick me Bull-calf till he roar again.

Bull. Oh, good my lord captain——

Fal. What, doſt thou roar before thou art prick'd?

Bull. Oh, Sir, I am a diſeaſed man.

Fal. What diſeaſe haſt thou?

Bull. A whorſon cold, Sir; a cough, Sir, which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs, upon his coronation-day, Sir.

Fal. Come, thou ſhalt go to the wars in a gown: we will have away thy cold; and I will take ſuch order, that thy friends ſhall ring for thee. Is here all?

Shal. There is two more called than your number, you muſt have but four here, Sir; and ſo, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to ſee you, in good troth, maſter Shallow.

Shal. O, Sir John, do you remember ſince we lay all night in the wind-mill in Saint George's Fields?

Fal. No more of that, good maſter Shallow, no more of that.

Shal. Ha! it was a merry night. And is Jane Night-work alive?

Fal.

Fal. She lives, maſter Shallow.

Shal. She could never away with me.

Fal. Never, never: ſhe would always ſay, ſhe could not abide maſter Shallow.

Shal. By the maſs, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a [8] *bona-roba.* Doth ſhe hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, maſter Shallow.

Shal. Nay, ſhe muſt be old; ſhe cannot chooſe but be old; certain ſhe's old; and had Robin Night-work by old Night-work, before I came to Clement's Inn.

Sil. That's fifty-five years ago.

Shal. Ha, couſin Silence, that thou hadſt ſeen that, that this knight and I have ſeen!——Hah, Sir John, ſaid I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, maſter Shallow.

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have, in faith, Sir John, we have. Our watch-word was, *Hem, boys.* — Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner: — Oh, the days that we have ſeen! Come, come!

Bull. [*aſide to Bardolph.*] Good maſter corporate Bardolph, ſtand my friend; and here is four Harry ten ſhillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, Sir, I had as lief be hang'd, Sir, as go: and yet, for my own part, Sir, I do not care, but, rather, becauſe I am unwilling, and, for my own part, have a deſire to ſtay with my friends; elſe, Sir, I did not care for mine own part, ſo much.

Bard. Go to; ſtand aſide.

Moul. And good maſter corporal captain, for my old dame's ſake, ſtand my friend: ſhe hath no-body

[8] ——— *bona-roba.*] A fine ſhowy wanton. JOHNSON.

Bona-roba was, in our author's time, the common term for a ſtrumpet. It is uſed in that ſenſe by B. Jonſon in his *Every Man out of his Humour*, and by many others. STEEVENS.

to

to do any thing about her when I am gone; and ſhe's old, and cannot help herſelf: you ſhall have forty, Sir.

Bard. Go to; ſtand aſide.

Feeble. I care not; a man can die but once; we owe God a death; I will never bear a baſe mind: an't be my deſtiny, ſo; an it be not, ſo. No man is too good to ſerve his prince: and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

Bard. Well ſaid; thou art a good fellow.

Feeble. 'Faith, I will bear no baſe mind.

Fal. Come, Sir, which men ſhall I have?

Shal. Four of which you pleaſe.

Bard. Sir, a word with you:—[9] I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bull-calf.

Fal. Go to: well.

Shal. Come, Sir John, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you chooſe for me.

Shal. Marry then, Mouldy, Bull-calf, Feeble, and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy and Bull-calf.—— For you, Mouldy, ſtay at home till you are paſt ſervice: and, for your part, Bull-calf, grow till you come unto it. I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, Sir John, do not yourſelf wrong; they are your likelieſt men, and I would have you ſerv'd with the beſt.

Fal. Will you tell me, maſter Shallow, how to chooſe a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes, the ſtature, bulk and big aſſemblage of a man? give me the ſpirit, maſter Shallow. Here's Wart; you ſee what a ragged appearance it is: he ſhall charge you, and diſcharge you with the motion of a pewterer's

[9] —— *I have three pound*—] Here ſeems to be a wrong computation. He had forty ſhillings for each. Perhaps he meant to conceal part of the profit. JOHNSON.

hammer;

hammer; come off and on [1] ſwifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket. And this ſame half-fac'd fellow Shadow, give me this man; he preſents no mark to the enemy; the foe-man may with as great aim level at the edge of a pen-knife. And, for a retreat, how ſwiftly will this Feeble, the woman's taylor, run off? O give me the ſpare men, and ſpare me the great ones. Put me a [2] caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverſe; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So; very well, go to; very good; exceeding good. O give me always a little, lean, old, chopp'd, [3] bald, ſhot. Well ſaid, Wart; thou art a good ſcab. Hold, there is a teſter for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft-maſter; he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-End-Green, when I lay at Clement's-Inn ([4] I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's ſhow)

[1] ——— *ſwifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket.*] Swifter than he that carries beer from the vat to the barrel, in buckets hung upon a gibbet or beam croſſing his ſhoulders. JOHNSON.

[2] ——— *caliver*——] A hand-gun. JOHNSON.

[3] ——— *bald, ſhot.*] *Shot* is uſed for *ſhooter*, one who is to fight by ſhooting. JOHNSON.

[4] ——— (*I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's ſhow*)—] The only intelligence I have gleaned of this worthy wight Sir Dagonet, is from Beaumont and Fletcher in their *Knight of the Burning Peſtle:*

" *Boy.* Beſides, it will ſhew ill-favouredly to have a grocer's " prentice to court a king's daughter.

" *Cit.* Will it ſo, Sir? You are well read in hiſtories; I " pray you, what was Sir Dagonet? Was he not prentice to a " grocer in London? Read the play of *The Four Prentices of* " *London*, where they toſs their pikes ſo," &c. THEOBALD.

The ſtory of Sir Dagonet is to be found in *La Mort d'Arthure*, an old romance much celebrated in our author's time, or a little before it. " When papiſtry," ſays Aſcham in his *School-maſter*, " as a ſtanding pool, overflowed all England, few books " were read in our tongue ſaving certain books of chivalry, as " they ſaid, for paſtime and pleaſure; which books, as ſome " ſay,

ſhow) there was a little quiver fellow, and a' would manage you his piece thus: and he would about, and about,

" ſay, were made in monaſteries by idle monks. As one for " example, *La Mort d'Arthure*." In this romance Sir Dagonet is king Arthur's fool. Shakeſpeare would not have ſhewn his *juſtice* capable of repreſenting any higher character.

JOHNSON.

Arthur's ſhow ſeems to have been a theatrical repreſentation made out of the old romance of *Morte Arthure*, the moſt popular one of our author's age. Sir Dagonet is king Arthur's ſquire.

Theobald remarks on this paſſage, " The only intelligence " I have gleaned of this worthy knight (Sir Dagonet) is from " Beaumont and Fletcher, in their *Knight of the Burning Peſtle*."

The commentators on Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Peſtle* have not obſerved that the deſign of that play is founded upon a comedy called *The Four Prentices of London, with the Conqueſt of Jeruſalem; as it hath been diverſe Times acted at the Red Bull, by the Queen's Majeſty's Servants. Written by Tho. Heywood*, 1612. For as in Beaumont and Fletcher's play, a grocer in the Strand turns knight-errant, making his apprentice his ſquire, *&c.* ſo in Heywood's play four apprentices accoutre themſelves as knights, and go to Jeruſalem in queſt of adventures. One of them, the moſt important character, is a goldſmith, another a grocer, another a mercer, and a fourth an haberdaſher. But Beaumont and Fletcher's play, though founded upon it, contains many ſatyrical ſtrokes againſt Heywood's comedy; the force of which is entirely loſt to thoſe who have not ſeen that comedy.

Thus in Beaumont and Fletcher's prologue, or firſt ſcene, a citizen is introduced declaring that, in the play, he " will " have a grocer, and he ſhall do admirable things."

Again, act i. ſcene 1. Rafe ſays, " Amongſt all the worthy " books of atchievements, I do not call to mind that I have yet " read of a grocer-errant: I will be the ſaid knight. Have " you heard of any that hath wandered unfurniſhed of his ſquire " and dwarf? My elder brother Tim ſhall be my truſty ſquire, " and George my dwarf."

In the following paſſage the alluſion to Heywood's comedy is demonſtrably manifeſt, act iv. ſcene 1.

" *Boy.* It will ſhew ill-favouredly to have a grocer's prentice " court a king's daughter.

" *Cit.* Will it ſo, Sir? You are well read in hiſtories; I " pray you who was Sir Dagonet? Was he not prentice to a " grocer in London? Read the play of *The Four Prentices*, " where they toſs their pikes ſo."

In

about, and come you in, and come you in; *rah, tah, tah,* would he ſay; *bounce,* would he ſay; and away again would he go, and again would he come. I ſhall never ſee ſuch a fellow.

Fal. Theſe fellows will do well, maſter Shallow. God keep you, maſter Silence: I will not uſe many words with you: fare you well, gentlemen both. I thank you; I muſt a dozen mile to-night. Bardolph, give the ſoldiers coats.

Shal. Sir John, heaven bleſs you, and proſper your affairs, and ſend us peace! As you return, viſit my houſe. Let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure, I will with you to the court.

Fal. I would you would, maſter Shallow.

Shal. Go to; I have ſpoke at a word. Fare you well. [*Exeunt Shal. and Sil.*

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. On, Bardolph; lead the men away. As I return, I will fetch off theſe juſtices. I do ſee the bottom of juſtice Shallow. Lord, lord, how ſubject we old men are to this vice of lying! This ſame ſtarv'd juſtice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildneſs of his youth, and the feats he hath done [5] about Turnbull-ſtreet; and

In Heywood's comedy, Euſtace the grocer's prentice is introduced courting the daughter of the king of France; and in the frontiſpiece the four prentices are repreſented in armour jousting with javelins. Immediately before the laſt quoted speeches we have the following inſtances of alluſion.

"*Cit.* Let the Sophy of Perſia come, and chriſten him a child.

"*Boy.* Believe me, Sir, that will not do ſo well; 'tis flat; it has been before at the Red Bull."

A circumſtance in Heywood's comedy; which, as has been already ſpecified, was acted at the Red Bull. Beaumont and Fletcher's play is pure burleſque. Heywood's is a mixture of the droll and ſerious, and was evidently intended to ridicule the reigning faſhion of reading romances. WARTON.

[5] —— *about Turnbull-ſtreet;*——] In an old comedy call'd *Trim-alley, or Merry Tricks,* this ſtreet is mentioned again:

"——— Sir, get you gone,
"You ſwaggering, cheating, Turnbull-ſtreet rogue."

Naſh,

and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's-Inn, like a man made after ſupper of a cheeſe-paring. When he was naked, he was for all the world like a forked radiſh, with a head fantaſtically carv'd upon it with a knife. He was ſo forlorn, that his dimenſions to any thick ſight [6] were inviſible. He was the very genius of famine; yet lecherous as a monkey; and the whores called him Mandrake. He came ever in the rere-ward of the faſhion; and ſung thoſe tunes to the [7] over-ſcutcht huſwives that he heard the carmen whiſtle, and ſware they were his [8] Fancies, or

Naſh, in *Pierce Pennileſſe his Supplication*, commends the ſiſters of *Turnbull-ſtreet* to the patronage of the devil.

In *The Inner Temple Maſque*, by Middleton, 1619,

" 'Tis in your charge to pull down bawdy-houſes,
" ——————————— cauſe ſpoil in Shore-ditch,
" And deface *Turnbull*."

Again, in Middleton's comedy, called *Any Thing for a quiet Life*; a French bawd ſays, — " J'ay une fille qui parle un " peu Franç is, elle converſera avec vous, a la Fleur de Lys, " en *Turnbull-ſtreet*."

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady* — " Here " has been ſuch a hurry, ſuch a din, ſuch diſmal drinking, " ſwearing, &c. we have all liv'd in a perpetual *Turnbull-* " *ſtreet*." Again, in *The Knight of the Burning Peſtle*,

" ——— this my lady dear,
" I ſtole her from her friends in *Turnbull-ſtreet*."

Turnbull or *Turnmill Street* is near Cow-croſs, Weſt Smithfield. STEEVENS.

[6] ——— *were inviſible.*] The folio and quarto read, by an apparent error of the preſs, *invincible*. Mr. Rowe firſt made the neceſſary alteration. STEEVENS.

[7] — *over-ſcutcht* ——] That is whipt, carted. POPE.

I rather think that the word means *dirty* or *grimed*. The word *huſwives* agrees better with this ſenſe. Shallow crept into mean houſes, and boaſted his accompliſhments to *dirty* women. JOHNS.

The explanation of either commentator is ſomewhat diſputable. Ray, among his north country words, ſays, indeed, that *an over-ſwitch'd huſwife* is a ſtrumpet. *Over-ſcutch'd*, I believe, is derived from ſomething more ancient than either whips, carts, or the *fumus lupanaris*. STEEVENS.

[8] ——— *Fancies, or his Goodnights.*] Fancies and Goodnights were the titles of little poems. One of Gaſcoigne's *Goodnights* is publiſhed among his *Flowers*. STEEVENS.

his

his Goodnights. [9] And now is this vice's dagger become a ſquire, and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt, as if he had been ſworn brother to him: and I'll be ſworn, he never ſaw him but once in the Tilt-yard; and then [1] he burſt his head for crouding among the marſhal's men. I ſaw it; and told John of Gaunt he [2] beat his own name: for you might have truſs'd him, and all his apparel, into an eel-ſkin; the caſe of a treble hoboy was a manſion for him—a court:—and now hath he land and beeves. Well; I will be acquainted with him, if I return: and it ſhall go hard but I will make him a [3] philoſopher's two ſtones to me. [4] If the young dace be a bait

[9] *And now is this vice's dagger*——] By vice here the poet means that droll character in the old plays (which I have ſeveral times mentioned in the courſe of theſe notes) equipped with aſſes ears and a wooden dagger. It was very ſatirical in Falſtaff to compare Shallow's activity and impertinence to ſuch a machine as a wooden dagger in the hands and management of a buffoon. THEOBALD.

[1] —— *he burſt his head*——] Thus the folio and quarto. The modern editors read *broke*. To *break* and to *burſt* were, in our poet's time, ſynonimouſly uſed. Thus B. Jonſon, in his *Poetaſter*, tranſlates the following paſſage in *Horace*,

" ——— *fracta* pereuntes cuſpide Gallos."

" The lances *burſt* in Gallia's ſlaughter'd forces."

So in *The Old Legend of Sir Bevis of Hampton*,

" But Syr Bevis ſo hard him thruſt, that his ſhoulder-
" bone he *burſt*." STEEVENS.

[2] —— *beat his own name*:] That is, beat *gaunt*, a fellow ſo ſlender that his name might have been *gaunt*. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*philoſopher's two ſtones*——] One of which was an univerſal medicine, and the other a tranſmuter of baſer metals into gold. WARBURTON.

I believe the commentator has refined this paſſage too much. A philoſopher's two ſtones is only more than the philoſopher's ſtone. The univerſal medicine was never, ſo far as I know, conceived to be a ſtone before the time of Butler's ſtone. JOHNSON.

[4] *If the young dace*———] That is, If the pike may prey upon the dace, if it be the law of nature that the ſtronger may ſeize upon the weaker, Falſtaff may, with great propriety, devour Shallow. JOHNSON.

for the old pike, I ſee no reaſon in the law of nature, but I may ſnap at him. Let time ſhape, and there's an end. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Changes to a foreſt in Yorkſhire.

Enter the archbiſhop of York, Mowbray, Haſtings, and Colevile.

YORK.

WHAT is this foreſt call'd?

Haſt. 'Tis Gualtree foreſt, an't ſhall pleaſe your grace.

York. Here ſtand, my lords, and ſend diſcoverers forth
To know the numbers of our enemies.

Haſt. We have ſent forth already.

York. 'Tis well done.
My friends, and brethren in theſe great affairs,
I muſt acquaint you, that I have receiv'd
New-dated letters from Northumberland;
Their cold intent, tenour, and ſubſtance, thus.—
Here doth he wiſh his perſon, with ſuch powers
As might hold ſortance with his quality,
The which he could not levy; whereupon
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland: and concludes in hearty prayers
That your attempts may over-live the hazard
And fearful meeting of their oppoſite.

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him, touch ground,
And daſh themſelves to pieces.

Enter

Enter a Meſſenger.

Haſt. Now, what news?

Meſſ. Weſt of this foreſt, ſcarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy:
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thouſand.

Mowb. The juſt proportion that we gave them out.
[1] Let us ſway on, and face them in the field.

Enter Weſtmorland.

York. What well-appointed leader fronts us here?

Mowb. I think it is my lord of Weſtmorland.

Weſt. Health and fair greeting from our general,
The prince, lord John, and duke of Lancaſter.

York. Say on, my lord of Weſtmorland, in peace:
What doth concern your coming?

Weſt. Then, my lord,
Unto your grace do I in chief addreſs
The ſubſtance of my ſpeech. If that rebellion
Came like itſelf, in baſe and abject routs,
[2] Led on by bloody youth, [3] guarded with rage,
And

[1] *Let us* ſway *on*,——] We ſhould read, *way* on; *i. e.* march on. WARBURTON.

I know not that I have ever ſeen *ſway* in this ſenſe; but I believe it is the true word, and was intended to expreſs the uniform and forcible motion of a compact body. There is a ſenſe of the noun in *Milton* kindred to this, where, ſpeaking of a weighty ſword, he ſays, "It deſcends with huge two-handed "*ſway*." JOHNSON.

[2] *Led on by* bloody *youth*,—] I believe Shakeſpeare wrote *heady* youth. WARBURTON.

Bloody youth is only ſanguine youth, or youth full of blood, and of thoſe paſſions which blood is ſuppoſed to incite or nouriſh. JOHNSON.

[3] ——— *guarded with rage.*] *Guarded* is an expreſſion taken from dreſs, it means the ſame as *faced, turned up*. Mr. Pope, who has been followed by ſucceeding editors, reads *goaded*. *Guarded* is the reading both of quarto and folio. Shakeſpeare uſes the ſame expreſſion in the former part of this play:

And countenanc'd by boys and beggary;
I ſay, if damn'd commotion ſo appear'd
In his true, native, and moſt proper ſhape,
You, reverend father, and theſe noble lords,
Had not been here to dreſs the ugly form
Of baſe and bloody inſurrection
With your fair honours. You, lord archbiſhop,
Whoſe ſee is by a civil peace maintain'd;
Whoſe beard the ſilver hand of peace hath touch'd;
Whoſe learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd;
Whoſe white inveſtments figure innocence,
The dove and very bleſſed ſpirit of peace,
Wherefore do you ſo ill tranſlate yourſelf,
Out of the ſpeech of peace, that bears ſuch grace,
Into the harſh and boiſt'rous tongue of war?
Turning your books to [4] graves, your ink to blood,
Your pens to launces; and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet, and a point of war?

York. [5] Wherefore do I this? ſo the queſtion ſtands.
Briefly, to this end. We are all diſeas'd;
And with our ſurfeiting and wanton hours
Have brought ourſelves into a burning fever,

" Velvet *guards* and Sunday citizens," &c.
Again, in *The Merchant of Venice*,
" Let him have a livery more *guarded* than his fellows."
STEEVENS.

[4].—— *graves*—] For *graves* Dr. Warburton very plauſibly reads *glaves*, and is followed by Sir Thomas Hanmer. JOHNS.

We might perhaps as plauſibly read *greaves*, i. e. armour for the legs, a kind of boots. In one of the *Diſcourſes on the Art Military*, written by Sir John Smythe, Knight, 1589, *greaves* are mentioned as neceſſary to be worn; and Ben Jonſon employs the ſame word in his *Hymenæi*:

" — upon their legs they wore ſilver *greaves*." STEEVENS.

[5] *Wherefore*, &c.] In this ſpeech, after the firſt two lines, the next twenty-five are either omitted in the firſt edition, or added in the ſecond. The anſwer, in which both the editions agree, apparently refers to ſome of theſe lines, which therefore may be probably ſuppoſed rather to have been dropped by a player deſirous to ſhorten his ſpeech, than added by the ſecond labour of the author. JOHNSON.

And

And we muſt bleed for it: of which diſeaſe
Our late king, Richard, being infected, dy'd.
But, my moſt noble lord of Weſtmorland,
I take not on me here as a phyſician;
Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,
Troop in the throngs of military men:
But, rather, ſhew a while like fearful war,
To diet rank minds, ſick of happineſs;
And purge the obſtructions, which begin to ſtop
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal balance juſtly weigh'd
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we ſuffer;
And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
We ſee which way the ſtream of time doth run,
[6] And are enforc'd from our moſt quiet ſphere,
By the rough torrent of occaſion:
And have the ſummary of all our griefs,
When time ſhall ſerve, to ſhew in articles;
Which, long ere this, we offer'd to the king,
And might by no ſuit gain our audience.
When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our griefs,
We are deny'd acceſs unto his perſon,
Even by thoſe men that moſt have done us wrong.
The danger of the days but newly gone,
(Whoſe memory is written on the earth
With yet appearing blood) and the examples
Of every minute's inſtance (preſent now)
Have put us in theſe ill-beſeeming arms,
Not to break peace, or any branch of it,
But to eſtabliſh here a peace, indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.

[6] In former editions:
And are inforc'd from our moſt quiet there,] This is ſaid in anſwer to Weſtmorland's upbraiding the archbiſhop for engaging in a courſe which ſo ill became his profeſſion,
——— *you, my lord archbiſhop,*
Whoſe ſee is by a civil peace maintain'd, &c.
So that the reply muſt be this,
And are enforc'd from our moſt quiet ſphere. WARBURT.

Weſt. When ever yet was your appeal deny'd?
Wherein have you been galled by the king?
What peer hath been ſuborn'd to grate on you,
That you ſhould ſeal this lawleſs bloody book
Of forg'd rebellion with a ſeal divine,
[7] And conſecrate commotion's civil edge?

York. [8] My brother-general, the common-wealth;
To brother born an houſehold cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular.

[7] *And conſecrate*, &c.] In one of my old quarto's of 1600 (for I have two of the ſelf ſame edition; one of which, it is evident, was corrected in ſome paſſages during the working off the whole impreſſion) I found this verſe. I have ventured to ſubſtitute *page* for *edge*, with regard to the uniformity of metaphor. Though the ſword of rebellion, drawn by a biſhop, may in ſome ſort be ſaid to be conſecrated by his reverence. THEOBALD.

And conſecrate commotion's civil edge?] So the old books read. But Mr. Theobald changes *edge* to *page*, out of regard to the uniformity (as he calls it) of the metaphor. But he did not underſtand what was meant by edge. It was an old cuſtom, continued from the time of the firſt croiſades, for the pope to conſecrate the general's ſword, which was employed in the ſervice of the church. To this cuſtom the line in queſtion alludes. As to the cant of uniformity of metaphor in writing, this is to be obſerved, that changing the alluſion in the ſame ſentence is indeed vicious, and what Quintilian condemns, "Multi quum "initium à tempeſtate ſumſerint, incendio aut ruinâ finiunt." But when one compariſon or alluſion is fairly ſeparated from another, by diſtinct ſentences, the caſe is different, So it is here; in one ſentence we ſee "the book of rebellion ſtampt with a "ſeal divine;" in the other, "the ſword of civil diſcord con-"ſecrated." But this change of the metaphor is not only allowable, but fit. For the dwelling overlong upon one, occaſions the diſcourſe to degenerate into a dull kind of allegoriſm.

WARBURTON.

What Mr. Theobald ſays of two editions ſeems to be true; for my copy reads, *commotion*'s bitter *edge*; but *civil* is undoubtedly right, and one would wonder how *bitter* could intrude if *civil* had been written firſt; perhaps the author himſelf made the change. JOHNSON.

Since I began to print this play, I have ſeen both the copies, but they both concur in reading *bitter*. Unleſs there be a third copy, Theobald has ſaid what is not true. STEEVENS.

[8] *My brother general*, &c.———

I make my quarrel in particular.] The ſenſe is this, "My "brother general, the common-wealth, which ought to diſtri-

"bute

Weſt. There is no need of any ſuch redreſs;
Or, if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mowb. Why not to him, in part, and to us all,
That feel the bruiſes of the days before;
And ſuffer the condition of theſe times
To lay a heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honours?

Weſt. O my good lord Mowbray,
[1] Conſtrue the times to their neceſſities,
And you ſhall ſay, indeed, it is the time,
And not the king, that doth you injuries.
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,
[2] Or from the king, or in the preſent time,
That you ſhould have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on. Were you not reſtor'd
To all the duke of Norfolk's ſigniories,
Your noble and right-well-remember'd father's?

" bute its benefits equally, is become an enemy to thoſe of his " own houſe, to brothers-born, by giving ſome all, and others " none; and this (ſays he) I make my quarrel or grievance " that honours are unequally diſtributed;" the conſtant birth of male-contents, and ſource of civil commotions.

WARBURTON.

In the firſt folio the ſecond line is omitted, yet that reading, unintelligible as it is, has been followed by Sir T. Hanmer. How difficultly ſenſe can be drawn from the beſt reading the explication of Dr. Warburton may ſhow. I believe there is an error in the firſt line, which perhaps may be rectified thus,

My quarrel *general, the common-wealth,*
To brother born an houſehold cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular.

That is, my *general* cauſe of diſcontent is publick miſmanagement; my *particular* cauſe a domeſtic injury done to my natural brother, who had been beheaded by the king's order. JOHNSON.

[1] *Conſtrue the times to their neceſſities,*] That is, Judge of what is done in theſe times according to the exigencies that overrule us. JOHNSON.

[2] *Or from the king,* &c.] Whether the faults of government be imputed to the *time* or the *king*, it appears not that you have, for your part, been injured either by the *king* or the *time*.

JOHNSON.

Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my father loſt,
That need to be reviv'd and breath'd in me?
The king, that lov'd him, as the ſtate ſtood then,
Was, force perforce, compell'd to baniſh him.
And then, when Harry Bolingbroke, and he
Being mounted, and both rouſed in their ſeats,
Their neighing courſes daring of the ſpur,
[3] Their armed ſtaves in charge, their beavers down,
Their eyes of fire ſparkling through ſights of ſteel,
And the loud trumpet blowing them together;
Then, then, when there was nothing could have ſtaid
My father from the breaſt of Bolingbroke,
O, when the king did throw his warder down,
His own life hung upon the ſtaff he threw:
Then threw he down himſelf; and all their lives,
That, by indictment, or by dint of ſword,
Have ſince miſcarried under Bolingbroke.

Weſt. You ſpeak, lord Mowbray, now, you know not what:
The earl of Hereford was reputed then
In England the moſt valiant gentleman:
Who knows on whom fortune would then have ſmil'd?
But if your father had been victor there,
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry:
For all the country, in a general voice,
Cry'd hate upon him; and all their prayers and love
Were ſet on Hereford, whom they doated on,
[4] And bleſs'd, and grac'd, indeed, more than the king.
But this is mere digreſſion from my purpoſe.—
Here come I from our princely general,

[3] *Their armed ſtaves in charge*, &c.] An armed ſtaff is a lance. To be in charge, is to be fixed in the reſt for the encounter. JOHNSON.

[4] *And bleſs'd and grac'd more than the king himſelf.*] The two oldeſt folio's (which firſt gave us this ſpeech of Weſtmorland) read this line thus;

And bleſs'd and grac'd and did *more than the king.*

Dr. Thirlby reform'd the text very near to the traces of the corrupted reading. THEOBALD.

To know your griefs; to tell you from his grace,
That he will give you audience: and wherein
It ſhall appear that your demands are juſt,
You ſhall enjoy them; every thing ſet off,
That might ſo much as think you enemies.

Mowb. But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer;
And it proceeds from policy, not love.

Weſt. Mowbray, you over-ween to take it ſo;
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear.
For, lo! within a ken, our army lies;
Upon my mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the uſe of arms,
Our armour all as ſtrong, our cauſe the beſt;
Then reaſon wills our hearts ſhould be as good:—
Say you not then our offer is compell'd.

Mowb. Well, by my will, we ſhall admit no parley.

Weſt. That argues but the ſhame of your offence:
A rotten caſe abides no handling.

Haſt. Hath the prince John a full commiſſion,
In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear, and abſolutely to determine
Of what conditions we ſhall ſtand upon?

Weſt. [5] That is intended in the general's name:
I muſe, you make ſo ſlight a queſtion.

York. Then take, my lord of Weſtmorland, this ſchedule,
For this contains our general grievances.
Each ſeveral article herein redreſs'd;
All members of our cauſe, both here and hence,
That are inſinew'd to this action,
Acquitted by a true [6] ſubſtantial form;

[5] *This is intended in the general's name:*] That is, This power is included in the name or office of a general. We wonder that you can aſk a queſtion ſo trifling. JOHNSON.

[6] —— *ſubſtantial form;*] That is, By a pardon of due form and legal validity. JOHNSON.

And

And preſent execution of our wills
[7] To us, and to our purpoſes, confin'd;
[8] We come within our awful banks again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

Weſt. This will I ſhew the general. Pleaſe you, lords,
[9] In ſight of both our battles we may meet:
And either end in peace, which heaven ſo frame!
Or to the place of difference call the ſwords,
Which muſt decide it.

York. My lord, we will do ſo. [*Exit Weſt.*

Mowb. There is a thing within my boſom, tells me,
That no conditions of our peace can ſtand.

Haſt. Fear you not that: if we can make our peace
Upon ſuch large terms, and ſo abſolute

[7] *To us, and to our purpoſes, confin'd*;] This ſchedule we ſee conſiſts of three parts, 1. A redreſs of general grievances. 2. A pardon for thoſe in arms. 3. Some demands of advantage for them. But this third part is very ſtrangely expreſſed.

And preſent execution of our wills
To us, and to our purpoſes, confin'd.

The firſt line ſhews they had ſomething to demand, and the ſecond expreſſes the modeſty of that demand. The demand, ſays the ſpeaker, *is confined to us and to our purpoſes.* A very modeſt kind of reſtriction truly! only as extenſive as their appetites and paſſions. Without queſtion Shakeſpeare wrote,

To us and to our properties confin'd;

i. e. We deſire no more than ſecurity for our liberties and properties: and this was no unreaſonable demand. WARBURTON.

This paſſage is ſo obſcure that I know not what to make of it. Nothing better occurs to me than to read *confign'd* for *confin'd.* That is, let the execution of our demands be put into our hands according to our declared purpoſes. JOHNSON.

I believe we ſhould read *confirm'd.* This would obviate every difficulty. STEEVENS.

[8] *We come within our awful banks again,*] *Awful banks* are the proper limits of reverence. JOHNSON.

[9] *In ſight of both our battles we may meet,* &c.] The old copies read,

——————— *we may meet*
At *either end in peace*; *which heaven ſo frame!*

That eaſy, but certain, change in the text, I owe to Dr. Thirlby. THEOBALD.

As

As our conditions ſhall inſiſt upon,
Our peace ſhall ſtand as firm as rocky mountains.
Mowb. Ay, but our valuation ſhall be ſuch,
That every ſlight and falſe-derived cauſe,
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reaſon,
Shall, to the king, taſte of this action.
[1] That, were our loyal faiths martyrs in love,
We ſhall be winnow'd with ſo rough a wind,
That even our corn ſhall ſeem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.
York. No, no, my lord; note this: the king is weary
[2] Of dainty and ſuch picking grievances:
For he hath found, to end one doubt by death,
Revives two greater in the heirs of life.
And therefore will he [3] wipe his tables clean;
And keep no tell-tale to his memory,
That may repeat and hiſtory his loſs
To new remembrance. For full well he knows,
He cannot ſo preciſely weed this land,
As his miſdoubts preſent occaſion:
His foes are ſo enrooted with his friends,
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfaſten ſo, and ſhake a friend.
So that this land, like an offenſive wife,
That hath enrag'd him on to offer ſtrokes,
As he is ſtriking, holds his infant up,
And hangs reſolv'd correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.

[1] *That, were our loyal faiths*, &c.] In former editions:
That, were our royal *faiths martyrs in love.*
If *royal faiths* can mean faith to a king, it yet cannot mean it without much violence done to the language. I therefore read, with Sir Thomas Hanmer, *loyal faiths*, which is proper, natural, and ſuitable to the intention of the ſpeaker. JOHNSON.

[2] *Of dainty and ſuch picking grievances:*] I cannot but think that this line is corrupted, and that we ſhould read,
Of picking out ſuch dainty grievances. JOHNSON.
Picking means piddling, inſignificant. STEEVENS.

[3] ——— *wipe his tables clean*;] Alluding to a table-book of ſlate, ivory, &c. WARBURTON.

Haſt,

Haſt. Beſides, the king hath waſted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very inſtruments of chaſtiſement:
So that his power, like to a fangleſs lion,
May offer, but not hold.

York. 'Tis very true;
And therefore be aſſur'd, my good lord marſhal,
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow ſtronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it ſo.
Here is return'd my lord of Weſtmorland.

Enter Weſtmorland.

Weſt. The prince is here at hand, pleaſeth your lordſhip
To meet his grace, juſt diſtance 'tween our armies?

Mowb. Your grace of York in God's name then ſet forward.

York. Before, and greet his grace.—My lord, we come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter on one ſide Mowbray, the Archbiſhop, Haſtings, and others: from the other ſide prince John of Lancaſter, Weſtmorland, Officers, &c.

Lan. You are well encounter'd here, my couſin Mowbray:
Good day to you, gentle lord archbiſhop;—
And ſo to you, lord Haſtings, and to all.—
My lord of York, it better ſhew'd with you,
When that your flock, aſſembled by the bell,
Encircled you, to hear with reverence
Your expoſition on the holy text,
Than now to ſee you here an iron man,
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,

Turning

Turning the word to ſword, and life to death.
That man that ſits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the ſun-ſhine of his favour,
Would he abuſe the countenance of the king,
Alack, what miſchiefs might he ſet abroach
In ſhadow of ſuch greatneſs! With you, lord biſhop,
It is even ſo. Who hath not heard it ſpoken,
How deep you were within the books of heaven?
To us, the ſpeaker in his parliament;
To us, the imagin'd voice of heaven itſelf;
The very opener, and intelligencer
Between the grace, [4] the ſanctities of heaven,
And our dull workings. O, who ſhall believe
But you miſuſe the reverence of your place,
Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,
As a falſe favourite doth his prince's name,
In deeds diſhonourable? [5] You have taken up,
Under the counterfeited zeal of God,
The ſubjects of his ſubſtitute, my father;
And both againſt the peace of heaven and him
Have here up-ſwarm'd them.

York. Good my lord of Lancaſter,
I am not here againſt your father's peace:
But, as I told my lord of Weſtmorland,
The time miſ-order'd doth, [6] in common ſenſe,
Crowd us, and cruſh us, to this monſtrous form,
To hold our ſafety up. I ſent your grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief;
The which hath been with ſcorn ſhov'd from the court,

[4] ——— *the ſanctities of heaven,*] This expreſſion Milton has copied,

"Around him all the ſanctities of heaven
"Stood thick as ſtars." JOHNSON.

[5] *You have taken up,*] To *take up* is to levy, to raiſe in arms. JOHNSON.

[6] ——— *in common ſenſe,*] I believe Shakeſpeare wrote *common fence*, i. e. drove by ſelf-defence. WARBURTON.

Common ſenſe is the general ſenſe of general danger. JOHNSON.

Whereon

Whereon this Hydra ſon of war is born:
Whoſe dangerous eyes may well be charm'd aſleep
With grant of our moſt juſt and right deſires;
And true obedience, of this madneſs cur'd,
Stoop tamely to the foot of majeſty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the laſt man.

Haſt. And though we here fall down,
We have ſupplies to ſecond our attempt;
If they miſcarry, theirs ſhall ſecond them:
[7] And ſo ſucceſs of miſchief ſhall be born,
And heir from heir ſhall hold this quarrel up,
While England ſhall have generation.

Lan. You are too ſhallow, Haſtings, much too ſhallow,
To ſound the bottom of the after-times.

Weſt. Pleaſeth your grace to anſwer them directly,
How far-forth you do like their articles?

Lan. I like them all, and do allow them well;
And ſwear here, by the honour of my blood,
My father's purpoſes have been miſtook;
And ſome about him have too laviſhly
Wreſted his meaning and authority.—
My lord, theſe griefs ſhall be with ſpeed redreſs'd;
Upon my life they ſhall. If this may pleaſe you,
Diſcharge your powers unto their ſeveral counties,
As we will ours: and here, between the armies,
Let's drink together friendly, and embrace;
That all their eyes may bear thoſe tokens home
Of our reſtored love and amity.

York. I take your princely word for theſe redreſſes.

Lan. I give it you, and will maintain my word:
And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

Haſt. Go, captain, and deliver to the army

[7] *And ſo ſucceſs of miſchief*—] *Succeſs* for ſucceſſion. WARBURTON.

This

This news of peace; let them have pay, and part:
I know it will well pleaſe them. Hie thee, captain.
[*Exit Colevile.*

York. To you, my noble lord of Weſtmorland.

Weſt. I pledge your grace: and if you knew what pains
I have beſtow'd to breed this preſent peace,
You would drink freely: but my love to you
Shall ſhew itſelf more openly hereafter.

York. I do not doubt you.

Weſt. I am glad of it.—
Health to my lord, and gentle couſin Mowbray.

Mowb. You wiſh me health in very happy ſeaſon,
For I am, on the ſudden, ſomething ill.

York. Againſt ill chances men are ever merry;
But heavineſs fore-runs the good event.

Weſt. [8] Therefore be merry, coz; ſince ſudden ſorrow
Serves to ſay thus:—ſome good thing comes to-morrow.

York. Believe me, I am paſſing light in ſpirit.

Mowb. So much the worſe, if your own rule be true.
[*Shouts.*

Lan. The word of peace is render'd; hark! how they ſhout.

Mowb. This had been cheerful after victory.

York. A peace is of the nature of a conqueſt;
For then both parties nobly are ſubdu'd,
And neither party loſer.

Lan. Go, my lord,
And let our army be diſcharged too. [*Exit Weſt.*
—And, good my lord, ſo pleaſe you, [9] let our trains

[8] *Therefore be merry, coz;*—] That is, Therefore, notwithſtanding this ſudden impulſe to heavineſs, be merry, for ſuch ſudden dejections forebode good. JOHNSON.

[9] ——— *let our trains,* &c.] That is, Our army on each part, that we may both ſee thoſe that were to have oppoſed us. JOHNSON.

March

March by us; that we may peruſe the men
We ſhould have cop'd withal.
York. Go, good lord Haſtings;
And, ere they be diſmiſs'd, let them march by.
[*Exit Haſtings.*
Lan. I truſt, lords, we ſhall lie to-night together.

Re-enter Weſtmorland.

Now, couſin, wherefore ſtands our army ſtill?
Weſt. The leaders, having charge from you to ſtand,
Will not go off until they hear you ſpeak.
Lan. They know their duties.

Re-enter Haſtings.

Haſt. My lord, our army is diſpers'd already:
Like youthful ſteers unyoak'd, they took their courſe
Eaſt, weſt, north, ſouth; or, like a ſchool broke up,
Each hurries towards his home and ſporting place.
Weſt. Good tidings, my lord Haſtings; for the which
I do arreſt thee, traitor, of high treaſon:—
And you, lord archbiſhop; and you, lord Mowbray;—
Of capital treaſon I attach you both.
Mowb. Is this proceeding juſt and honourable?
Weſt. Is your aſſembly ſo?
York. Will you thus break your faith?
Lan. I pawn'd thee none;
I promis'd you redreſs of theſe ſame grievances
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,
I will perform with a moſt chriſtian care.
But, for you, rebels, look to taſte the due
Meet for rebellion, and ſuch acts as yours.
Moſt ſhallowly did you theſe arms commence,
Fondly brought here, and fooliſhly ſent hence.—
Strike up our drums, purſue the ſcatter'd ſtray;
Heaven, and not we, have ſafely fought to-day.

Some

Some guard theſe traitors to the block of death,
Treaſon's true bed and yielder up of breath. [1] [*Exeunt.*
[*Alarm. Excurſions.*

SCENE III.

Another part of the foreſt.

Enter Falſtaff and Colevile, meeting.

Fal. What's your name, Sir? of what condition are you? and of what place, I pray?

[2] *Cole.* I am a knight, Sir; and my name is Colevile of the Dale.

Fal. Well then, Colevile is your name; a knight is your degree; and your place, the dale. Colevile ſhall ſtill be your name; a traitor your degree; and the dungeon your place, a place deep enough:—ſo ſhall you ſtill be Colevile of the Dale.

Cole. Are not you Sir John Falſtaff?

Fal. As good a man as he, Sir, whoe'er I am. Do you yield, Sir, or ſhall I ſweat for you? If I do ſweat,

[1] *Exeunt.*] It cannot but raiſe ſome indignation to find this horrible violation of faith paſſed over thus ſlightly by the poet, without any note of cenſure or deteſtation. JOHNSON.

[2] Cole. *I am a knight, Sir; and my name is Colevile of the Dale.*

Fal. *Well then, Colevile is your name; a knight is your degree, and your place, the Dale. Colevile ſhall ſtill be your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place, a place deep enough. So ſhall you ſtill be Colevile of the Dale.*

But where is the wit, or the logic of this concluſion? I am almoſt perſuaded that we ought to read thus,

——— *Colevile ſhall ſtill be your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place, a* dale *deep enough.*——

He may then juſtly infer,

So ſhall you ſtill be Colevile of the Dale.

Obſervations and Conjectures, &c. printed at Oxford, 1766.

The ſenſe of *dale* is included in *deep*; a *dale* is a deep place; a *dungeon* is a deep place: he that is in a *dungeon* may be therefore ſaid to be in a *dale*. JOHNSON.

they are drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death: therefore rouze up fear and trembling, and do obſervance to my mercy.

Cole. I think you are Sir John Falſtaff; and, in that thought, yield me.

Fal. I have a whole ſchool of tongues in this belly of mine; and not a tongue of them all ſpeaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were ſimply the moſt active fellow in Europe: my womb, my womb, my womb undoes me. Here comes our general.

Enter prince John of Lancaſter and Weſtmorland.

Lan. [3] The heat is paſt, follow no farther now;
Call in the powers, good couſin Weſtmorland.
[*Exit Weſt.*
Now, Falſtaff, where have you been all this while?
When every thing is ended, then you come.—
Theſe tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,
One time or other break ſome gallows' back.

Fal. I would be ſorry, my lord, but it ſhould be thus. I never knew yet but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a ſwallow, an arrow, or a bullet? Have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I ſpeeded hither with the very extremeſt inch of poſſibility; I have founder'd nine-ſcore and odd poſts: and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken Sir John Colevile of the Dale, a moſt furious knight, and valorous enemy. But what of that? he ſaw me and yielded; that I may juſtly ſay with [4] the hook-nos'd fellow of Rome——I came, ſaw, and overcame.

[3] *The heat is paſt,*—] That is, the violence of reſentment, the eagerneſs of revenge. JOHNSON.

[4] ——— *the hook-nos'd fellow of Rome,*——] The quarto reads, "the hook-nos'd fellow of Rome, their coſin." I have ſo lowed the folio. The modern editors read, but without authority, "the hook-nos'd fellow of Rome *there, Cæſar.*"
STEEVENS.

Lan.

Lan. It was more of his courteſy than your deſerving.

Fal. I know not; here he is, and here I yield him: and I beſeech your grace, let it be book'd with the reſt of this day's deeds; or, by the lord, I will have it in a particular ballad elſe, with mine own picture on the top of it, Colevile kiſſing my foot: to the which courſe if I be enforc'd, if you do not all ſhew like gilt two-pences to me; and I, in the clear ſky of fame, o'erſhine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which ſhew like pins heads to her; believe not the word of the noble. Therefore let me have right, and let deſert mount.

Lan. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it ſhine then.

Lan. Thine's too thick to ſhine.

Fal. Let it do ſomething, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

Lan. Is thy name Colevile?

Cole. It is, my lord.

Lan. A famous rebel art thou, Colevile.

Fal. And a famous true ſubject took him.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are
That led me hither: had they been rul'd by me,
You ſhould have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they ſold themſelves: but thou, like a kind fellow, gav'ſt thyſelf away gratis; and I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter Weſtmorland.

Lan. Now have you left purſuit?

Weſt. Retreat is made, and execution ſtay'd.

Lan. Send Colevile with his confederates
To York, to preſent execution.
Blunt, lead him hence; and ſee you guard him ſure.
[*Ex. with Colevile.*
And now diſpatch we toward the court, my lords;
I hear the king, my father, is ſore ſick:

Our news ſhall go before us to his majeſty,
Which, couſin, you ſhall bear, to comfort him;
And we with ſober ſpeed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, I beſeech you, give me leave to go through Glo'ſterſhire: and when you come to court, 'pray, [5] ſtand, my good lord, in your good report.

Lan. Fare you well, Falſtaff: [6] I, in my condition, Shall better ſpeak of you than you deſerve. [*Exit.*

Fal. I would you had but the wit; 'twere better than your dukedom. Good faith, [7] this ſame young ſober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh; but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never any of theſe demure boys come to any proof: for thin drink doth ſo over-cool their blood, and making many fiſh-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-ſickneſs; and then, when they marry, they get wenches. They are generally fools and cowards; which ſome of us ſhould be too, but for inflammation. A good [8] ſherris-ſack hath

[5] ——— *ſtand, my good lord, in your good report.*] We muſt either read, *pray* let me *ſtand*, or, by a conſtruction ſomewhat harſh, underſtand it thus: *Give me leave to go——and——ſtand.* To *ſtand in a report*, referred to the reporter, is to perſiſt; and Falſtaff did not aſk the prince to perſiſt in his preſent opinion. JOHNSON.

[6] ——— *I, in my condition,*
Shall better ſpeak of you than you deſerve.] I know not well the meaning of the word *condition* in this place; I believe it is the ſame with temper of mind: I ſhall, in my good nature, ſpeak better of you than you merit. JOHNSON.

I believe it means, *I, in my condition*, i. e. in my place as a general officer, who ought to repreſent things merely as they are, ſhall ſpeak of you better than you deſerve. STEEVENS.

[7] — *this ſame young ſober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh;*—] Falſtaff ſpeaks here like a veteran in life. The young prince did not love him, and he deſpaired to gain his affection, for he could not make him laugh. Men only become friends by community of pleaſures. He who cannot be ſoftened into gaiety cannot eaſily be melted into kindneſs. JOHNSON.

[8] ——— *ſherris-ſack*—] This liquor is mentioned in *The Captain*, by B. and Fletcher. STEEVENS.

a two-fold operation in it. It aſcends me into the brain, dries me there all the fooliſh, and dull, and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehenſive, quick, [9] forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable ſhapes; which deliver'd over to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The ſecond property of your excellent ſherris is, the warming of the blood; which before cold and ſettled, left the liver white and pale; which is the badge of puſillanimity and cowardice: but the ſherris warms it, and makes it courſe from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illuminateth the face, which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the reſt of this little kingdom, man, to arm: and then the vital commoners, and inland petty ſpirits, muſter me all to their captain, the heart; who, great, and puff'd up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of ſherris. So that ſkill in the weapon is nothing without ſack, for that ſets it a-work; and learning a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil, [1] till ſack commences it, and ſets it in act and uſe. Hereof comes it that prince Harry is valiant: for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, ſteril, and bare land, manured, huſbanded, and till'd, with excellent endeavour of drinking good, and good ſtore of fertil ſherris, that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thouſand ſons, the firſt human principle I would teach them, ſhould be—to forſwear thin potations, and to addict themſelves to ſack.

Enter Bardolph.

How now, Bardolph?

Bard. The army is diſcharged all, and gone.

[9] ——*forgetive*,—] *Forgetive* from *forge*; inventive, imaginative. JOHNSON.

[1] ——*till ſack commences it*,—] I believe, till ſack gives it a beginning, brings it into action. The author of *The Reviſal* would read *commerces it*. STEEVENS.

Fal. Let them go. I'll through Glouceſterſhire; and there will I viſit maſter Robert Shallow, eſquire: * I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and ſhortly will I ſeal with him. Come away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The palace at Weſtminſter.

Enter king Henry, Warwick, Clarence, and Glouceſter.

K. Henry. Now, lords, if heaven doth give ſucceſsful end
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no ſwords but what are ſanctify'd.
* Our navy is addreſs'd, our power collected,
Our ſubſtitutes in abſence well inveſted,
And every thing lies level to our wiſh:
Only we want a little perſonal ſtrength,
And pauſe us till theſe rebels, now a-foot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.

War. Both which we doubt not but your majeſty
Shall ſoon enjoy.

K. Henry. Humphrey, my ſon of Glouceſter,
Where is the prince your brother?

Glou. I think he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windſor.

K. Henry. And how accompanied?

Glou. I do not know, my lord.

K. Henry. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?

* —— *I have him already tempering*, &c.] A very pleaſant alluſion to the old uſe of ſealing with ſoft wax. WARB.

This cuſtom is likewiſe alluded to in *Any Thing for a quiet Life*, a comedy, by Middleton,

"You muſt *temper* him like wax, or he'll not ſeal."
STEEVENS.

* *Our navy is addreſs'd*,——] i. e. Our navy is ready, prepar'd. So in *Henry V.*

"—— for our march we are *addreſs'd*." STEEVENS.

Glou.

Glou. No, my good lord; he is in preſence here.
Cla. What would my lord and father?
K. Henry. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.
How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother?
He loves thee, and thou doſt neglect him, Thomas;
Thou haſt a better place in his affection
Than all thy brothers: cheriſh it, my boy;
And noble offices thou may'ſt effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatneſs and thy other brethren.—
Therefore omit him not; blunt not his love;
Nor loſe the good advantage of his grace
By ſeeming cold or careleſs of his will.
For he is gracious, if he be obſerv'd;
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity:
Yet notwithſtanding, being incens'd, he's flint;
As [3] humorous as winter, and as ſudden
As flaws [4] congealed in the ſpring of day.
His temper, therefore, muſt be well obſerv'd:—
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,

[3] ——— *humorous as winter,*——] That is, changeable as the weather of a winter's day. Dryden ſays of Almanzor, that he is humorous as wind. JOHNSON.

So in *The Spaniſh Tragedy*, 1607,

" ——— be not diſmay'd for what is paſt,
" You know that women oft are *humorous.*"

Again, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonſon,

" ——— A nymph of a moſt wandering and giddy diſpoſi-
" tion, *humorous as the air,*" &c. STEEVENS.

[4] ——— *congealed in the ſpring of day.*] Alluding to the opinion of ſome philoſophers, that the vapours being congealed in the air by cold (which is moſt intenſe towards the morning) and being afterwards rarified and let looſe by the warmth of the ſun, occaſion thoſe ſudden and impetuous guſts of wind which are called *flaws.* WARBURTON.

So Ben Jonſon, in *The Caſe is alter'd*, 1609,

" Still wrack'd with winds more foul and contrary
" Than any northern guſt, or ſouthern *flaw.*"

STEEVENS.

When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth:
But, being moody, give him line and ſcope
Till that his paſſions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themſelves with working. Learn this, Thomas,
And thou ſhalt prove a ſhelter to thy friends;
A hoop of gold, to bind thy brothers in;
That the united veſſel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of ſuggeſtion,
(As, force-per force, the age will pour it in)
Shall never leak, though it doth work as ſtrong
As Aconitum, or [5] raſh gun-powder.

Cla. I ſhall obſerve him with all care and love.

K. Henry. Why art thou not at Windſor with him, Thomas?

Cla. He is not there to-day; he dines in London.

K. Henry. And how accompanied? canſt thou tell that?

Cla. With Poins, and other his continual followers.

K. Henry. Moſt ſubject is the fatteſt ſoil to weeds;
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is overſpread with them: therefore my grief
Stretches itſelf beyond the hour of death.
The blood weeps from my heart, when I do ſhape,
In forms imaginary, the unguided days,
And rotten times, that you ſhall look upon
When I am ſleeping with my anceſtors.
For when his headſtrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counſellors,
When means and laviſh manners meet together,
Oh, with what wings ſhall [6] his affection fly
Toward fronting peril and oppos'd decay!

[5] ——— *raſh gun-powder.*] *Raſh* is quick, violent, ſudden. This repreſentation of the prince is a natural picture of a young man whoſe paſſions are yet too ſtrong for his virtues. JOHNSON.

[6] ——— *his affection*—] His paſſions; his inordinate deſires. JOHNSON.

War,

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite.
The prince but ſtudies his companions
Like a ſtrange tongue: wherein to gain the language,
'Tis needful that the moſt immodeſt word
Be look'd upon and learn'd; which once attain'd,
Your highneſs knows, comes to no farther uſe,
[7] But to be known and hated. So, like groſs terms,
The prince will in the perfectneſs of time
Caſt off his followers: and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a meaſure live,
By which his grace muſt mete the lives of others;
Turning paſt evils to advantages.

K. Henry. [8] 'Tis ſeldom when the bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion.—Who's here? Weſtmorland!

Enter Weſtmorland.

Weſt. Health to my ſovereign! and new happineſs
Added to that which I am to deliver!
Prince John, your ſon, doth kiſs your grace's hand:
Mowbray, the biſhop Scroop, Haſtings, and all,
Are brought to the correction of your law;
There is not now a rebel's ſword unſheath'd,
But Peace puts forth her olive every where.
The manner how this action hath been borne,
Here, at more leiſure, may your highneſs read,
With every courſe [9] in his particular.

K. Henry.

[7] *But to be known and hated.*] A parallel paſſage occurs in Terence,

" ——— quo modo adoleſcentulus
" Meretricum ingenia et mores poſſet noſcere
" Mature ut cum cognorit perpetuo oderit."

ANONYMOUS.

[8] *'Tis ſeldom when the bee*, &c.] As the bee, having once placed her comb in a carcaſe, ſtays by her honey; ſo he that has once taken pleaſure in bad company, will continue to aſſociate with thoſe that have the art of pleaſing him. JOHNSON.

[9] ——— *in his particular.*] We ſhould read, I think, in *this*

K. Henry. Set me the crown upon the pillow here.
Cla. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.
War. Leſs noiſe, leſs noiſe.
[*They convey the king to an inner part of the room.*

Enter prince Henry.

P. Henry. Who ſaw the duke of Clarence?
Cla. I am here, brother, full of heavineſs.
P. Henry. How now! rain within doors, and none abroad!
How doth the king?
Glou. Exceeding ill.
P. Henry. Heard he the good news yet?
Tell it him.
Glou. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.
P. Henry. If he be ſick
With joy, he will recover without phyſic.
War. Not ſo much noiſe, my lords. Sweet prince, ſpeak low;
The king, your father, is diſpos'd to ſleep.
Cla. Let us withdraw into the other room.
War. Will't pleaſe your grace to go along with us?
P. Henry. No; I will ſit, and watch here by the king. [*Exeunt all but prince Henry.*
Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being ſo troubleſome a bed-fellow?
O poliſh'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep'ſt the ports of ſlumber open wide
To many a watchful night! Sleep with it now!—
Yet not ſo ſound and half ſo deeply ſweet
As he, whoſe brow, with homely biggen bound,
Snores out the watch of night. O majeſty!
When thou doſt pinch thy bearer, thou doſt ſit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That ſcalds with ſafety. By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather, which ſtirs not:
Did he ſuſpire, that light and weightleſs down
Perforce muſt move.—My gracious lord! my father!
—This

—This ſleep is found, indeed; this is a ſleep
That from [6] this golden rigol hath divorc'd
So many Engliſh kings. Thy due from me
Is tears, and heavy ſorrows of the blood;
Which nature, love, and filial tenderneſs
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteouſly.
My due from thee is this imperial crown;
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives itſelf to me. Lo, here it ſits,
[*Putting it on his head.*
Which heaven ſhall guard: and put the world's whole ſtrength
Into one giant arm, it ſhall not force
This lineal honour from me. This from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [*Exit.*

K. Henry. Warwick! Glouceſter! Clarence!

Enter Warwick and the reſt.

Cla. Doth the king call?

War. What would your majeſty? How fares your grace?

K. Henry. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

Cla. We left the prince my brother here, my liege, Who undertook to ſit and watch by you.

K. Henry. The prince of Wales? Where is he? let me ſee him.

War. This door is open; he is gone this way.

Glou. He came not through the chamber where we ſtay'd.

K. Henry. Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

[6] —— *this golden rigol*——] *Rigol* means a circle. I know not that it is uſed by any other author. STEEVENS.

K. Henry.

K. Henry. The prince hath ta'en it hence: go, ſeek him out.
Is he ſo haſty, that he doth ſuppoſe
My ſleep my death?
Find him, my lord of Warwick, chide him hither.
This part of his conjoins with my diſeaſe,
And helps to end me.—See, ſons, what things you are!
How quickly nature falls into revolt,
When gold becomes her object!
For this the fooliſh over-careful fathers
Have broke their ſleeps with thought, their brains with care,
Their bones with induſtry;
For this they have engroſſed and pil'd up
The canker'd heaps of ſtrange-atchieved gold;
For this they have been thoughtful to inveſt
Their ſons with arts and martial exerciſes:
When, like the bee, [7] tolling from every flower
The virtuous ſweets,
Our thighs are pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,
We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,
Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taſte
[8] Yield his engroſſments to the ending father.

Re-enter Warwick.

Now, where is he, that will not ſtay ſo long,
Till his friend, Sickneſs, hath determin'd me?
War. My lord, I found the prince in the next room,

[7] ——— *tolling from every flower*] This ſpeech has been contracted, dilated, and put to every critical torture, in order to force it within the bounds of metre, and prevent the admiſſion of hemiſticks. I have reſtored it without alteration, but with thoſe breaks which appeared to others as imperfections. The reading of the quarto is *tolling*. The folio reads *culling*. *Tolling* is taking toll. STEEVENS.

[8] *Yield his engroſſments*—] His accumulations. JOHNSON.

Waſhing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks;
With ſuch a deep demeanor in great ſorrow,
That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
Would by beholding him have waſh'd his knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

K. Henry. But wherefore did he take away the crown?

Enter prince Henry.

Lo, where he comes.—Come hither to me, Harry:—
Depart the chamber; leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt lords.*

P. Henry. I never thought to hear you ſpeak again.

K. Henry. Thy wiſh was father, Harry, to that thought:
I ſtay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Doſt thou ſo hunger for my empty chair,
That thou wilt needs inveſt thee with mine honours
Before thy hour be ripe? O fooliſh youth!
Thou ſeek'ſt the greatneſs that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling, with ſo weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.
Thou haſt ſtol'n that, which, after ſome few hours,
Were thine without offence; and at my death
Thou haſt [9] ſeal'd up my expectation:
Thy life did manifeſt thou lov'dſt me not,
And thou wilt have me die aſſur'd of it.
Thou hid'ſt a thouſand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou haſt whetted on thy ſtony heart,
To ſtab at [1] half an hour of my life.

What!

[9] ——— *ſeal'd up my expectation:*] Thou haſt confirmed my opinion. JOHNSON.

[1] ——— *half an hour of my life.*] It ſhould be remembered that Shakeſpeare uſes the ſame words alternately as monoſyllables and diſſylables. Mr. Rowe, whoſe ear was accuſtomed to the utmoſt harmony of numbers, and who, at the ſame time, appears

What! canſt thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyſelf,
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
—Let all the tears that ſhould bedew my hearſe,
Be drops of balm to ſanctify thy head:
Only compound me with forgotten duſt;
Give that, which gave thee life, unto the worms.—
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form,
Henry the Fifth is crown'd:—Up, vanity!
Down, royal ſtate! All you ſage counſellors, hence!
And to the Engliſh court aſſemble now,
From every region, apes of idleneſs!
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your ſcum:
Have you a ruffian that will ſwear, drink, dance,
Revel the night; rob, murder, and commit
The oldeſt ſins the neweſt kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
[2] England ſhall double gild his treble guilt;

appears to have been unacquainted with the poet's manner, firſt added the word *frail* to ſupply the ſyllable which he conceived to be wanting. The quarto writes the word *bower*. The other editors have followed Rowe. STEEVENS.

[2] *England ſhall double gild his treble guilt*;] Evidently the nonſenſe of ſome fooliſh player: for we muſt make a difference between what Shakeſpeare might be ſuppoſed to have written off hand, and what he had corrected. Theſe ſcenes are of the latter kind; therefore ſuch lines by no means to be eſteemed his. But except Mr. Pope (who judiciouſly threw out this line) not one of Shakeſpeare's editors ſeem ever to have had ſo reaſonable and neceſſary a rule in their heads, when they ſet upon correcting this author. WARBURTON.

I know not why this commentator ſhould ſpeak with ſo much confidence what he cannot know, or determine ſo poſitively what ſo capricious a writer as our poet might either deliberately or wantonly produce. This line is indeed ſuch as diſgraces a few that precede and follow it, but it ſuits well enough with the *daggers hid in thought, and whetted on the flinty hearts*; and the anſwer which the prince makes, and which is applauded for wiſdom, is not of a ſtrain much higher than this ejected line. JOHNSON.

England

England ſhall give him office, honour, might;
For the Fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks
The muzzle of reſtraint, and the wild dog
Shall fleſh his tooth on every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, ſick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do [3] when riot is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderneſs again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants.

P. Henry. O pardon me, my liege! but for my tears, [*Kneeling.*
The moiſt impediments unto my ſpeech,
I had fore-ſtall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had ſpoke, and I had heard
The courſe of it ſo far. There is your crown;
And He that wears the crown immortally,
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more
Than as your honour and as your renown,
[4] Let me no more from this obedience riſe;
Which my moſt [5] true and inward-duteous ſpirit
Teacheth this proſtrate and exterior bending!
Heaven witneſs with me, when I here came in,
And found no courſe of breath within your majeſty,
How cold it ſtruck my heart! If I do feign,
O let me in my preſent wildneſs die,
And never live to ſhew the incredulous world
The noble change that I have purpoſed!
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
(And dead almoſt, my liege, to think you were)

[3] ——— *when riot is thy care?*] i. e. *Curator.* A bold figure. So Eumæus is ſtiled by Ovid, Epiſt i.
" —— immundæ *cura* fidelis haræ." T. T.

[4] *Let me no more,* &c.] This is obſcure in the conſtruction, though the general meaning is clear enough. The order is, *this obedience which is taught this exterior bending by my duteous ſpirit*; or, *this obedience which teaches this exterior bending to my inwardly duteous ſpirit.* I know not which is right. JOHNSON.

[5] ——— *true*—] Is loyal. JOHNSON.

I ſpake unto the crown, as having ſenſe,
And thus upbraided it: "The care on thee depend-
" ing
" Hath fed upon the body of my father;
" Therefore thou beſt of gold art worſt of gold:
" Other, leſs fine in carrat, is more precious,
" Preſerving life [6] in med'cine potable:
" But thou, moſt fine, moſt honour'd, moſt renown'd,
" Haſt eat thy bearer up." Thus, my moſt royal
liege,
Accuſing it, I put it on my head;
To try with it, as with an enemy
That had before my face murder'd my father,
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or ſwell my thoughts to any ſtrain of pride;
If any rebel or vain ſpirit of mine
Did, with the leaſt affection of a welcome,
Give entertainment to the might of it;
Let heaven for ever keep it from my head,
And make me as the pooreſt vaſſal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

K. Henry. O my ſon!
Heaven put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou might'ſt win the more thy father's love,
Pleading ſo wiſely in excuſe of it.
Come hither, Harry, ſit thou by my bed;
And hear, I think, the very lateſt counſel
That ever I ſhall breathe. Heaven knows, my ſon,
By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways
I met this crown; and I myſelf know well
How troubleſome it ſat upon my head.
To thee it ſhall deſcend with better quiet,

[6] ——— *in med'cine potable:*] There has long prevailed an opinion that a ſolution of gold has great medicinal virtues, and that incorruptibility of gold might be communicated to the body impregnated with it. Some have pretended to make *potable* gold among other frauds practiſed on credulity.
JOHNSON.

Better

Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the [7] ſoil of the atchievement goes
With me into the earth. It ſeem'd in me
But as an honour ſnatch'd with boiſterous hand,
And I had many living, to upbraid
My gain of it by their aſſiſtances;
Which daily grew to quarrel, and to blood-ſhed,
[8] Wounding ſuppoſed peace. [9] All theſe bold fears
Thou ſeeſt with peril I have anſwered;
For all my reign hath been but as a ſcene
Acting that argument; and now my death
[1] Changes the mode: for what in me was purchas'd,
Falls upon thee in a more fairer ſort,
So thou the garland wear'ſt [2] ſucceſſively.
Yet, though thou ſtand'ſt more ſure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, ſince griefs are green;
And all thy friends, which thou muſt make thy friends,
Have but their ſtings and teeth newly ta'en out,
By whoſe fell working I was firſt advanc'd,
And by whoſe power I well might lodge a fear

[7] ——— *ſoil*—] Is ſpot, dirt, turpitude, reproach. JOHNSON.

[8] *Wounding ſuppoſed peace.*] *Suppoſed* for undermined. WARBURTON.

Rather *counterfeited, imagined,* not *real.* JOHNSON.

[9] ——— *All theſe bold fears*] We ſhould certainly read,
——— *All* their *bold* feats,
i. e. Plots, commotions of conſpirators. WARBURTON.

There is no need of alteration. *Fear* is here uſed in the active ſenſe, for that which cauſes *fear.* JOHNSON.

[1] *Changes the mode:*—] *Mode,* here, does not ſignify faſhion, but time and meaſure in ſinging, or the pitch in ſpeaking: *Modus,* a word peculiar to the ancient drama: for the metaphor is continued from the words immediately preceding,
——— *as a ſcene*
Acting that argument—— WARBURTON.

Mode is here, in its uſual ſenſe, the form or ſtate of things. Nothing is more eaſy than to make obſcurities and clear them. JOHNSON.

[2] ——— *ſucceſſively.*] To order of ſucceſſion. Every uſurper ſnatches a claim of hereditary right as ſoon as he can. JOHNSON.

To be again diſplac'd: which to avoid
I cut them off; and had a purpoſe now
[3] To lead out many to the Holy Land;
Leſt reſt, and lying ſtill, might make them look
Too near into my ſtate. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy courſe to buſy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence, borne out,
May waſte the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are waſted ſo,
That ſtrength of ſpeech is utterly deny'd me.
[4] How I came by the crown, O God, forgive!
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

P. Henry. My gracious liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain and right muſt my poſſeſſion be:
Which I, with more than with a common pain,
'Gainſt all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter lord John of Lancaſter, Warwick, &c.

K. Henry. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaſter.

Lan. Health, peace, and happineſs to my royal father!

K. Henry. Thou bring'ſt me happineſs and peace, ſon John;
But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown

[3] *To lead out many to the Holy Land;*] As plauſible as this reading is, it is corrupt. Shakeſpeare, I think, wrote,

To lead our *many*—*our many* or *meiny*, i. e. Our people. WARBURTON.

As plauſible as this emendation is, I think it wrong. The ſenſe is: *Of thoſe who aſſiſted my uſurpation,* ſome *I have cut off, and* many *I intended to lead abroad.* This journey to the Holy Land, of which the king very frequently revives the mention, had two motives, religion and policy. He durſt not wear the ill-gotten crown without expiation, but in the act of expiation he contrives to make his wickedneſs ſucceſsful. JOHNSON.

[4] *How I came,* &c.] This is a true picture of a mind divided between heaven and earth. He prays for the proſperity of guilt while he deprecates its puniſhment. JOHNSON.

From

From this bare, wither'd trunk. Upon thy ſight
My worldly buſineſs makes a period.——
Where is my lord of Warwick?
P. Henry. My lord of Warwick!——
K. Henry. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I firſt did ſwoon?
War. 'Tis call'd Jeruſalem, my noble lord.
K. Henry. Laud be to God! even there my life muſt end.
It hath been propheſy'd to me many years,
I ſhould not die but in Jeruſalem;
Which vainly I ſuppos'd the Holy Land:—
But bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie:
In that Jeruſalem ſhall Harry die. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Shallow's ſeat in Glo'ſterſhire.

Enter Shallow, Silence, Falſtaff, Bardolph, and Page.

SHALLOW.

[1] BY cock and pye, Sir, you ſhall not away to-night.
What! Davy, I ſay!——
Fal. You muſt excuſe me, maſter Robert Shallow.
Shal.

[1] *By cock and pye,*—] This adjuration, which ſeems to have been very popular, is uſed in *Soliman and Perſeda*, 1599, as well as by Shakeſpeare in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*. Ophelia likewiſe ſays,

"——— By *cock* they are to blame."

Cock is only a corruption of the Sacred Name, as appears from many paſſages in the old interludes, *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, &c. viz. *Cocks-bones, cocks-wounds*, by *cock's mother*, and ſome others. The *pie* is a table or rule in the old Roman offices,

Shal. [2] I will not excuſe you; you ſhall not be excuſed; excuſes ſhall not be admitted; there is no excuſe ſhall ſerve; you ſhall not be excus'd. Why, Davy!———

Enter Davy.

Davy. Here, Sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy; let me ſee, Davy; let me ſee: — yea, marry, William cook, bid him come hither.—Sir John, you ſhall not be excus'd.

Davy. Marry, Sir, thus:—[3] Thoſe precepts cannot be ſerv'd: and, again, Sir — Shall we ſow the headland with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But, for William cook:——Are there no young pigeons?

ſhewing, in a technical way, how to find out the ſervice which is to be read upon each day. What was called *The Pie* by the clergy before the Reformation, was called by the Greeks πινακ, or the index. Though the word πινακ ſignifies a plank in its original, yet in its metaphorical ſenſe it ſignifies σανις ἐζωγραφημένη, a painted table or picture; and becauſe indexes or tables of books were formed into ſquare figures, reſembling pictures or painter's tables hung up in a frame, theſe likewiſe were called πίνακες, or, being marked only with the firſt letter of the word, π's or *Pies*. All other derivations of the word are manifeſtly erroneous.

In a ſecond preface *Concerning the Service of the Church*, prefixed to the Common Prayer, this table is mentioned as follows, — "Moreover, the number and hardneſs of the rules called "the *Pie*, and the manifold changes," &c. Dr. Ridley.

A printing letter of a particular ſize called the *pica*, was probably denominated from the *pie*, as the *brevier* from the *breviary*, and the *primer* from the *primer*. Steevens.

[2] *I will not excuſe you*, &c.] The ſterility of juſtice Shallow's wit is admirably deſcribed, in thus making him, by one of the fineſt ſtrokes of nature, ſo often vary his phraſe, to expreſs one and the ſame thing, and that the commoneſt. Warburton.

[3] ——— *Thoſe precepts cannot be ſerv'd:—*] *Precept* is a juſtice's warrant. To the offices which Falſtaff gives Davy in the following ſcene, may be added that of juſtice's clerk. Davy has almoſt as many employments as Scrub in *The Stratagem*. Johnson.

Davy.

Davy. Yea, Sir.——Here is now the ſmith's note for ſhoeing and plow-irons.

Shal. Let it be caſt and paid.——Sir John, you ſhall not be excus'd. [*Goes to the other ſide of the ſtage.*

Davy. Now, Sir, a new link to the bucket muſt needs be had.—And, Sir, do you mean to ſtop any of William's wages about the ſack he loſt the other day at Hinckly fair?

Shal. He ſhall anſwer it. — Some pigeons, Davy; a couple of ſhort-legg'd hens; a joint of mutton; and any pretty little tiny kickſhaws: — tell William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war ſtay all night, Sir?

Shal. Yes, Davy. I will uſe him well. A friend i' the court is better than a penny in purſe. Uſe his men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worſe than they are back-bitten, Sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy. About thy buſineſs, Davy.

Davy. I beſeech you, Sir, to countenance William Viſor of Woncot againſt Clement Perkes of the Hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, Davy, againſt that Viſor; that Viſor is an arrant knave on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worſhip, that he is a knave, Sir; but yet, God forbid, Sir, but a knave ſhould have ſome countenance at his friend's requeſt. An honeſt man, Sir, is able to ſpeak for himſelf, when a knave is not. I have ſerv'd your worſhip truly, Sir, theſe eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave againſt an honeſt man, I have but very little credit with your worſhip. The knave is mine honeſt friend, Sir; therefore, I beſeech your worſhip, let him be countenanc'd.

Shal. Go to; I ſay, he ſhall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. Where are you, Sir John? Come, off

with your boots. Give me your hand, maſter Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to ſee your worſhip.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind maſter Bardolph. And welcome, my tall fellow [*to the Page*]. Come, Sir John.

Fal. I'll follow you, good maſter Robert Shallow. [*Exeunt Shallow, Silence*, &c. Bardolph, look to our horſes.——If I were ſaw'd into quantities, I ſhould make four dozen of ſuch [4] bearded hermit's-ſtaves as maſter Shallow. It is a wonderful thing to ſee the ſemblable coherence of his mens' ſpirits and his: they, by obſerving of him, do bear themſelves like fooliſh juſtices; he, by converſing with them, is turn'd into a juſtice-like ſerving-man. Their ſpirits are ſo married in conjunction, with the participation of ſociety, that they flock together in conſent, like ſo many wild-geeſe. If I had a ſuit to maſter Shallow, I would humour his men with the imputation of being near their maſter: if to his men, I would curry with maſter Shallow, that no man could better command his ſervants. It is certain, that either wiſe bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught, as men take diſeaſes, one of another: therefore let men take heed of their company. I will deviſe matter enough out of this Shallow to keep prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing out of ſix faſhions, (which is four terms or [5] two actions) and he ſhall laugh without *intervallums*. O, it is much that a lie with a ſlight oath, and a jeſt with a ſad brow, will do with a [6] fellow that never had the ache in his ſhoulders! O, you

[4] ——— *bearded hermit's-ſtaves*——] He had before called him the ſtarved juſtice. His want of fleſh is a ſtanding jeſt. JOHNSON.

[5] ——— *two actions*)——] There is ſomething humorous in making a ſpendthrift compute time by the operation of an action for debt. JOHNSON.

[6] ——— *fellow that never had the ache*——] That is, a young fellow,

O, you ſhall ſee him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

Shal. [*within*] Sir John!——

Fal. I come, maſter Shallow; I come, maſter Shallow. [*Exit Falſtaff.*

SCENE II.

The court, in London.

Enter the earl of Warwick and the lord Chief Juſtice.

War. How now, my lord Chief Juſtice? whither away?

Ch. Juſt. How doth the king?

War. Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Juſt. I hope not dead?

War. He's walk'd the way of nature;
And, to our purpoſes, he lives no more.

Ch. Juſt. I would his majeſty had call'd me with him:
The ſervice that I truly did his life
Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed, I think, the young king loves you not.

Ch. Juſt. I know he doth not; and do arm myſelf
To welcome the condition of the time;
Which cannot look more hideouſly on me
Than I have drawn it in my fantaſy.

Enter lord John of Lancaſter, Glouceſter, and Clarence.

War. Here come the heavy iſſue of dead Harry.
O, that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worſt of theſe three gentlemen,
How many nobles then ſhould hold their places,
That muſt ſtrike ſail to ſpirits of vile ſort!

fellow, one whoſe diſpoſition to merriment time and pain have not yet impaired. JOHNSON.

Ch. Juſt.

Ch. Juſt. Alas! I fear all will be overturn'd.
Lan. Good morrow, couſin Warwick.
Glou. Cla. Good morrow, couſin.
Lan. We meet like men that had forgot to ſpeak.
War. We do remember; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.
Lan. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy!
Ch. Juſt. Peace be with us, leſt we be heavier!
Glou. O, good my lord, you have loſt a friend, indeed:
And I dare ſwear you borrow not that face
Of ſeeming ſorrow; it is, ſure, your own.
Lan. Though no man be aſſur'd what grace to find,
You ſtand in coldeſt expectation:
I am the ſorrier; 'would 'twere otherwiſe.
Cla. Well, you muſt now ſpeak Sir John Falſtaff fair,
Which ſwims againſt your ſtream of quality.
Ch. Juſt. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honour,
Led by the impartial conduct of my ſoul;
And never ſhall you ſee, that I will beg
[7] A ragged and foreſtall'd remiſſion.
If truth and upright innocency fail me,

[7] *A ragged and foreſtall'd remiſſion.*] *Ragged* has no ſenſe here. We ſhould read,

A rated *and foreſtall'd remiſſion.*

i. e. A remiſſion that muſt be ſought for, and bought with ſupplication. WARBURTON.

Different minds have different perplexities. I am more puzzled with *foreſtall'd* than with *ragged*; for *ragged*, in our author's licentious diction, may eaſily ſignify beggarly, mean, baſe, ignominious; but *foreſtall'd* I know not how to apply to *remiſſion* in any ſenſe primitive or figurative. I ſhould be glad of another word, but cannot find it. Perhaps by *foreſtall'd* remiſſion, he may mean a pardon begged by a voluntary confeſſion of offence, and anticipation of the charge. JOHNSON.

I'll

I'll to the king my maſter that is dead,
And tell him who hath ſent me after him.

War. Here comes the prince.

Enter prince Henry.

Ch. Juſt. Heaven ſave your majeſty!

K. Henry. This new and gorgeous garment, majeſty,
Sits not ſo eaſy on me as you think.——
Brothers, you mix your ſadneſs with ſome fear;
This is the Engliſh, [8] not the Turkiſh court;
Not Amurath an Amurath ſucceeds,
But Harry, Harry. Yet be ſad, good brothers,
For, to ſpeak truth, it very well becomes you:
Sorrow ſo royally in you appears,
That I will deeply put the faſhion on,
And wear it in my heart. Why then, be ſad;
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint burthen laid upon us all.
For me, by heaven, I bid you be aſſur'd
I'll be your father and your brother too;
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.
Yet weep that Harry's dead; and ſo will I:
But Harry lives, that ſhall convert thoſe tears,
By number, into hours of happineſs.

Lan. &c. We hope no other from your majeſty.

K. Henry. You all look ſtrangely on me; and you moſt: [*To the Ch. Juſt.*
You are, I think, aſſur'd I love you not.

Ch. Juſt. I am aſſur'd, if I be meaſur'd rightly,
Your majeſty hath no juſt cauſe to hate me.

K. Henry. No! How might a prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?

[8] ——*not the Turkiſh court*;] Not the court where the prince that mounts the throne puts his brothers to death. JOHNSON.

What!

What! rate, rebuke, and roughly ſend to priſon
The immediate heir of England! [9] Was this eaſy?
May this be waſh'd in Lethe and forgotten?
Ch. Juſt. I then did uſe the perſon of your father;
The image of his power lay then in me:
And in the adminiſtration of his law,
While I was buſy for the commonwealth,
Your highneſs pleaſed to forget my place,
The majeſty and power of law and juſtice,
The image of the king whom I preſented,
And ſtruck me in my very ſeat of judgment;
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a ſon ſet your decrees at nought;
To pluck down juſtice from your awful bench;
[1] To trip the courſe of law, and blunt the ſword
That guards the peace and ſafety of your perſon:
Nay, more: to ſpurn at your moſt royal image,
[2] And mock your workings in a ſecond body.
Queſtion your royal thoughts; make the caſe yours;
Be now the father, and propoſe a ſon:
Hear your own dignity ſo much profan'd,
See your moſt dreadful laws ſo loofely ſlighted,
Behold yourſelf ſo by a ſon diſdain'd;
And then imagine me taking your part,
And in your power ſo ſilencing your ſon.——
After this cold conſiderance, ſentence me;
And, as you are a king, ſpeak [3] in your ſtate

[9] *Was this eaſy?*] That is, Was this not grievous? Shakeſpeare has *eaſy* in this ſenſe elſewhere. JOHNSON.

[1] *To trip the courſe of law,*—] To defeat the proceſs of juſtice; a metaphor taken from the act of tripping a runner. JOHNSON.

[2] *To mock your workings in a ſecond body.*] To treat with contempt your acts executed by a repreſentative. JOHNSON.

[3] ——— *in your ſtate,*] In your regal character and office, not with the paſſion of a man intereſted, but with the impartiality of a legiſlator. JOHNSON.

What

What I have done that miſbecame my place,
My perſon, or my liege's ſovereignty.
K. Henry. You are right, Juſtice, and you weigh this well;
Therefore ſtill bear the balance and the ſword:
And I do wiſh your honours may increaſe
Till you do live to ſee a ſon of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
So ſhall I live to ſpeak my father's words;—
" Happy am I, that have a man ſo bold
" That dares do juſtice on my proper ſon;
" And no leſs happy, having ſuch a ſon,
" That would deliver up his greatneſs ſo
" Into the hand of juſtice."—[4] You did commit me;
For which I do commit into your hand
The unſtained ſword that you have us'd to bear;
With this [5] remembrance, that you uſe the ſame
With a like bold, juſt, and impartial ſpirit
As you have done 'gainſt me. There is my hand;
You ſhall be as a father to my youth,
My voice ſhall ſound as you do prompt mine ear;
And I will ſtoop and humble my intents
To your well-practis'd, wiſe directions.——
And, princes all, believe me, I beſeech you;
[6] My father is gone wild into his grave,
For in his tomb lie my affections;
And with his ſpirit [7] ſadly I ſurvive,
To mock the expectations of the world;

[4] —— *You did commit me*, &c.] So in the play on this ſubject, antecedent to that of Shakeſpeare, *Henry V.*

" You ſent me to the Fleet; and, for revengement,
" I have choſen you to be the protector
" Over my realm." STEEVENS.

[5] ——— *remembrance*,—] That is, admonition. JOHNSON.

[6] *My father is gone wild*—] Mr. Pope, by ſubſtituting *quail'd* for *wild*, without ſufficient conſideration, afforded Mr. Theobald much matter of oſtentatious triumph. JOHNSON.

[7] ——— *ſadly I ſurvive*,] *Sadly* is the ſame as ſoberly, ſeriouſly, gravely. *Sad* is oppoſed to wild. JOHNSON.

To fruſtrate prophecies, and to raze out
Rotten opinion, which hath writ me down
After my ſeeming. The tide of blood in me
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity, till now:
Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the ſea,
Where it ſhall mingle with [8] the ſtate of floods,
And flow henceforth in formal majeſty.
Now call we our high court of parliament:
And let us chooſe ſuch limbs of noble counſel,
That the great body of our ſtate may go
In equal rank with the beſt govern'd nation;
That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us;——
In which you, father, ſhall have foremoſt hand.——
[To the lord Chief Juſtice.
Our coronation done, we will accite,
As I before remember'd, all our ſtate,
And (heaven conſigning to my good intents)
No prince, nor peer, ſhall have juſt cauſe to ſay,
Heaven ſhorten Harry's happy life one day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Shallow's ſeat in Glouceſterſhire.

Enter Falſtaff, Shadow, Silence, Bardolph, the Page, and Davy.

Shal. Nay, you ſhall ſee mine orchard; where, in an arbour, we will eat a laſt-year's pippin of my own

[8] ——— *the ſtate of floods,*] i. e. The aſſembly, or general meeting of the floods: for all rivers, running to the ſea, are there repreſented as holding their ſeſſions. This thought naturally introduced the following,

Now call we our high court of parliament.

But the Oxford Editor, much a ſtranger to the phraſeology of that time in general, and to his author's in particular, out of mere loſs for his meaning, reads it backwards, *the floods of ſtate.* WARBURTON.

graffing,

graffing, with [9] a diſh of carraways, and ſo forth.—Come, couſin Silence—and then to bed.

Fal. You have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren. Beggars all, beggars all, Sir John. Marry, good air. Spread, Davy, ſpread Davy; well ſaid, Davy.

Fal. This Davy ſerves you for good uſes; he is your ſervingman, and your huſbandman.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir John.—By the maſs, I have drank too much ſack at ſupper.——A good varlet. Now ſit down, now ſit down: come, couſin.

Sil. Ah, ſirrah, quoth-a,

We ſhall do nothing but eat, and make good chear, [Singing.
And praiſe heaven for the merry year;
When fleſh is cheap and females dear,
And luſty lads roam here and there;
So merrily, and ever among, ſo merrily, &c.

Fal. There's a merry heart! Good maſter Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give maſter Bardolph ſome wine, Davy.

Davy. Sweet Sir, ſit; I'll be with you anon; moſt ſweet Sir, ſit. Maſter Page, good maſter Page, ſit; [1] proface. What you want in meat, we'll have in drink.

[9] ——*a diſh of carraways*, &c.] A comfit or confection ſo called in our author's time. A paſſage in *De Vigneul Marville's Melanges d'Hiſtoire et de Litt.* will explain this odd treat. "Dans "le dernier ſiecle ou l'on avoit le goût delicat, on ne croioit pas "pouvoir vivre ſans Dragées. Il n'etoit fils de bonne mere, qui "n'eut ſon Dragier; et il eſt raporté dans l'hiſtoire du duc de "Guiſe, que quand il fut tué à Blois il avoit ſon Dragier à la "main." WARBURTON.

Mr. Edwards has diverted himſelf with this note of Dr. Warburton's, but without producing a happy illuſtration of the paſſage. The diſh of *carraways* here mentioned was a diſh of apples of that name. GOLDSMITH.

[1] ——*proface.*] Italian from *profaccia*; that is, much good may it do you. HANMER.

Sir Thomas Hanmer (ſays Mr. Farmer) is right, yet it is no argument for his author's Italian knowledge.

Old

drink. But you muſt bear; [2] the heart's all. [*Exit.*

Shal. Be merry, maſter Bardolph; and, my little ſoldier there, be merry.

Sil. [Singing] *Be merry, be merry, my wife has all;*
For women are ſhrews, both ſhort and tall:
'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,
And welcome merry Shrovetide.
Be merry, be merry, &c.

Fal. I did not think maſter Silence had been a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who I? I have been merry twice and once, ere now.

Old Heywood, the epigrammatiſt, addreſſed his readers long before,

" Readers, reade this thus; for preface, *proface*,
" Much good may it do you," &c.

So Taylor, the water-poet, in the title of a poem prefixed to his *Praiſe of Hempſeed*,

" A preamble, preatrot, preagallop, preapace, or preface;
" and *proface*, my maſters, if your ſtomachs ſerve."

Decker, in his comedy, *If this be not a good play the Devil is in it*, makes Shackle-ſoule, in the character of Friar Ruſh, tempt his brethren with " choice of diſhes."

" To which *proface*; with blythe lookes fit yee."

To theſe inſtances produced by Mr. Farmer, I may add one more from *Springes for Woodcocks*, an ancient collection of epigrams,

" *Proface*, quoth Fulvius, fill us t'other quart."

And another from Heywood's *Epigrams*,

" I came to be merry, wherewith merrily
" *Proface*. Have among you," &c.

So, in *The wiſe Woman of Hogſdon*, 1638,

" The dinner's half done, and before I ſay grace
" And bid the old knight and his gueſt *proface*."

So, in *The Downfal of Robert E. of Huntington*, 1601,

" ——Father, *proface*
" To Robin Hood thou art a welcome man."

STEEVENS.

[2] ——*the heart's all.*] That is, the intention with which the entertainment is given. The humour conſiſts in making Davy act as maſter of the houſe. JOHNSON.

Re-enter

Re-enter Davy.

Davy. There is a diſh of leather-coats for you.

Shal. Davy—— [*Setting them before Bardolph.*

Davy. Your worſhip?—I'll be with you ſtraight—A cup of wine, Sir?

Sil. [Singing] *A cup of wine, that's briſk and fine,*
And drink unto the leman mine;
And a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well ſaid, maſter Silence.

Sil. An we ſhall be merry, now comes in the ſweet of the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, maſter Silence.

Sil. [3] *Fill up the cup, and let it come,*
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honeſt Bardolph, welcome: if thou want'ſt any thing and wilt not call, beſhrew thy heart. Welcome, my little tiny thief; and welcome, indeed, too. I'll drink to maſter Bardolph, and to all the [4] cavaleroes about London.

Davy. I hope to ſee London once ere I die.

Bard. If I might ſee you there, Davy——

Shal. You'll crack a quart together? Ha—will you not, maſter Bardolph?

Bard. Yes, Sir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. I thank thee: the knave will ſtick by thee, I can aſſure thee that. He will not out; he is true-bred.

Bard. And I'll ſtick by him, Sir.

[*One knocks at the door.*

[3] *Fill up the cup*, &c.] This paſſage has hitherto been printed as proſe, but I am informed that it makes a part of an old ſong, and have therefore reſtored it to its metrical form. STEEVENS.

[4] —*cavaleroes*—] This was the term by which an airy, ſplendid, irregular fellow was diſtinguiſhed. The ſoldiers of king Charles were called Cavaliers from the gaiety which they affected in oppoſition to the four faction of the parliament. JOHNSON.

Shal. Why, there ſpoke a king. Lack nothing; be merry. Look, who's at the door there: ho—who knocks?

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.

[*To Silence, who drinks a bumper.*

Sil. [Singing] [5] *Do me right, and dub me knight,* [6] Samingo. Is't not ſo?

Fal. 'Tis ſo.

Sil. Is't ſo? Why, then ſay, an old man can do ſomewhat. [*Re-enter Davy.*

Davy. An it pleaſe your worſhip, there's one Piſtol come from the court, with news.

Fal. From the court? let him come in.

Enter Piſtol.

How now, Piſtol?

Piſt. Sir John, 'ſave you, Sir!

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Piſtol?

Piſt. Not the ill wind which blows no man good. Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greateſt men in the realm.

[5] *Do me right*, &c.] To *do a man right* and *to do him reaſon* were formerly the uſual expreſſions in pledging healths. He who drank a bumper expected a bumper ſhould be drank to his toaſt. STEEVENS.

[6] —— *Samingo.*] He means to ſay, *San Domingo.* HANMER.

Of *Samingo*, or *San Domingo*, I ſee not the uſe in this place. JOHNSON.

Unleſs Silence calls Falſtaff St. Dominic from his fatneſs, and means, like Dryden, to ſneer at ſacerdotal luxury, I can give no account of the word. In one of Naſh's plays, intitled, *Summer's laſt Will and Teſtament*, 1604, Bacchus ſings the following catch:

" Monſieur Mingo, for quaffing doth ſurpaſs
" In cup, in can, or glaſs;
" God Bacchus do me right
" And dub me knight.
" Domingo."

Perhaps *Domingo* is only the burthen of ſome old ſong. STEEVENS.

Sil.

Sil. Indeed I think he be, [7] but goodman Puff of Barſon.

Piſt. Puff?
Puff in thy teeth, moſt recreant coward baſe!
—Sir John, I am thy Piſtol and thy friend,
And helter ſkelter have I rode to thee;
And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,
And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal. I pr'ythee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Piſt. A foutra for the world and worldlings baſe!
I ſpeak of Africa and golden joys.

Fal. O baſe Aſſyrian knight, what is thy news?
[8] Let king Cophetua know the truth thereof.

Sil. *And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.* [Sings.

Piſt. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?
And ſhall good news be baffled?
Then Piſtol, lay thy head in Fury's lap.

Shal. Honeſt gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Piſt. Why then, lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, Sir—If, Sir, you come with news from the court, I take it, there is but two ways; either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, Sir, under the king, in ſome authority.

Piſt. Under which king, [9] Bezonian? ſpeak or die.

[7] — *but goodman Puff of Barſon.*] A little before William Viſor of Woncot is mentioned. Woodmancot and Barton (ſays Mr. Edwards' MSS.) which I ſuppoſe are theſe two places, and are repreſented to be in the neighbourhood of juſtice Shallow, are both of them in Berkeley Hundred in Gloſterſhire. This, I imagine, was done to diſguiſe the ſatire a little; for Sir Thomas Lucy, who, by the coat of arms he bears, muſt be the real juſtice Shallow, lived at Charlecot near Stratford, in Warwickſhire. STEEVENS

[8] *Let king Cophetua,* &c.] Lines taken from an old bombaſt play of *King Cophetua*; of whom, we learn from Shakeſpeare, there were ballads too. WARBURTON.

See *Love's Labour loſt.* JOHNSON.

[9] —— *Bezonian? ſpeak or die.*]. So again Suffolk ſays in 2d *Henry* VI.

" Great men oft die by vile Bezonians."

Shal. Under king Harry.

Piſt. Harry the Fourth? or Fifth?

Shal. Harry the Fourth.

Piſt. A foutra for thine office!—
Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king.
Harry the Fifth's the man. I ſpeak the truth:
When Piſtol lies, do this, and [1] fig me like
The bragging Spaniard.

Fal. What! is the old king dead?

Piſt. As nail in door. The things I ſpeak, are juſt.

Fal. Away, Bardolph, ſaddle my horſe.—Maſter Robert Shallow, chuſe what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine.—Piſtol, I will double charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O joyful day! I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

Piſt. What? I do bring good news.

Fal. Carry maſter Silence to bed.—Maſter Shallow, my lord Shallow, be what thou wilt; I am fortune's ſteward. Get on thy boots, we'll ride all night.—Oh, ſweet Piſtol!—Away, Bardolph.—Come, Piſtol, utter more to me; and, withal, deviſe ſomething to do thyſelf good. Boot, boot, maſter Shallow. I know, the young king is ſick for me. Let us take any man's

It is a term of reproach, frequent in the writers contemporary with our poet. Biſognoſo, a needy perſon; thence metaphorically, a baſe ſcoundrel. THEOBALD.

Naſh, in *Pierce Pennyleſſe his Supplication*, &c. 1595, ſays,—"Proud lords do tumble from the towers of their high deſcents, "and be trod under feet of every inferior *Beſonian*."

In *The Widow's Tears*, a comedy by Chapman, 1612, the primitive word is uſed:

"—— ſpurn'd out by grooms, like a baſe *Beſogno!*"

And again, in *Sir Giles Goojecap*, a comedy, 1606,

—"If he come like to your *Beſogne*, your boor, ſo he be "rich, they care not." STEEVENS.

[1] ——*fig me like*

The bragging Spaniard.] To *fig*, in Spaniſh, *higas dar*, is to inſult by putting the thumb between the fore and middle finger. From this Spaniſh cuſtom we yet ſay in contempt, "a fig "for you." JOHNSON.

horſes;

horſes; the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends; and woe to my lord chief juſtice!

Piſt. Let vultures vile ſeize on his lungs alſo!

[2] *Where is the life that late I led,* ſay they?

Why, here it is, welcome theſe pleaſant days. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A ſtreet in London.

Enter hoſteſs Quickly, Doll Tear-ſheet, and Beadles.

Hoſt. No, thou arrant knave; I would I might die, that I might have thee hang'd: thou haſt drawn my ſhoulder out of joint.

Bead. The conſtables have delivered her over to me; and ſhe ſhall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her. There hath been a man or two lately kill'd about her.

Dol. [3] Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come on. I'll tell thee what, thou damn'd tripe-viſag'd raſcal; if the child I go with do miſcarry, thou hadſt better thou hadſt ſtruck thy mother, thou paper-fac'd villain.

Hoſt. O the Lord, that Sir John were come! he would make this a bloody day to ſome body. But I pray God the fruit of her womb miſcarry!

[2] *Where is the life that late I led,* &c.] Words of an old ballad. WARBURTON.

[3] *Nut-hook,* &c.] It has been already obſerved on the *Merry Wives of Windſor,* that *nut-hook* ſeems to have been in thoſe times a name of reproach for a catchpoll. JOHNSON.

A *nut-hook* was, I believe, a perſon who ſtole linen, *&c.* out at windows by means of a pole with a hook at the end of it. Greene, in his *Arte of Conny-catching,* has given a very particular account of this kind of fraud; ſo that *nut-hook* was probably as common a term of reproach as rogue is at preſent. In an old comedy, intitled, *Match me in London,* 1631, I find the following paſſage—"She's the king's *nut-hook,* that when any "filbert is ripe, pulls down the braveſt boughs to his hand." STEEVENS.

Bead. If it do, you ſhall have [4] a dozen of cuſhions again, you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead that you and Piſtol beat among you.

Dol. I'll tell thee what, [5] thou thin man in a cenſer! I will have you as ſoundly ſwing'd for this, you [6] blue-bottle rogue!—You filthy famiſh'd correctioner! if you be not ſwing'd, I'll forſwear [7] half-kirtles.

Bead. Come, come, you ſhe-knight-errant; come.

Hoſt. O, that right ſhould thus o'ercome might! Well; of ſufferance comes eaſe.

Dol. Come, you rogue, come. Bring me to a juſtice.

Hoſt. Ay; come, you ſtarv'd blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman death, goodman bones!——

Hoſt. Thou atomy, thou!

Dol. Come, you thin thing: come, you raſcal!

Bead. Very well. [*Exeunt.*

[4] — *a dozen of cuſhions* —] That is, to ſtuff her out that ſhe might counterfeit pregnancy. So in Maſſinger's *Old Law:*

"I ſaid I was with child, *&c.* Thou ſaidſt it was a *cuſhion*," &c. STEEVENS.

[5] —— *thou thin man in a cenſer!*] Theſe old cenſers of thin metal had generally at the bottom the figure of ſome ſaint raiſed up with a hammer, in a barbarous kind of imboſſed or chaſed work. The hunger-ſtarved beadle is compared, in ſubſtance, to one of theſe thin raiſed figures, by the ſame kind of humour that Piſtol, in *The Merry Wives*, calls Slender, a *latten bilboe.* WARBURTON.

[6] — *blue bottle rogue!*] A name, I ſuppoſe, given to the beadle from the colour of his livery. JOHNSON.

[7] —— *half-kirtles.*] Probably the dreſs of the proſtitutes of that time. JOHNSON.

A *half-kirtle* was, I ſuppoſe, the ſame kind of thing as we call at preſent a ſhort-gown, or a bed-gown. There is a proverbial expreſſion now in uſe which may ſerve to confirm it. When a perſon is looſely dreſs'd they ſay—Such a one looks like a w—— in a bed-gown. See *Weſt-ward Hoe*, by Decker and Webſter, 1612 —— "forty ſhillings I lent her to redeem two *half-filk-*"*kirtles.*" STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE V.

A public place near Weſtminſter-abbey.

Enter two Grooms, ſtrewing ruſhes.

1 *Groom.* [8] More ruſhes, more ruſhes.

2 *Groom.* The trumpets have ſounded twice.

1 *Groom.* It will be two of the clock ere they come from the coronation; diſpatch, diſpatch.

[*Exeunt Grooms.*

Enter Falſtaff, Shallow, Piſtol, Bardolph, and the Boy.

Fal. Stand here by me, maſter Robert Shallow; I will make the king do you grace. I will leer upon him as he comes by; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Piſt. Bleſs thy lungs, good knight!

Fal. Come here, Piſtol; ſtand behind me. O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have beſtow'd the thouſand pound I borrow'd of you. [*To Shallow.*] But it is no matter; this poor ſhow doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to ſee him.

Shal. It doth ſo.

Fal. It ſhews my earneſtneſs of affection.

Piſt. It doth ſo.

Fal. My devotion.

Piſt. [9] It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night, and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to ſhift me.

Shal. It is moſt certain.

[8] *More ruſhes*, &c.] It has been already obſerved, that, at ceremonial entertainments, it was the cuſtom to ſtrew the floor with ruſhes. *Caius de Ephemera.* JOHNSON.

[9] *It doth, it doth, it doth.*] The two little anſwers here given to Piſtol are transferred by Sir T. Hanmer to Shallow, the repetition of *it doth* ſuits Shallow beſt. JOHNSON.

Fal. But to ſtand ſtained with travel, and ſweating with deſire to ſee him: thinking of nothing elſe; putting all affairs elſe in oblivion; as if there were nothing elſe to be done, but to ſee him.

Piſt. 'Tis *ſemper idem*; for *abſque hoc nihil eſt.* [1] 'Tis all in every part.

Shal. 'Tis ſo, indeed.

Piſt. My knight, I will enflame thy noble liver,
And make thee rage.
Thy Doll and Helen of thy noble thoughts
Is in baſe durance and contagious priſon;
Haul'd thither
By moſt mechanical and dirty hands.
Rouze up revenge from Ebon den, with fell Alecto's ſnake,
For Doll is in. Piſtol ſpeaks nought but truth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

Piſt. There roar'd the ſea; and trumpet-clangor ſounds.

The trumpets ſound. Enter the King, and his train.

Fal. God ſave thy grace, king Hal! my royal Hal!

Piſt. The heavens thee guard and keep, [2] moſt royal imp of fame!

Fal. God ſave thee, my ſweet boy!

King. My lord chief juſtice, ſpeak to that vain man.

[1] *'Tis all in every part.*] The ſentence alluded to is,
" 'Tis all in all, and all in every part."
And ſo doubtleſs it ſhould be read. 'Tis a common way of expreſſing one's approbation of a right meaſure to ſay, *'tis all in all.* To which this phantaſtic character adds, with ſome humour, *and all in every part:* which, both together, make up the philoſophic ſentence, and complete the abſurdity of Piſtol's phraſeology. WARBURTON.

[2] ——*moſt royal imp of fame!*] The word *imp* is perpetually uſed by Ulpian Fulwell, and other ancient writers, for progeny:
" And were it not thy royal *impe*
" Did mitigate our pain," *&c.*
Here Fulwell addreſſes Anne Boleyn, and ſpeaks of the young Elizabeth. STEEVENS.

Ch. Juſt.

Ch. Juſt. Have you your wits? know you what 'tis you ſpeak?

Fal. My king! my Jove! I ſpeak to thee, my heart!

King. I know thee not, old man. Fall to thy prayers:
How ill white hairs become a fool and jeſter!
I have long dream'd of ſuch a kind of man,
So ſurfeit-ſwell'd, ſo old, and ſo [3] profane;
But, being awake, I do deſpiſe my dream.
Make leſs thy body hence, and more thy grace;
Leave gormandizing. [4] Know, the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men:——
Reply not to me with a fool-born jeſt;
Preſume not, that I am the thing I was:
For heaven doth know, ſo ſhall the world perceive,
That I have turn'd away my former ſelf;
So will I thoſe that kept me company.
When thou doſt hear I am as I have been,
Approach me, and thou ſhalt be as thou waſt,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots:

[3] —— *profane*;] In our author it often ſignifies *love of talk* without the particular idea now given it. So in *Othello*, "Is "he not a *profane* and very liberal counſellor." JOHNSON.

[4] —— *Know, the grave doth gape*
For thee thrice wider than for other men.
Reply not to me with a fool-born jeſt;] Nature is highly touched in this paſſage. The king having ſhaken off his vanities, ſchools his old companion for his follies with great ſeverity: he aſſumes the air of a preacher; bids him fall to his prayers, ſeek grace, and leave gormandizing. But that word unluckily preſenting him with a pleaſant idea, he cannot forbear purſuing it. *Know, the grave doth gape for thee thrice wider*, &c. and is juſt falling back into Hal, by an humorous alluſion to Falſtaff's bulk; but he perceives it immediately, and fearing Sir John ſhould take the advantage of it, checks both himſelf and the knight, with

Reply not to me with a fool-born jeſt;

and ſo reſumes the thread of his diſcourſe, and goes moralizing on to the end of the chapter. Thus the poet copies nature with great ſkill, and ſhews us how apt men are to fall back into their old cuſtoms, when the change is not made by degrees, and brought into a habit, but determined of at once on the motives of honour, intereſt, or reaſon. WARBURTON.

Till

Lan. The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord.
Ch. Juſt. He hath.
Lan. I will lay odds, that ere this year expire,
We bear our civil ſwords and native fire
As far as France. I heard a bird ſo ſing,
Whoſe muſick, to my thinking, pleas'd the king.
Come, will you hence [7] ? [*Exeunt.*

[7] I fancy every reader, when he ends this play, cries out with Deſdemona, "O moſt lame and impotent concluſion!" As this play was not, to our knowledge, divided into acts by the author, I could be content to conclude it with the death of Henry the Fourth.

In that Jeruſalem ſhall Harry die.

Theſe ſcenes which now make the fifth act of *Henry the Fourth* might then be the firſt of *Henry the Fifth*; but the truth is, that they do unite very commodiouſly to either play. When theſe plays were repreſented, I believe they ended as they are now ended in the books; but Shakeſpeare ſeems to have deſigned that the whole ſeries of action from the beginning of *Richard the Second*, to the end of *Henry the Fifth*, ſhould be conſidered by the reader as one work, upon one plan, only broken into parts by the neceſſity of exhibition.

None of Shakeſpeare's plays are more read than the *Firſt and Second Parts of Henry the Fourth.* Perhaps no author has ever in two plays afforded ſo much delight. The great events are intereſting, for the fate of kingdoms depends upon them; the ſlighter occurrences are diverting, and, except one or two, ſufficiently probable; the incidents are multiplied with wonderful fertility of invention, and the characters diverſified with the utmoſt nicety of diſcernment, and the profoundeſt ſkill in the nature of man.

The prince, who is the hero both of the comic and tragic part, is a young man of great abilities and violent paſſions, whoſe ſentiments are right, though his actions are wrong; whoſe virtues are obſcured by negligence, and whoſe underſtanding is diſſipated by levity. In his idle hours he is rather looſe than wicked; and when the occaſion forces out his latent qualities, he is great without effort, and brave without tumult. The trifler is rouſed into a hero, and the hero again repoſes in the trifler. This character is great, original, and juſt.

Piercy is a rugged ſoldier, choleric, and quarrelſome, and has only the ſoldier's virtues, generoſity and courage.

But Falſtaff unimitated, unimitable Falſtaff, how ſhall I deſcribe thee? Thou compound of ſenſe and vice; of ſenſe which may be admired, but not eſteemed, of vice which may be deſpiſed, but hardly deteſted. Falſtaff is a character loaded with faults,

faults, and with thoſe faults which naturally produce contempt. He is a thief and a glutton, a coward and a boaſter, always ready to cheat the weak, and prey upon the poor; to terrify the timorous, and inſult the defenceleſs. At once obſequious and malignant, he ſatirizes in their abſence thoſe whom he lives by flattering. He is familiar with the prince only as an agent of vice, but of this familiarity he is ſo proud as not only to be ſupercilious and haughty with common men, but to think his intereſt of importance to the duke of Lancaſter. Yet the man thus corrupt, thus deſpicable, makes himſelf neceſſary to the prince that deſpiſes him, by the moſt pleaſing of all qualities, perpetual gaiety, by an unfailing power of exciting laughter, which is the more freely indulged, as his wit is not of the ſplendid or ambitious kind, but conſiſts in eaſy eſcapes and ſallies of levity, which make ſport, but raiſe no envy. It muſt be obſerved, that he is ſtained with no enormous or ſanguinary crimes, ſo that his licentiouſneſs is not ſo offenſive but that it may be borne for his mirth.

The moral to be drawn from this repreſentation is, that no man is more dangerous than he that, with a will to corrupt, hath the power to pleaſe; and that neither wit nor honeſty ought to think themſelves ſafe with ſuch a companion when they ſee Henry ſeduced by Falſtaff. JOHNSON.

EPI-

EPILOGUE[1].

SPOKEN BY A DANCER.

FIRST, my fear; then, my court'ſy; laſt, my ſpeech. My fear is, your diſpleaſure; my court'ſy, my duty; and my ſpeech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good ſpeech now, you undo me: for what I have to ſay, is of mine own making, and what, indeed, I ſhould ſay, will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpoſe, and ſo to the venture. Be it known to you (as it is very well) I was lately here in the end of a diſpleaſing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promiſe you a better. I did mean, indeed, to pay you with this; which if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break; and you, my gentle creditors, loſe. Here, I promiſed you, I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me ſome, and I will pay you ſome, and, as moſt debtors do, promiſe you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to uſe my legs? and yet that were but light payment, to dance out of your debt. But a good conſcience will make any poſſible ſatisfaction, and ſo will I. [2] *All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never ſeen before in ſuch an aſſembly.*

One word more, I beſeech you; if you be not too much cloy'd with fat meat, our humble author will continue the ſtory with Sir John in it, and make you merry with

[1] This epilogue was merely occaſional, and alludes to ſome theatrical tranſaction. JOHNSON.

[2] *All the gentlemen,* &c.] The trick of influencing one part of the audience by the favour of the other, has been played already in the epilogue to *As you like it.* JOHNSON.

fair

EPILOGUE.

fair Catherine of France; where, for any thing, I know, Falſtaff ſhall die of a ſweat, unleſs already be be kill'd with your hard opinions; [3] *for Oldcaſtle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night, and ſo kneel down before you; but, indeed, to pray for the queen.*

[3] —— *for Oldcaſtle died a martyr,* &c.] This alludes to a play in which Sir John Oldcaſtle was put for Falſtaff. POPE.

The reader will find this aſſertion diſputed in a note on the play of *Henry the Fifth*. STEEVENS.

END OF VOLUME THE FIFTH.

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